

I say again that I have no wish to attack Mr. Agnew. But I must accept him as a human being, and he would be more than human if he did avail himself of the power that ten thousand pounds would give him to get the works of the painters he believed in and was interested in hung in the new wing of the National Gallery. A more wholly monstrous proposal than Mr. Spielmann's was, in my opinion, never put before the public.

Here I will ask Mr. Spielmann to state what good could come of a British Luxembourg. Jobbery might come of it, but what good could come of it? I will ask him to cease talking for a moment about Valhallas, and will ask him to tell us what good could come of a British Luxembourg—a plain question that requires a plain answer. Perhaps he and the advocates for the proposed English Art Gallery will tell us that it is intended neither to gratify the immortal cravings of Mr. Tate nor to further the commercial interests of Mr. Agnew, but to encourage British Art. But art can neither be encouraged nor repressed. When, I wonder, will people leave off talking nonsense about encouraging art? If art could be encouraged, we should long ago have replaced our Herkomers and our Longs with Raphaels and Rembrandts. For thirty years, by every kind of neglect and every kind of contumely, England has tried to repress Mr. Whistler. Nevertheless, Mr. Whistler continued to paint pictures which are the admiration of artistic Europe. With flattery and with money England has tried to encourage Sir John Millais; but all England's flattery and all England's money did not prevent Sir John from abandoning art and taking to pot-boiling. Are these facts, or are they not? If they are facts, in the name of heaven, let us cease to talk nonsense about encouraging art!

It is true that on many occasions I have in these columns advocated that a subscription be started for the purpose of purchasing Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander for the National Gallery. In doing this I did no more than echo the artistic opinion of Europe. But let it be admitted that, if the taste of one set of men is to be accepted, that of another set must not be excluded. The only way to preserve our National Gallery from pollution will be to establish a rule that at least five-and-twenty years must elapse between the death of the artist and the admission of a picture by him. It is imperative that this rule should know no infringement—so imperative that I am sure the admirers of Mr. Whistler would forego twenty times over the pleasure it would give them to see a picture of Miss Alexander in the National Gallery rather than they should be exposed to sight of pictures by Messrs. Herkomer, Long, Holman Hunt, and Fildes on walls where only masterpieces should hang. To hang the pictures of these and other Academicians can serve no purpose except to foster the vanity of the painters and to help the Bond Street dealers to bolster up decadent reputations. The National Gallery does not want any pictures, old or new. If the National Gallery were never to acquire another picture, it would still remain one of the most interesting galleries in Europe, and one of the most charming, because there are fewer bad pictures in our collection than in any other. The few pictures that do disgrace the national collection are precisely those few pictures painted by living artists which immortality-hunters like Mr. Tate have by intrigue and persistence forced the trustees to accept.

To expel these pictures should henceforth be the aim of the trustees, who, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* truly says, do not care for contemporary English painting. Of all our public institutions, the National Gallery is the most faultlessly managed. The rarest judgment and unceasing watchfulness have been expended on the wholly admirable collection, which is a wonder and a delight to every foreigner visiting London. No one denies that this is so, and yet it is proposed, by means of a newspaper agitation,

to force the National Gallery to accept a collection of modern pictures, some of which pictures were painted by painters acknowledged to be the worst that ever lived. A very nice little plan indeed, the tail-end of which, if search be made, will be found in the till of a Bond Street dealer.

Go to Kensington, and build there. Go to the Embankment, and build there, too. In either of these places, or in both, Mr. Tate, erect the mausoleum that pleases you and the immortals you are hawking, but hands off the National Gallery!

G. M.

BLUE-EYED SUSAN.

"BLUE-EYED SUSAN" is such a strange jumble, such a grotesque mixture of different antagonistic and seemingly irreconcilable styles, that, but for the growing taste of the public for what are called "variety shows," one might venture to predict for it the failure it deserves. The fact of its being absolutely inartistic—what no comic opera, no farce, no burlesque need be—will scarcely tell against it. It contains some pleasing songs, some pretty dances, and, when Mr. Arthur Roberts happens to be on the stage, some very amusing scenes. What, then, does it matter if William and Susan are always serious when their persecutor, Captain Crosstree, is always comic to the point of buffoonery? There are two pairs of lovers in the piece, whose amorous goings-on are somewhat monotonous; and there are two comic men, one of whom, the before-mentioned Mr. Arthur Roberts, is thoroughly diverting. Mr. Roberts is not merely an interpreter, but an inventor; and his own improvisations are so bright, while the dialogue written for him by the authors is so dull, that one cannot but regret that dialogue should have been written for him at all. Place him in no matter what situation, he has always something lively and original to say. He might safely, then, have been treated like the actors in the old Italian comedy, whose parts used to be given to them in outline, they themselves being expected to fill in the details. As it is, no piece in which Mr. Arthur Roberts figures can be looked upon as complete until it has been a week or so before the public—until Mr. Roberts has had time, that is to say, to introduce into his own scenes all the droll comments, fanciful suggestions, and witty allusions with which, at successive representations, they are sure to inspire him.

Blue-Eyed Susan may fairly be placed in the same distinguished category as *Joan of Arc*. The author of that unamusing work is a well-known lecturer on history, and his recent failure to get re-elected to his fellowship may, perhaps, have taught him to take a serious view of historical matters. He has been replaced, in any case, as librettist to Mr. Osmond Carr, by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, chiefly known as dramatists in connection with sensational plays of the modern Drury Lane and of the ancient and modern Adelphi type. *Blue-Eyed Susan* possesses no merit whatever as a play, and it is disfigured by many faults. It is simply what, in bygone days, used to be called a "burletta" version of the old drama, with one of the principal personages—and one only—turned from a serious into a comic character. Thus the serious scenes of which this nondescript production mainly consists can never be taken seriously. Nor is the meaningless prose dialogue relieved by any brilliancy in the verse, which seldom rises above the level of mere doggerel. Perhaps, it may be said, Mr. Osmond Carr's music is sufficiently attractive to account for the favour with which the new work is being received? The composer's melodies, however, are, for the most part, familiar, nor can it be added, in the language of Polonius, "but by no means vulgar," while the treatment of the themes is never sufficiently artistic to redeem their generally commonplace character. Where Mr. Carr does shine is above all in his ballet music, and he has written for that agile, graceful,

and at times almost fairy-like dancer, Miss Katie Seymour, some really pretty tunes.

The success of *Blue-Eyed Susan* is due, in fact, to the cleverness of the dancers, singers, and comedians (or, at least, one of them) who take part in it. Probably the chief question among playgoers in regard to the piece concocted by Messrs. Sims, Pettitt and Carr will be, not "Have you seen *Blue-Eyed Susan*?" but "Have you seen Arthur Roberts as Captain Crosstree?" His trial-scene—in which, after appearing successively as plaintiff, witness for the defence, and counsel for both sides, he assures the judges that they leave the court without a stain on their character, and, finally, adds that the case has been "nobly conducted"—is thoroughly entertaining. So, too, is the ball-scene on board ship, in which, with exquisite politeness, the gallant captain dances successively with the wife of each of his guests.

The three protagonists in the ballad and drama of *Black-Eyed Susan* are Susan, William, and the indiscreet Captain Crosstree, who gives Susan a kiss and receives from William a blow. But, in addition to these essential personages, we have, of course, in *Blue-Eyed Susan*, as in all works based on the same theme, a certain number of subsidiary ones, the chief of which, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, are a crimp, impersonated with a certain grotesque power by Mr. Arthur Williams, and an additional pair of lovers, whose sentimentalities in prose and verse are spoken and sung by Mr. Alcott, a slightly blatant American tenor, and Miss Grace Pedley, formerly known as the highly-efficient "understudy" of Miss Florence St. John. Such serious interest as *Blue-Eyed Susan* possesses is centred in the parts of William and Susan, which find admirable exponents in Miss Marian Burton and Miss Nellie Stewart. Miss Burton was some years ago a member of the Carl Rosa Company, in which she filled, with the utmost success, all the principal contralto parts. Visiting Australia, where the higher lyrical drama is possibly not appreciated, she undertook for the first time the leading characters in what often, with doubtful appropriateness, is called "light opera;" and she has now, it must be feared, attached herself permanently to opera of the inferior kind. She remains, however, an excellent vocalist, and sings the too numerous songs assigned to her in *Blue-Eyed Susan* with all the expression of which they are capable. Miss Nellie Stewart, the impersonator of Susan, is an Australian singer with a light soprano voice and a sufficiently fluent style.

THE WEEK.

A TRANSLATION of the memoirs of GENERAL MARBOT has been undertaken by MR. A. J. BUTLER, the best-known translator of DANTE's "Purgatorio and Paradiso" into English prose, and will be published by MESSRS. LONGMANS. Those who know how well MR. BUTLER has surmounted the difficult task of translating DANTE, will expect his new effort to be completely successful. The chief interest of MARBOT to English readers will be found in his account of the Peninsular war. We are so apt to derive all our knowledge of WELLINGTON'S campaigns from NAPIER'S history, that it is a wholesome corrective to read an account from another point of view, and we are surprised that no one has yet undertaken an English version of DON JOSÉ GÓMEZ DE ARTECHE Y MORO'S "Guerra de la Independencia" or of ERNOUF'S interesting "Souvenirs d'un Officier Polonais."

IN an edition of the principal speeches and reports of the great orators of the French Revolution, which will be shortly published by the Clarendon Press, MR. H. MORSE STEPHENS has included a reprint of BARÈRE'S famous report on the sinking of the Republican ship, the *Vengeur*, during the battle

of June 1st, 1794. This report, though often alluded to, and affording an opportunity for some of CARLYLE'S most brilliant passages, has never been reprinted. In the forthcoming edition, the despatch of RENAUDIN, the captain of the ship, is placed side by side with the glowing words of BARÈRE, which created the legend of the heroic conduct of the sailors of the *Vengeur*.

THE book of the hour in France is M. PAUL DESJARDINS' "Le Devoir Présent" (COLIN). This brochure constitutes in some sort the manifesto of a group of thinkers who have set themselves to form a scheme of conduct for those who believe, or wish to believe, in "something not themselves that makes for righteousness." The author proposes to amend the unpromising condition of things in general by strengthening the will and intensifying charity. What he calls the spiritual phenomena of Sin, Redemption, Grace, the Work of the Holy Spirit, etc., are to be, as it were, rationalised, producing a "catholicisme blanc"—a catholicism of practice without faith. M. DESJARDINS' new departure is interesting, and worthy of respect, because it is brave and sincere.

UNTIL now the best selections from WORDSWORTH have been MATTHEW ARNOLD'S in the "Golden Treasury Series," and PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S—a protest on the part of the Wordsworth Society against ARNOLD'S volume. With these two a third, "Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth," edited by MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER for "The Stott Library," may claim an equal rank. The title of this selection is avowedly more convenient than accurately descriptive. It contains a hundred and seventy-three poems, including "Louisa," "The Thorn," "Fair Prime of Life," and a number of others not to be found in ARNOLD. When ARNOLD'S "Poems of Wordsworth" was published in 1879, he was unable, through stress of copyright, to avail himself of WORDSWORTH'S later texts, which, in many instances, contained important changes and improvements. Of these it has been possible to make free use in MR. SHORTER'S volume, through the kindness of MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, BOWDEN, & Co., who hold the copyright of WORDSWORTH'S complete works. MR. SHORTER classifies the poems according to the date of composition or their form of verse. He writes an agreeable introduction.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD send us a charming edition of LOWELL'S famous *jeu d'esprit* "A Fable for Critics." Over two dozen portraits of the authors mentioned have been "let into" the text: they are only outlines, but remarkably characteristic.

MRS. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS edits the autobiography of her sister, MARIANNE NORTH, which, under the title of "Recollections of a Happy Life," is published in two volumes by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.

FOUR writers contribute to "Bastien-Lepage: Marie Bashkirtseff," an attractive art volume, published by MR. T. FISHER UNWIN. There is a memoir of BASTIEN-LEPAGE by ANDRÉ THEURIET, an essay on "Modern Realism in Painting" by WALTER SICKERT, and studies of BASTIEN-LEPAGE and MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF by GEORGE CLAUSEN and MATHILDE BLIND. Numerous reproductions of works by both artists make this a most valuable book.

AMONG forthcoming novels we note the following: "Not all in Vain" (HEINEMANN), by ADA CAMBRIDGE; "Grania" (SMITH ELDER), by the HON. EMILY LAWLESS;

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

"His Sister's Hand" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN), by DR. C. J. WILLS; "The Doings of Raffles Haw" (CASSELL), by MR. CONAN DOYLE; "The Letter of the Law" (HENRY), by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL; and works by MR. FARJEON and MR. SHARP.

LITERARY manuals in MR. JOHN MURRAY'S "University Extension" series to be issued shortly are "The English Poets from Blake to Tennyson," by the REV. S. A. BROOKE; "Shakespeare and his Predecessors in the English Drama," by F. S. BOAS; and "The Jacobean Poets," by EDMUND GOSSE.

AUGUST STRINDBERG, the most gifted—as he is undoubtedly the *enfant terrible*—of Swedish writers, has now completed his new play, *St. Peter's Wanderings on Earth*. STRINDBERG has come to Gothenburg, where his latest work will be produced, as it will also in Stockholm. He has of late practised sculpture, with, it is understood, considerable success.

THE meeting at the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, under the presidency of SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, made another effective protest against the Albert University Scheme, and specially emphasised the objection that it utterly ignores the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners with regard to the other teaching institutions of London. It is also a point of importance that the scheme is practically the same as that drawn up by the two colleges before the appointment of the Commission, and therefore practically reduces the whole proceedings of the Commission to a nullity and a farce. On every side, indeed, SIR GEORGE YOUNG and DR. WACE are beset with difficulty, and the prospects of the "YOUNG" University are daily getting worse and worse.

AMONG the deaths recorded since our last issue are those of SIR JAMES CAIRD, the eminent economist and authority on agriculture; the COMTE DE LAUNAY, Italian ambassador at Berlin and the representative of Italy at the Berlin Congress in 1879; MR. HUNTER RODWELL, Q.C., Conservative member for Cambridgeshire from 1874 to 1881; MR. S. BRIGHTY, who took a prominent part, as marshal, in the famous Reform League demonstration in Hyde Park in 1866, and has since been active in local politics in North London; the REV. DR. PHILLIPS, Provost of Queen's College, Cambridge, a mathematician and theologian, and a Syriac scholar of some reputation; PROFESSOR ALFRED GOODWIN, of University College, one of the most distinguished English classical scholars of the present generation; LIEUTENANT MAURICE SHEA, said to be the last survivor of Waterloo; MR. W. E. ROBINSON, an Anglophobe American journalist of Irish extraction, formerly on the staff of the *New York Tribune*; LIEUTENANT ORELL, of the Austrian navy, a member of PEYER'S Arctic expedition in 1874; and M. ALFRED ARAGO, a son of the famous Astronomer and Director of Fine Arts under the Second Empire.

ARMENIA AND EGYPT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, February 6th, 1892.

THE Armenians have been humiliated during the past week in a way which they will not soon forget, and the Turks have scored a success worthy of their better days. Last week the city was greatly excited at the news of the arrest of the most distinguished and highly-educated Bishop of the Armenian Church—Bishop Khoren, or Nar Bey, as he is often called, who claims to be a descendant of the last Armenian king, a Lusignan. He has long been one of the most prominent men in the Church, and was a candidate for the office of Patriarch at the last election. The excitement was increased by the news that the Patriarch had been ordered to

depose him from his office, and that a solemn service had been arranged for this purpose in all the churches of the city. Here was an attack upon the Armenian Church and nation more tyrannical than anything which they had suffered!

But it now appears that the Bishop Khoren was in the pay of the Sultan, receiving a regular subsidy from the Palace, while, at the same time, he was sending regularly to certain French newspapers such attacks upon the Sultan and the Turkish Government as enabled these papers to extort blackmail from the Turkish Embassy in Paris. The Turks got possession of some of these letters signed by him, and, very naturally, arrested him; but, instead of making a martyr of him by imprisonment or exile, the Sultan had the good sense to pardon him, and we have been treated in the French papers here to a letter from the ex-Bishop, which ought to condemn him to infamy, as a man equally wanting in manliness and honesty. It is a sad blow to the Armenians and a triumph for the Turks. If they were always as wise they would soon put an end to the unfortunate agitation which has brought so many misfortunes upon the Armenian people, but, unhappily, this case is altogether exceptional. The prisons are filled with Armenians who have been arrested, either to extort money from them, or because they have been accused of disloyalty by other Armenians who had some quarrel with them, or because they have really been in relation with some of the Armenian revolutionary societies in Europe. The childish folly of some of this last class is unaccountable; but there is really no reason for putting them in prison. The Turks have nothing to fear from the Armenians, and if they would let them alone this agitation would soon die a natural death. The Armenians are enthusiastically devoted to their nation, and would welcome any chance of independence; but I do not know a single intelligent and influential Armenian in Constantinople who is in favour of taking up arms against the Turkish Government, or who believes in the possibility of a serious Armenian revolt.

It is the Turks and not the Armenians whom the Sultan has reason to fear; and he appears to know this himself, for his secret police devotes itself chiefly to them. A Turkish revolution directed against the Sultan is possible at any time, but this persecution of the Armenians is supreme folly.

On the other hand, however, a heavy responsibility rests upon those Armenians in Europe who keep up the irritation of the Turks by sending revolutionary papers into the country, and by encouraging boys and ignorant men to form revolutionary committees. Nothing but harm has ever come from this, and it is not easy to estimate the evil which they have done already.

The Armenians in Europe have a perfect right to make known to the world all the injustice which is done to their people by the Turks, and to use every opportunity to demand for them those rights which are guaranteed by treaties, but which the Turks are constantly curtailing. In so doing, they must have the hearty sympathy of the Christian world; but when they turn aside from this legitimate work to stir up poor fools in Turkey to form revolutionary societies they are doing more harm to Armenians here than all the good they are doing in Europe. And, what is more, their folly in this respect reacts upon their influence in Europe, and puts them in a false position there with those who would gladly aid them.

It is a pity, for they have a good case. There is no doubt that the present Government of Turkey is more anti-Christian in its policy than any Government we have had here for forty years. It is determined to curtail the rights of the native Christians, and to put an end, as far as possible, to all Catholic and Protestant missionary work in the country. The new laws which have just been published in regard to Christian schools and churches—which ignore the Capitulations, the Treaty of Berlin, and long-

established rights—are the last illustrations that we have of this spirit. If the Treaty Powers quietly submit to them, we shall not have to wait long for some new outrage even more glaring than this. It is not the Armenians alone who have to complain of the Turks, and, if they can only be wise, they will have the sympathy and aid of those who are suffering with them.

Since the death of Sir William White there have been no negotiations in regard to the Egyptian question here, and nothing had been accomplished before that time. The sudden death of the Khedive gave the Sultan an opportunity to exercise his authority there which he was not slow to improve. Those who remember the circumstances of his action in deposing Ismail will not need to seek for any reason for his hasty action in this case. His great fear was that Abbas would be seated on the throne of Egypt without waiting for his authorisation. Three plans were discussed. The first, which the Sultan most desired to carry out, was to appoint Mouktar Pasha Regent, on the ground that Abbas was not of age; the second was to call Abbas from Vienna to Constantinople and negotiate with him here; and the third was to appoint him Khedive at once by telegraph, and then invite him to come here on his way to Egypt. The last plan was adopted, in opposition to the wishes of all, as the only way for the Sultan to assert his absolute authority before anyone could interfere.

The new Khedive was wisely advised at Vienna not to come to Constantinople, and so this part of the plan failed, to the great annoyance of the Sultan, and the great disappointment of those who had counted on *backsheesh*.

The Sultan is now very hopeful, however, that Mouktar Pasha will prove more than a match for Sir Evelyn Baring, and win over the new Khedive to his side. The latest private news from Cairo is that Mouktar Pasha himself is hopeful. The representative of England has been wise enough to leave Abbas to himself thus far, and the contest has not yet commenced, but the Pasha fancies that he has already won the inside tract. However this may be, all interest in the Egyptian question will for some time centre in Cairo, and the Sultan will be in no haste to press his claims either here or in London.

VICTORIAN FINANCE AND THE COMING ELECTIONS.

MELBOURNE, December 28th, 1891.

THE Munro Ministry has now weathered the last session in the present Parliament, and has been unexpectedly successful in carrying two of its most important measures and a great number of small ones. Two circumstances have mainly conduced to this result. One is that Mr. Gillies as Leader of the Opposition has shown himself not only forbearing but singularly generous. From the time it was decided not to hazard a change of Ministry—partly for unimportant tactical reasons, and partly that the commercial crisis might not be aggravated—Mr. Gillies has really been the wisest and most delicate of counsellors in the Munro Cabinet: keeping silent over some small measures which he disapproved, and where he approved assisting publicly and privately to get the measure presented in the best possible form. Mr. Munro and his colleagues, to do them justice, behaved well while they were in opposition, and no one accordingly grudges them the satisfaction of seeing their example bettered. They owe a great deal also to the troubles of the financial world. Even those who blame the Premier for having exaggerated the distress of the Treasury, and for not having proposed new taxation, believe that the practice of a rather cheeseparing economy is desirable at the present moment, and, above all, the crash of financial institutions during the last

month has been so serious that no one wishes any new complication to be added by dissensions in politics. Accordingly, the rather grave question whether Ministers in the Legislative Council might recommend checkmating their colleagues in the Assembly has been quietly put aside. Sir Bryan O'Loughlen has repeatedly tried to rouse the Liberals to a vote of censure upon the Cabinet, and has repeatedly been foiled by a conspiracy of silence: not because any Liberal disagreed with him, but because no one cared to discuss Constitutional issues which could afford to wait, when the manifest duty was to restore confidence. President Lincoln's advice "not to swop horses when you are crossing a stream" has been profitably borne in mind.

Of the main facts of our commercial panic you have been by this time abundantly informed by the telegraph, and I noticed in my last letter that there had been a great shrinkage of investment values, and that several failures were likely to come off. The reality, however, has been far worse than anyone anticipated, and old colonists who say that 1854 or 1845 was a worse year have to admit that a collapse then was a very trifling affair. Nevertheless, it would be easy to misconceive and exaggerate the present trouble. The Treasury is not in the least affected by it. I told you months ago that Mr. Munro was toying with an imaginary deficit, and the Auditor General has since said the same, and Mr. Munro himself has practically admitted it. He told the House on December 17th that he did not require to raise money, as he once thought would be necessary, for current expenses by the sale of Treasury Bonds, and that though the revenue for some months past had been below the average, he had a reasonable hope that it would recover itself before the end of the year. In short, the credit of the Government stands as high as ever; and we could borrow whatever we want for railways in the local market if it were thought wise to divert deposits from the banks. The banks are also perfectly sound, and it is curious how little their shares have suffered comparatively. Lastly, there has not, I think, been a single failure of an important mercantile firm during the year.

Where then, it may be asked, does a crisis come in, if the Treasury is solvent, the banks sound, and commerce unshaken—though a little restricted? The whole trouble has been with building societies and land companies. The effects of the Land Boom of 1886—1888 are now felt at their worst. Men who bought at boom prices have been called upon to make their last payments, while the land is unsaleable at any price; and it need not be said that deposits have been largely drawn upon. Then, again, the banks consider that to take deposits at sight is to poach upon banking business, and they have accordingly refrained from any heroic efforts to help their rivals. As for the land companies, which professed to buy land wholesale and sell it retail, their capacity to pay interest on deposits was always limited by their power of effecting sales, and for two years past everything has remained on their hands. As the public took stock of the situation, it crowded the offices to draw its deposits out; and the directors of companies soon perceived that, whatever their substantial assets might be, they must close their doors if the drain continued. By common consent they took the manly and wise course of closing at once, and inviting their shareholders and creditors to investigate the different balance-sheets. In almost every case it could be shown that the creditor was absolutely safe if there was no forced liquidation, and the shareholder reasonably so. The result was that in almost every case enthusiastic meetings passed votes of confidence in the directorates, and the great majority of depositors have agreed to renew their deposits for terms of from one to three years. During this interval the companies are to reduce their debts in every possible way—by calls, by abstaining from dividends, and by gradually realising on their securities.

On the whole, considering what reckless speculation prevailed not long ago, directors as a body have come pretty well out of the ordeal so far as their personal honesty is concerned; they have now and again been dupes, but scarcely ever cheats. Still, though it is comforting to know this, the results of over-confidence and mis-management during the last five years are abundantly serious. Many are ruined, and many who expect to pull through are receiving no dividends and, it may be, are paying calls. It will be long before 1891 is forgotten.

As the financial situation has affected the Ministry's tenure of office during the past year, it is also likely to have a great effect on the elections that are due in April, and that may, perhaps, come off a little earlier. The country is breaking up into two very definite and strong parties—the Labour Party, which is bitter and determined and thoroughly organised; and the party of Property, which is gradually being welded into shape by the necessity for concerted action. The Labour Party has been damaged by the action of the Labour representatives in New Zealand and New South Wales, and all it can promise in Victoria is to put on taxes which may produce an additional half-million a year, and to find work with the proceeds of these for some thousands of the unemployed. On the other hand, it is pretty well understood that the triumph of the Labour Party here would give an additional shock to our credit in England; so that anything in the shape of a further loan would be impossible. The Conservatives therefore—who will be reinforced by many Liberals—are in the position that they can promise the renewal of supplies from England, while they can also offer the remedy of new taxation, not of course in the shape of property or absentee taxes, such as the Labour Party would adopt, but from an enhanced tea duty, and from an excise on beer. These are the materials for a very excellent fight; but the Labour Party will be seriously handicapped by its want of leaders, unless Sir Graham Berry on his return casts in his lot with it. Sir Graham, in his old days, was a rare combination of the qualities that make up a popular leader. He was a genuinely effective speaker, swaying the masses from the platform, and influencing divisions in Parliament; and he had enough of the statesman about him to enable him to evoke order out of very rough materials. Unhappily for himself, Sir Graham Berry held office during unprosperous times; and though the depression of 1878–1881 was felt over all the world, the Conservatives adroitly nicknamed it “the Berry blight” in Victoria; and the remembrance will undoubtedly be brought up against him if he puts himself at the head of the Unionists. With the financial instinct—which is very widely diffused—dead against him, it will be a wonderful triumph even for Sir Graham's versatile ability if he succeeds in constructing a strong party—let alone a majority—out of Unionist materials; and he will have literally no captains, if Mr. Deakin abides by his intention of exchanging politics, as a serious profession, for the Bar. The chances therefore, I think, are that the Labour Party will win even fewer seats than was reasonably anticipated six months ago; and that there will be a compact majority, calling itself Conservative or Liberal according to local predilections, but practically Conservative, and determined to maintain a strong government, independent of Trades' Hall influences. If this happens, the Labour Party will only have themselves to blame for their defeat. That they put forward extreme proposals may have been a virtue, and much of their programme has not been unreasonable; but they have committed the political sin for which there is no redemption when they have allowed two or three especially silly men to be spokesmen for the party.

As the Houses could not agree over the “One Man one Vote” Bill, members go to the country under the old system of plural voting, which of course tells in favour of property.

THE END OF A SHOW.

IT was a little village in the extreme north of Yorkshire, three miles from a railway station on a small branch line. It was not a progressive village; it just kept still and respected itself. The hills lay all round it, and seemed to shut it out from the rest of the world. Yet folks were born, and lived, and died, much as in the more important centres; and there were intervals which required to be filled with amusement. Entertainments were given by amateurs from time to time in the schoolroom; sometimes hand-bell ringers or a conjurer would visit the place, but their reception was not always encouraging. “Conjurers is nowt, an' ringers is nowt,” said the sad native, judiciously; “ar dornt regard 'em.” But the native brightened up when in the summer months a few caravans found their way to a piece of waste land adjoining the churchyard. They formed the village fair, and for two days they were a popular resort. But it was understood that the fair had not the glories of old days; it had dwindled. Most things in connection with this village dwindled.

The first day of the fair was drawing to a close. It was half-past ten at night, and at eleven the fair would close until the following morning. This last half-hour was fruitful in business. The steam roundabout was crowded, the proprietor of the peep-show was taking pennies very fast, although not so fast as the proprietor of another, somewhat repulsive show. A fair number patronised a canvas booth which bore the following inscription:—

POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURES.

Admission Free.

At one end of this tent was a table covered with red baize; on it were bottles and boxes, a human skull, a retort, a large book, and some bundles of dried herbs. Behind it was the lecturer, an old man, grey and thin, wearing a bright-coloured dressing-gown. He lectured volubly and enthusiastically; his energy and the atmosphere of the tent made him very hot, and occasionally he mopped his forehead.

“I am about to exhibit to you,” he said, speaking clearly and correctly, “a secret known to few, and believed to have come originally from those wise men of the East referred to in holy writ.” Here he filled two test-tubes with water, and placed some bluish-green crystals in one and some yellow crystals in the other. He went on talking, quoting scraps of Latin, telling stories, making local and personal allusions, finally coming back again to his two test-tubes, both of which now contained perfectly colourless solutions. He poured them both together into a flat glass vessel, and the mixture at once turned to a deep brownish purple. He threw a fragment of something on to the surface of the mixture, and that fragment at once caught fire. This favourite trick succeeded; the audience were undoubtedly impressed, and before they quite realised by what logical connection the old man had arrived at the subject, he was talking to them about the abdomen. He seemed to know the most unspeakable and intimate things about the abdomen. He had made pills which suited its peculiar needs, which he could and would sell in boxes at sixpence and one shilling, according to size. He sold four boxes at once, and was back in his classical and anecdotal stage, when a woman pressed forward. She was a very poor woman. Could she have a box of these pills at half-price? Her son was bad, very bad. It would be a kindness—

He interrupted her in a dry, distinct voice: “Woman, I never yet did anyone a kindness, not even myself.” However, a friend pushed some money into her hand, and she bought two boxes.

It was past twelve o'clock now. The flaring lights were out in the little group of caravans on the waste ground. The tired proprietors of the shows were asleep. The gravestones in the church-

yard were glimmering white in the bright moonlight. But at the entrance to that little canvas booth the quack doctor sat on one of his boxes, smoking a clay pipe. He had taken off the dressing-gown, and was in his shirt-sleeves; his clothes were black, much worn. His attention was arrested—he thought that he heard the sound of sobbing.

"It's a God-forsaken world," he said aloud. After a second's silence he spoke again. "No, I never did a kindness even to myself, though I thought I did, or I shouldn't have come to this." He took his pipe from his mouth and spat. Once more he heard that strange wailing sound; this time he arose, and walked in the direction of it.

Yes, that was it. It came from that caravan standing alone where the trees made a dark spot. The caravan was gaudily painted, and there were steps from the door to the ground. He remembered having noticed it once during the day. It was evident that someone inside was in trouble—great trouble. The old man knocked gently at the door.

"Who's there? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said a broken voice from within.

"Are you a woman?"

There was a fearful laugh. "Neither man nor woman—a show."

"What do you mean?"

"Go round to the side, and you'll see."

The old man went round, and by the light of two wax matches caught a glimpse of part of the rough painting on the side of the caravan. The matches dropped from his hand. He came back, and sat down on the steps of the caravan.

"You are not like that," he said.

"No, worse. I'm not dressed in pretty clothes, and lying on a crimson velvet couch. I'm half-naked, in a corner of this cursed box, and crying because my owner beat me. Now go, or I'll open the door and show myself to you as I am now. It would frighten you. It would haunt your sleep."

"Nothing frightens me. I was a fool once, but I have never been frightened. What right has this owner over you?"

"He is my father," the voice screamed loudly; then there was more weeping; then it spoke again, in lower tones: "It's awful; I could bear anything now—anything—if I thought it would ever be any better; but it won't. My mind's a woman's and my wants are a woman's, but I am not a woman. I am a show. The brutes stand round me, talk to me, touch me!"

"There's a way out," said the old man quietly, after a pause. An idea had occurred to him.

"I know—and I daren't take it—I've got a thing here, but I daren't use it."

"You could drink something—something that wouldn't hurt?"

"Yes."

"You are quite alone?"

"Yes; my owner's in the village, at the inn."

"Then wait a minute."

The old man hastened back to the canvas booth, and fumbled about with his chemicals. He murmured something about doing someone a kindness at last. Then he returned to the caravan with a glass of colourless liquid in his hand.

"Open the door and take it," he said.

The door was opened a very little way. A thin hand was thrust out and took the glass eagerly. The door closed, and the voice spoke again.

"It will be easy?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, then. To your health——"

The old man heard the glass crash on the wooden floor, then he went back to his seat in front of the booth, and carefully lit another pipe. "I will not go," he said aloud. "I fear nothing—not even the results of my best action." He listened attentively.

No sound whatever came from the caravan. All was still. Far away the sky was growing lighter with the dawn of a fine summer day.

BARRY PAIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSOLVENCY OF PORTUGAL.

SIR,—*A propos* of your article of January 23rd on the above subject, the figures representing the commerce of Portugal may be interesting. During the year 1890 the value of all imports amounted to 44,741 contos of reis, and value of all exports to 21,536 contos of reis, giving a surplus value of imports over exports of 23,205 contos, from which may be deducted 6,889 contos of re-exports, leaving the surplus value of imports 16,316 contos, which, at the par exchange of 4,500 reis per £1 (and, during 1890, the exchange varied very little from par), comes to £3,625,000. These figures do not include coin imported or exported. During 1891 the balance would seem to have been even larger, as, since the suspension of cash payments early in May, some five million sovereigns have been exported—principally to London.

It seems to be overlooked by financial papers and writers on this subject that the unsettlement of Brazil is a large factor in Portuguese troubles. There are many Brazilians or returned emigrants living in Portugal whose capital is invested in Brazilian land and enterprises. Owing to the unfavourable exchange these people are omitting to draw on Brazil—waiting for an improvement—and Brazil is in consequence a very large debtor to Portugal, rents and dividends accumulating in the Brazilian banks. The fall in the Brazilian exchange from 27d. to 12½d. is thus a powerful influence in the present state of Portuguese finance. No doubt, a large amount that would have been remitted to Portugal has been invested in the banks and companies that, mushroom-like, have sprung up in Brazil since the revolution of November, 1889.

Brazilian remittances were generally made in the form of cheques on London, Hamburg, &c. (chiefly London), and were readily disposed of to importers of produce and banks. Such paper is, and has been for many months past, very scarce; and those who have to make foreign payments have to buy gold for the purpose.

I merely leave these facts to the appreciation of experts without comment, and only add that the internal commerce of Portugal is very sound. In spite of the great difficulties encountered during the last year, failures have been very few. The corruption and dishonesty which are now being investigated in the cases of the Royal Portuguese Railway Company, the Bank Lusitano, and the Bank do Povo, seem to have been confined to a circle of political financiers, who have been able to do much harm to the whole country, but not to extend to the body of traders—I am, sir, yours, etc., HENRY M. SAYERS.

Rua do Campo Alegre, 313, Oporto, Portugal,
February 3rd, 1892.

CONSTANCE NADEN AND HYLO-IDEALISM.

SIR,—Pray have the goodness, at your early convenience, to permit me, as the late Miss Naden's literary executor, to make a short minute on certain points in your generally appreciative notice of this subject in your issue of January 30th. Let me first mention your critic's objection to Mr. McCrie's comparison of Miss Naden with Miss Martineau, the Misses Brontë, Mrs. Somerville, and George Eliot. Now, as indeed your critic himself admits later on in his argument, it must be remembered that Mr. McCrie writes of Miss Naden not as a literary character, but as a *scientific*, up-to-date, *fin de siècle* thinker. In mere *belles-lettres*, of course, there is no comparison—the fact being that Miss Naden, though still cherishing the love of form and beauty, which makes so much of her poetry and prose so notable, had for some years before her death given up all aspirations after literary distinction, in order to devote herself more exclusively to philosophical exposition. As, indeed, Professor Lapworth, who was more in contact with her than myself at the time, explicitly states, I myself was somewhat surprised, not to say disappointed, at the appearance of her second volume of poetry; but Dr. Lapworth makes it clear that it was the outcome of convalescence from illness, during which she was more or less incapacitated for severer thought. I may also mention that Mr. Herbert Spencer's estimate is identical on this point with Mr. McCrie's. The former places Miss Naden, for receptivity and originality, on a level with George Eliot, and her juniority of nearly forty years gives her a vantage ground, the possession of which is no credit to her, or its absence any discredit to her gifted predecessor. Mrs. B. Browning, generally held to be the foremost English poetess, has no pretensions whatever to be an up-to-date thinker. She was, indeed, so much of a Spiritualist and Dualist as to be seriously out of touch with her own husband. George Eliot is, indeed, the only rival, as a thinker, of Miss Naden, and, as above stated, it surely stands to reason that the younger one has, from the point of time alone, the advantage of the elder. Every eschatological problem must be re-stated and re-adapted to existing circumstances in each succeeding generation, the cause of which is quite patent, on the hylo-ideal hypothesis, from the secular development of the brain or *sensorium*. Your able critic also objects to Miss Naden's nomenclature as a dialect only suited for specialists and as "caviare to the general." But surely the formula he quotes,

"Macrocosm and Microcosm are alike Auto-Cosm," does not bear out this assertion? Surely nothing can be more naïve or simple? It is an axiom that all alike, learned or unlearned, ought easily to read. In plain English it simply means that each single sentient unit is the maker and founder of its own Cosmos, abstract and concrete; Mind being thus the creature, not creator, of matter or body, and Object quite losing itself in the subject—Self. The private judgment of Luther predicates the same conclusion, though heavily handicapped by what we now see to be its fatal Biblicism. The great distinction of this esoterism is its solution of the cosmic and cerebral problem on the datum of positive science, and not on that of speculative metaphysics or psychology.

R. LEWINS, M.D., Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel.
Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W., February 4th, 1892.

THE NONCONFORMIST METEORS.

SIR,—In an article in the current number of THE SPEAKER a very apposite question to the time is asked—"How is it that in all the Church of England there is no man who can compare in position, in influence, or in the extent of his hold upon the hearts of his fellow-men with the two great Nonconformists, Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon?" It might, of course, be answered that these two men were quite independent of the religious system in which each found himself. Had the one remained faithful to the Church of his birth, and had the other been a thorough-going Anglican of the orthodox stamp, their unique powers and personalities would have speedily raised them to positions of eminence in the Church of England. This undoubtedly would have been the case, for it should be remembered that the Cardinal had, at the early age of thirty-two years, reached the dignity of an Archdeacon in the Diocese of Chichester before he joined the Roman Communion. From the very first they were both marked men who would have done credit to any profession. But are we to say that out of the 20,000 clergy—the standing average for many years of the teachers of the Church of England—there never does arise at least one of unique powers and personality fitted to influence the hearts of his fellows? It seems impossible to believe that this is the case. It is, indeed, true that the most gifted of the Anglican Communion do not, as a rule, seek her orders. Loud complaints, especially from the laity, make themselves heard now and then. But there are exceptions to the rule, and a careful scrutiny of the ordination lists will show that occasionally men of high academic acquirements, who have already, at the Universities or elsewhere, given good promise of pre-eminence amongst their fellows, are admitted deacons and priests; and yet it seems that once ordained they sink to the level of respectable mediocrity, and do not fulfil their early promises. Respectable mediocrity seem to be the fitting words to describe even the leaders, with hardly an exception, of the Anglican Church at the present time.

This consideration appears to point to the conclusion that the fault lies not so much in the men as in the system of the State Church, though it, of course, follows that the system reacts upon the supply of men. The system is too cast-iron. Originality is stifled by being reduced to the pervading uniformity, and all attempts to leave the well-worn track, in doctrine or in practice, are much too dangerous an experiment to be frequently tried. Law, use, and expediency divide between them all attempts at originality, and originality was Mr. Spurgeon's greatest strength.

It should also be noticed that both Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon were extreme men. We English dislike extremes, but extremes carry the day. *Via mediæ* have never produced enthusiasm nor leaders of men—it is contrary to all law that they should—and the Church of England is, by her first principles, a *via mediæ*, both in doctrine and practice. She attempts to stand well with the classes and the masses. How to serve the two masters of Capital and Labour is the problem which is perplexing the minds of her foremost clergy at the present moment. This problem the Cardinal and the Preacher solved each in his own way. With true statesmanlike instinct, the former was a Democrat, and knew when to sink the dignity of the office before the man. Mr. Spurgeon's first victories were won amongst the dominant people of his early life. The sphere of his work lay with the great middle-class. He cared to influence the two extreme sections of the nation only through them. The two men who, amongst the Anglican clergy in the last twenty years, have come nearest to the influence and power of Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon were Bishop Fraser and Dean Stanley. Students of their lives seem to see that they failed only when they could not shake themselves free from the trammels of their system.

It is also worthy of notice that both of the two great Nonconformists held independent positions at a very early age. This is almost impossible except under the most favourable circumstances in the State Church. Cardinal Manning was favoured by fortune; but as a rule, it is certain that a young man who possesses sufficient originality and power to cross the notions of the average Anglican Churchman will not be put into a position of independence until those advantages have been moderated or evaporated altogether. The Archbishop of York has lately

declared his intention of promoting no curate until after ten years' service in the diocese, and this rule, though unpublished, is general with the bishops; and then only those curates who hold "views" similar to those of the diocesan, or have "friends in court," are even likely to be noticed. Private patronage is, as all the world knows, exercised in a still more exclusive way. The State Church, as at present constituted, has no special attractions for men of mark. She is, as a rule, only a kind and beneficent mother to those of her clergy who hold narrow views, possess private means, know how to toady, or are well connected. She strongly resents any interference in her domestic peace by the original or the strong.

The evils that affect the lower branches of her clergy are greatly increased when we come to those who should be the leaders. It is an interesting question to ask, Would Cardinal Manning or Mr. Spurgeon, had they been Anglicans, ever have been made bishops? Taking the men as they were when they died, and judging from the recent appointments made by the Tory Government, it is certain that there is only one man in England who would have dared to raise either of them to the Episcopal bench. The power which the State Church possesses to-day, such as it is, especially so far as the bulk of the nation is concerned, is largely due to Mr. Gladstone. He alone of all the dispensers of Crown patronage has a keen eye and a just hand in the interests of national religion. To use the words of Carlyle, "the lungs of the State Church are closed up." Questions are now asked by the rulers of the nation, in the making of the priests of the nation, "What about your birth, genealogy, quantity of money-capital?" or the like; the one question, "Is there some human nobleness in you, or is there not?" comes not into the ken, at any rate of the Tory Government.

May not THE SPEAKER's question be answered in the words of Sydney Smith: "In the Church of England a man is thrown into life with his hands tied and bid to swim; he does well if he keeps his head above water." X.

SIR,—I have read your article "The Secret of Mr. Spurgeon," in your issue of last Saturday, with assent and dissent. I willingly admit that Mr. Spurgeon, in his day, kept many a man morally good—kept him from substantial sin and therefore morally good. Again, I willingly admit that men who entered the "Tabernacle" to "scoff," left it "not scoffers," left it in the belief of some moral laws, left it not the worse because of Mr. Spurgeon's teaching. This certainly was a gain! Better have a belief in some moral laws than believe all moral laws to be shams. But when you say he was a *reliable* teacher because he was "sincere, simple, unpretending, and straightforward" in his teaching I cannot agree with you; because, I suppose, every teacher would claim for his teaching similar adjectives. Again you say, Mr. Spurgeon sought not himself but his "Master"—and you could not say in his favour a bigger thing. Nor am I in a position to contravene your statement; nor, if I were, would I—a Catholic priest—do so. I leave Mr. Spurgeon in his "Master's" hands. But his "Master" came on earth in a twofold character: as a "saviour" and as a "teacher." Of course, Mr. Spurgeon believed—and rightly believed—in his "Master" as a "saviour." But as a "teacher," Mr. Spurgeon's office, as a disciple of his "Master," would be to teach what his Master taught—that and only that. Might I ask you where Mr. Spurgeon got his mathematical knowledge of what his "Master" taught? Again, you say—and in saying it you cast a cloud over THE SPEAKER's fair name—that Mr. Spurgeon never came into collision with "a priest-hating people," because he had not priestly tendencies. Might I ask you to say who are the "priest-hating people?" I suppose you mean the subjects of a great British Queen—Victoria? But a vast number—many millions—of the subjects of this Royal and Imperial Lady are Catholics, and will you allow me, a Catholic priest and a Catholic British subject also, to say in behalf of many millions of other British Catholic subjects that we are *not* "a priest-hating people;" quite the other way—"a priest-loving people." I am quite sure you will insert this letter, if only because it is the office of a "Speaker" to set forth the "pros" and "cons."—Yours, Mr. Editor, ever faithfully,

February 9th, 1892.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

[The "priest-hating people" to whom we referred were, of course, the Protestant and Puritan middle-class of Great Britain, to whom Mr. Spurgeon especially appealed, and in whom he found his chief supporters.—ED. SPEAKER.]

THE LATE SIR J. EARDLEY WILMOT.

DEAR SPEAKER,—In your obituary of the week you include Sir John Eardley Wilmot "eleven years a Liberal member for Warwickshire!" I do not know whether the large and increasing circulation of THE SPEAKER includes the region whither Sir John has departed; but if he read, this announcement you will probably hear from him. He was in his time and his way a stout Conservative of the old and, some think, the better school.—Yours faithfully,

February 9th, 1892.

HENRY W. LUCY.

STATE-AIDED PENSIONS FOR OLD AGE.

SIR.—Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is open to various objections. In the first place, it is insufficient. Of the class of persons whom it is designed to benefit—those who while desirous of making provision for old age are yet unable to do so—only a very few would be able to find the sum required to start it, and only a small proportion of these would be able to keep the payments good for forty years. Mr. Chamberlain admits that this class are unable to find the yearly premium of thirty-six shillings required by the Post Office to provide the same pension. How then does he expect them to find the lump sum of five pounds? Then, too, a number of those who had kept their payments good up to 50, 55, or 60 years of age would then find themselves incapacitated for work; are they to retire to the workhouse until their pension becomes due? And who is to pay the premiums in the meanwhile?

Mr. Morley in his speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne admits the necessity for old-age pensions, and states that there is no question of principle, because the Poor Law already provides old-age pensions, *i.e.*, parish relief. There would seem, however, to be this difference—parish relief is available for everybody. Mr. Chamberlain, if he should be destitute in his old age, could retire to the workhouse, but not on his old-age pension. That privilege is reserved for a select few. Nay more, unless the incidence of the burden is jealously watched, the poorest of our labourers, too poor themselves to take advantage of the scheme, will have helped to provide pensions for those who have been better off than themselves.

There seem to me to be only two alternatives: either the pensions must be universal and provided by the State, or else the scheme should be voluntary, but not State-aided.

Hednesford.

A. H. BARNARD.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, February 12th, 1892.

"HE has written comedies at which we have cried and tragedies at which we have laughed; he has composed indecent novels and religious epics; he has pandered to the public lust for personal anecdote by writing his own life and the private history of his acquaintances." Of whom is this a portrait, and who is the limner? What are the names of the comedies and the tragedies and the novels thus highly recommended to the curious reader? These are questions, I flatter myself, wholly devoid of public interest.

The quotation is from a Review in the *Quarterly*, written by Sir Walter Scott of poor old Richard Cumberland's last novel, "John de Lancaster," published in 1809, when its author, "the Terence of England," was well-nigh eighty years of age. The passage is a fierce one, but Scott's good nature was proof against everything but affectation. No man minded a bad novel less than the author of "Guy Mannering" and "The Heart of Midlothian." I am certain he could have pulled Bishop Thirlwall through "The Wide, Wide World," in the middle of which, for some unaccountable reason, that great novel-reading prelate stuck fast. But an author had only to pooh-pooh the public taste, to sneer at popularity, to discourse solemnly on his function as a teacher of his age and master of his craft, to make Sir Walter show his teeth, and his fangs were formidable; and the storm of his wrath all the more tremendous because bursting from a clear sky.

I will quote a little bit of the passage in "John de Lancaster" which made Scott so angry, and which he pronounced a doleful lamentation over the "praise and pudding which Cumberland alleges have been gobbled up by his contemporaries":

"If in the course of my literary labours I had been less studious to adhere to nature and simplicity, I am perfectly convinced I should have stood higher in estimation with the purchasers of copyright and probably have been read and patronised by my contemporaries in the proportion of ten to one."

It seems a harmless kind of bleat after all, but it was enough to sting Scott to fury and make him fall upon the old man in a manner somewhat too savage and tartarly. Some years later, and after Cumber-

land was dead, Sir Walter wrote a sketch of his life in the vein we are better accustomed to associate with the name of Scott.

Cumberland was a voluminous author, having written two epics, thirty-eight dramatic pieces, including a revised version of Timon of Athens—of which Horace Walpole said "he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it"—a score or two of fugitive poetical compositions, including some verses to Dr. James, whose Powders played almost as large a part in the lives of men of that time as Garrick himself, numerous prose publications, and three novels, "Arundel," "Henry," and "John de Lancaster." Of the novels "Henry" is the one to which Sir Walter's epitaph is least inapplicable—but Cumberland meant no harm. Were I to be discovered on Primrose Hill, or any other eminence reading "Henry," I should blush no deeper than if the book had been "David Grieve."

Cumberland has, of course, no place in men's memories by virtue of his plays, poems, or novels. Even the catholic Chambers gives no extracts from Cumberland in the "Encyclopedia." What keeps him for ever alive is—first, his place in Goldsmith's great poem, "Retaliation;" secondly, his memoirs to which Sir Walter refers so unkindly; and thirdly, the tradition—the well-supported tradition—that he was the original "Sir Fretful Plagiary."

On this last point we have the authority of Croker, and there is none better for anything disagreeable. Croker says he knew Cumberland well for the last dozen years of his life, and that to his last day he resembled Sir Fretful.

The Memoirs were first published in 1806, in a splendidly printed quarto. The author wanted money badly, and Lackington's house gave him £500 for his manuscript. It is an excellent book. I do not quarrel with Mr. Leslie Stephen's description of it in the National Dictionary of Biography: "A very loose book, dateless, inaccurate, but with interesting accounts of men of note." All I mean by excellent is excellent to read. The Memoirs touch upon many points of interest. Cumberland was born in the Master's Lodge, at Trinity, Cambridge, in the Judge's Chamber—a room hung round with portraits of "hanging judges" in their official robes, and where a great Anglican divine and preacher once told me he had passed a sleepless night, so scared was he by these sinful emblems of human justice. There is an admirable account in the Memoirs of the great Bentley, Cumberland's maternal grandfather, and of the Vice-Master, Dr. Walker, fit to be read along with De Quincey's spirited essay on the same subject. Then the scene is shifted to Dublin Castle, where Cumberland was Ulster-Secretary when Halifax was Lord-Lieutenant, and Single-speech Hamilton had acquired by purchase (for a brief season) the brains of Edmund Burke. Then there is a wonderful sketch of Bubb Dodington and his villa "La Trappe," on the banks of the Thames, whither one fair evening Wedderburn brought Mrs. Haughton in a hackney-coach. You read of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, of Garrick and Foote, and participate in the bustle and malice of the play-house. Unluckily, Cumberland was sent to Spain on a mission, and came home with a grievance. This part is dull, but in all other respects the Memoirs are good to read.

Cumberland's father, who became an Irish bishop, is depicted by his son as a most pleasing character; and no doubt of his having been so would ever have entered a head always disposed to think well of

fathers had not my copy of the Memoirs been annotated throughout in the nervous, scholarly hand of a long-previous owner who, for some reason or another, hated the Cumberlands, the Whig clergy, and the Irish people with a hatred which found ample room and verge enough in the spacious margins of the Memoirs.

I print one only of these splenetic notes:—

"I forget whether I have noticed this elsewhere, therefore I will make sure. In the novel 'Arundel,' Cumberland has drawn an exact picture of himself as secretary to Halifax, and has made the father of the hero a clergyman and a keen electioneer—the vilest character in fiction. The laborious exculpation of Parson Cumberland in these Memoirs does not wipe out the scandal of such a picture. In spite of all he says, we cannot help suspecting that Parson Cumberland and Joseph Arundel had a likeness. N.B.—In both novels (i.e., 'Arundel' and 'Henry') the portrait of a modern clergyman is too true. But it is strange that Cumberland, thus hankering after the Church, should have volunteered two such characters as Joseph Arundel and Claypole."

"Whispering tongues can poison truth," and a persistent annotator who writes a legible hand is not easily shaken off.

Perhaps the best story in the book is the one about which there is most doubt. I refer to the well-known and often-quoted account of the first night of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and of the famous band of "claqueurs" who early took their places, determined to see the play through. Cumberland tells the story with the irresistible verve of falsehood—of the early dinner at the "Shakespeare Tavern," "where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps"; of the guests assembled, including Fitzherbert (who had committed suicide at an earlier date), of the adjournment to the theatre with Adam Drummond of amiable memory, who "was gifted by Nature with the most sonorous and at the same time the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it"; and on the story rolls.

It has to be given up. There was a dinner, but it is doubtful whether Cumberland was at it; and as for the proceedings at the theatre, others who were there have pronounced Cumberland's story a bit of *blague*. According to the newspapers of the day, Cumberland, instead of sitting by Drummond's side and telling him when to laugh in his peculiar manner, was visibly chagrined by the success of the piece, and as wretched as any man could well be. But Adam Drummond must have been a reality. His laugh still echoes in one's ears. A. B.

REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CATCHWORDS.

ON SHIBBOLETHS. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

"SHIBBOLETHS" are the flags of all nations. Floating long in wind and weather, it is not strange if they get rent and torn, lose their bright colours, and become distinguishable, in course of time, by faith only, and not by sight, from rags that should be sent to the laundry. We can easily believe that they present a sad appearance to the philosopher seated in his well-stuffed chair at home, and occupied mainly with ideals. Nor do we pretend that the cries of any one sect, church, or party have in them a medicative virtue denied to the rest. "Words are but wind"; and though alive and stirring with the grandest aspirations, they may be taken in vain, misconstrued, and dragged down into the mire. Mr. Lilly has given us an amusing as well as a thoughtful volume partly on their use, but much more, and with evident relish, on their abuse—as he conceives—

at the present day. He writes forcibly and to the point, with an occasional touch of cynicism which is decidedly enlivening. His enthusiasm he keeps for "Kant and Hegel, Trendelenburg and Lotze," who furnish "an antidote to the dissolvent doctrines of sensualistic individualism." For himself, he is bent on warning us that when we talk somewhat cheerily of "progress," "freedom," "the people's rights," "education," and so forth, we had better understand what we mean. The poor old flags must be taken down from their flag-staves, and cross-examined.

Some of them stir Mr. Lilly's wrath, and move him to disdain; nor does he mind expressing his sentiments in round, unvarnished phrase, which will at any rate serve instead of a tonic where it does not convert or convince. He sets his reader thinking, and will often provoke him to laugh—no small merit in a world wherein, as the *Spectator* says, laughter is becoming a tradition of the past, like other jewels of Conservatism. But the fact of our growing sadness may be disputed. As regards Mr. Lilly's own creed, if we begin at the beginning of his book, we shall fancy it to be a stern and lofty protest against the frivolous Radicals who sit on the box-seat of progress and declare that they are driving the coach, when it is hurrying them along at railroad speed. But deal with it like a volume of Hebrew—begin at the end—and then you will come upon such a condemnation of the established order, economic and political, as will make you rub your eyes with astonishment. Even the most advanced Radical—or, indeed, Socialist—cannot well say more than that the present order rests "on wrong and robbery." Stuart Mill has written that, "if the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices, . . . all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance." Now Mr. Lilly does not grant, any more than most Englishmen do, that such is the alternative; but he is clearly of opinion "that the present state of society" is doomed, and that by "the laws of retributive justice"—a doctrine which may not amount to Radicalism, but which, most certainly, portends nothing less than revolution!

Not, of course, "red ruin," with blood and fire as its accompaniment; but, still, "the breaking up of laws," and a new distribution of social products. "Assuredly," says our author, with a bluntness which will shock the respectable *bourgeois*, "the masses will be monstrous fools if they do not use the power placed in their hands to better their material condition. As assuredly they will be more monstrous fools still, if they use it unjustly. Labour, like capital, is under the moral law." Justice, then, is the keynote of Mr. Lilly's pleading; and he pleads earnestly, with no feigned tongue, for that in which he is undoubtedly a firm believer. He would have interests conform to principles. And seeing that democracy, or the "rule of the many," is inevitable, he asks that it may have the eyes of its understanding enlightened, and know what is the real significance of its own demands. To make this clear, Mr. Lilly expends much time and learning. He charges Socialism with being "unethical," which is an accusation we do not think he will find it easy to sustain. In his own view, society was intended to be an "ethical organism"; liberty is sacred, but must be according to law; personality allows of indefinite variation in quality and privileges; education means the formation of the moral character; and political economy is a branch of ethics. Often we are reminded in these pages of Mr. Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," except that where Mr. Arnold says "literature," Mr. Lilly would say the New Testament. Both are strongly agreed on the necessity of developing the functions of Government, and our author quotes with applause Pitt's emphatic assertion that "Parliament is omnipotent to protect." All his remedies for economic disorder

in Chapter VII. suppose a determined effort on the side of rulers and governors to limit competition, whether among workmen or capitalists, by force of law. This chapter is the most remarkable in the book, and states the writer's principles with great clearness and felicity of illustration.

But having laid down his doctrine in resolute terms, with abundant quotation from the dead and living authors whom he has ever at hand, Mr. Lilly reads a severe lecture to his Liberal friends. They admire claptrap, he says, and are easily caught by the ears. It would be quite as true, and just now very seasonable, to remark that those whom nobody would call Liberals display the same weakness, only the claptrap which charms them is talked by Lord Salisbury or the Primrose League. Why, then, does not Mr. Lilly assail the Conservative watchwords, and require a strict account of their meaning at the hands of Mr. Balfour? We think it is for the good reason that they have lost much of their influence, and are likely to lose more. The old Tories hated liberty, despised the people, kept back education, laughed at public opinion, and would allow neither "man's rights" nor "woman's rights," as long as they could help. Their descendants have simply fastened themselves on as much of the unreformed Constitution as is left above ground. If they talk the modern language, it is to get inside the enemy's camp, as a spy might use the password which he had bought or stolen. Whatever comes of it, the future belongs to progressive Democracy; and these "new social strata," of which Gambetta spoke, will trouble themselves uncommonly little with the academic reserves and comfortable half-measures of the classes now in possession.

Men like Mr. Lilly exhibit unbounded scorn for the "ballot-box," which in this volume is called "a sorry fetish." Even Carlyle, who might have seen many things which he did not choose to see, mocks and flouts the single voter's privilege of a twenty-thousandth of a share in one Member of Parliament. As though combination, which has worked miracles, were not the aim, as it is the secret of success, in all voting! We have now begun to witness, with surprise all round, the remarkable uprising of the agricultural labourer against squire and parson. What has done it? The vote, and nothing but the vote. Liberty may not consist "in voting ever so often"; but in the modern State there will not be much liberty where there is no voting. We quite agree with Mr. Gunton that "economic independence is the only true and permanent basis of political freedom." It is to secure such independence that the ballot-box and the rest of the machinery have been devised. They are means to an end; but for that very reason we must consider them not merely in the abstract, which would be as ludicrous as considering a roast leg of mutton without reference to the dinner-table on which it was to appear. Ideals are very fine things, and Mr. Lilly extols them with learning and eloquence. But he likes the old-fashioned machinery, and despises the new. Nevertheless, it has become clear to him that much of the venerable Whiggism he admires is completely out of date; and that its economic fetish of Demand and Supply is tumbling from its shrine under the strokes of a more humane philosophy. The "classes" will have to demonstrate their *raison d'être*; and, so far as they fail to do so, will have to make way for other classes not quite so ill-adapted to the conditions of modern life. We are nothing like half-way on the road of evolution. Mr. Lilly does his part as a philosopher in crying out *Festina lente*; but he knows that all the moralising in the world will not stop the wheels which have been set going.

Certainly, the better we understand our ideals, the more perfectly shall we realise them. Nor do we propose to "slay at the passages of Jordan" all those who do not as yet agree with us. That was the good old Tory way. We prefer to convert our enemies, and we shall do so; for the "advanced Radicalism" of one age is always the "sound Con-

servatism" of the next. This book of Mr. Lilly's would have saddened the Whigs thirty years ago; now they will be quoting from its pages with interest and admiration, always excepting the chapter on "Supply and Demand." They will praise its manly common-sense, its erudition, its persuasive style. Let them, by all means. It is probably the best defence that has lately been made of the "legality"—to employ a theological term—by which they hold, in contrast to the aspirations of the great multitude who want a little of the law and order, equity and justice, and all the other good things of the middle class, to come over to their side. "The true idea of the individual" is "an ethical agent in an ethical organism." That is well said; and we shall be charmed to apply it all round—to the "ethical organism" called the House of Lords, and the "ethical agent" known as the ground-landlord; to the capitalist as thoroughly as to the journalist; and to the advocate of vested interests no less than to the advocate of "woman's rights." The result may astonish even our calm philosopher.

But all these modern "Shibboleths" are not derived simply from Rousseau, though Mr. Lilly says they are. Rousseau made neither the old *régime* nor the new. What he did was to utter, with burning eloquence, the thoughts which rose in many a working man's heart, and which rise there still, in the presence of a rich and powerful civilisation that has left his class—in other words, the majority—uneducated, sunk in poverty and wretchedness, and without provision for the morrow. That was the crying scandal of the last century. It is the crying scandal of this which is now expiring. A crowd while it has neither flag nor watchword is a mere mob; give it a banner and it may become an army. Battle-cries will not, indeed, serve instead of cannon; though we may remember that the Bastille was taken with a shout. Suffice it if the modern "Shibboleths" rally our friends and put heart into them, as being true and sincere, even while they need philosophic analysis. But courage wins the victory; and whatever helps the millions to be courageous is far from despicable. We wish Mr. Lilly, who has found so many things to say in disparagement of "Shibboleths," had reckoned up the number of benefits to mankind which, in the absence of those appeals to the emotion that he rather looks down upon, would still be waiting for someone to achieve them. All changes for the better must begin by appealing to emotion, just as all Conservative abuses rely upon self-interest to defend them against reform. That is why there never was a Tory Marseillaise.

"A.K.H.B." AT ST. ANDREWS.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS. By the author of "The Recollections of a Country Parson." Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

NOT one of the Rev. Dr. Boyd's thirty volumes—popular and readable as these are—will keep up the reader's breathless attention as this one does. To those especially who have known the men and manners of the quiet Scottish academic city the volume will be extremely enjoyable. For this observing "chiel has been taking notes" with no ordinary care for a quarter of a century, and the gossiping ways of many interesting people there have been faithfully chronicled by the prince of gossipers, who, since he was fifteen years of age, has made it a solemn duty to enter something daily in his diary. A.K.H.B. is in society a most attractive man, though *sui generis*. No one can get a word in at a dinner-party if he be there, yet he has the marvellous faculty of streaming on with his most amusing table-talk without any repetition. Nor does he spare himself, as this volume testifies. He is not always strictly accurate, good as his memory is; but no one outside the city will mind this very much. One thing: there is, with all his quiet humour and sharp-shooting, no evidence whatever of malice in his criticisms.

In fact, he is just occasionally too flattering. Sir Walter (he would never use more of the name) he calls "certainly the greatest Scotsman;" Principal Shairp "had ever been the best of men," and after he ceased to be Dean Stanley's "ecclesiastical curiosity," was "at the last one of the wisest;" than Professor Lewis Campbell "there is no better-loved man in this University or this city"; than Professor Flint "there can hardly ever have been a better professor in any University in this world"—though he forgets to mention that Flint is the only clergyman who for his eminence in philosophy is a member of the famous Institute of France; of Professor Baynes he says, "no mortal ever heard him utter a rancorous word"; Dr. William Muir—at the opposite extreme in ritual—"was the finest-looking human being I ever saw"; Mr. John Skelton is "quite the most eminent Scottish man of letters now abiding"; he "never knew a better or more lovable man" than Bishop Thorold of Winchester, to whom the volume is dedicated; "never greater nor more lovable man than Stanley" preached in St. Andrew's Parish Church; "never was more courteous gentleman" than Professor Cook; "no more conscientious or capable man ever filled a Divinity Chair" than Professor Mitchell; "the Anglican Communion numbers not a prelate of statelier aspect" than Bishop Wordsworth; Dr. Lindsay is the "wisest, kindest, and best of Heritors."

He means to keep his word when he begins his pleasant task—viz., never to be autobiographical—but he fortunately breaks it on every page; for without his personality most of the volume would be meaningless. He was tickled when an old gentleman told him that he thought St. Andrews was reserved for great preachers, and he was pleased when Dr. Gillon said that he was going where there had been dry sermons so long. This was an opportunity for bringing forward the name of one of the most eloquent, thoughtful, and manly preachers, his immediate predecessor, to whom he could never hold a candle, the poet, painter, musician, Dr. John Park—yet that name is not mentioned in the volume at all. Why? Because the praises of that worthy man were for years on everyone's lips. Once A.K.H.B. had the audacity to say (but this is not recorded by him, but by another), "Dr. Park was a very remarkable instance of a very poor scholar becoming a great preacher"; yet Principal Tulloch simply adored him. Dr. Park's predecessor's name comes in once, in a left-handed way for the author. A begging, half-tipsy fishwife, on being told by Dr. Boyd that he would give her half-a-crown next day if she appeared sober, said, "Ah! ye're an unco' drap-down frae Principal Haldane!"

It is well-nigh impossible to give a full idea of the rare chattiness and lightness of the volume: once begun, you cannot stop reading it. Dr. Boyd considers St. Andrews an ideal place, though Professor Aytoun once made the appalling statement that "Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in, compared with St. Andrews." He would not leave it; but he has forgotten about St. Giles, Edinburgh. His descriptions are terse, but able. He always felt an interest in numbers; and he noted that the number of people who shook hands with him at the door of the church on the day of his induction to the charge was "just a thousand." He was glad when Tulloch called him a born preacher; yet why should he always "wash his hands with invisible water" in the pulpit, as the dreaded P. P. A. once remarked? No doubt he is a most attractive preacher: and he has the happy knack of suiting himself to all men, conducting the service with the ordinary Presbyterian quietness in the parish church, and with extreme ritual in St. Mary's. What can he mean by the purple ribbon which he fastens round the pulpit Bible? His fidgetiness is proverbial; but this is not recorded. One day the sister-in-law of the Rev. Mr. Hill, his colleague, was visiting the old church. In the vestry the beadle, pointing to the mirror that hung on the sombre wall, said, "Ye see, mem, that's the glass the meenisters use afore they gang to the

poopit. Bide [Boyd], he'll come in sae excited like, an' he'll strip, an' he'll look at the gless, an' he'll try on a stannin'-up collar. It'll no dae; an' he'll throw't doon ahunt 'm on the fluer, as if it wuz the collar's blame. Then he'll try on anither, an' maybe a third ane, afore he gets ane to dae. But Hill, puir man, he jist gangs up to the gless, looks in, gies his heid a bit redd, an' then awa he gangs cannily to the poopit."

With all faithfulness he intends to follow out the commendable maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; yet after writing, "Only good shall be written on this page of the brothers who have gone before us," on the very next page he says, "Somewhat perversely, Shairp's conscience pointed out Tulloch's sins, and not his own." But of Shairp he once said, "Never man in this world had a pleasanter smile"; which of course accounts for the discrepancy. He was grieved when Principal Forbes "used the ugly and heathenish word *Prececur*" before the opening prayer, "forgetting the stately and beautiful *Oremus*." Yet the good man, being a "High Churchman through and through," thanked the author for correcting him. In his judgment it was irreverent for the Principal, who was unordained, to pronounce the blessing in Latin; "but in Scotland one has to bear with a good many irreverent things."

It seems Professor Shairp would not notice the salutation of any student whom he met wearing the newly imported square caps. "What he desired, as characteristically Scottish, was a Kilmarnock blue bonnet with a red tassel. This had been worn by Lord Aberdeen and his brothers, and it won Shairp's heart." The author considers that Shairp was not a very successful Professor of Latin, yet he turned out some excellent version writers, who stood their own afterwards against the best competitors. Shairp delighted to speak of Dr. Lee, the arch innovator, as "Bobby," yet he complained when the students called him "Jock." How the author laughed when, in a student's paper, he read on the geometrical diagram "Let A. K. H. B. be a rum Boyd" (rhomboid, the letters being marked at the four corners), only this is not recorded here. How humorously he touches off Professor Campbell, when his translation of the *Ajax* was being acted by the students: "When Aias very cautiously let himself down upon a wooden sword in the act of self-slaughter, a fearful cry as of a stuck pig proceeded from a scoffing student with evil effect upon the audience." On one occasion, after Dr. Boyd attended a religious meeting addressed by Miss Marsh, he received a letter from a good friend at a distance that he was "defying St. Paul at St. Andrews." "That is the way of this country" is his commentary.

Of course he sided with Dr. Robert Lee as to organs and ritual, and he was banned by Dr. Muir for it. No other word will do than "ferociously" to describe how some "saintly ministers" persecuted the innovators for being coadjutors of the Evil One. Dr. Lee was the first to read prayers in St. Andrew's Church for two centuries, and the day before Bishop Wordsworth preached there with his "lawn sleeves." It seems that Mr. Gladstone would not give his tutor an English see because of the Bishop's change of politics. The author puts it briefly: "Vote against me, and don't look for anything from me." Can one realise Professor Flint gazing with a stricken look at the remains of the parish church weather-cock and saying: "There is something awful about it—unearthly?" But how Tulloch and he must have laughed at their reading of "Pirie on Flirtation!"

He was greatly impressed with Dean Stanley's ways, as they would listen to the "immemorial moan of the ocean" that washed the cliffs below his residence. One day the Dean, after writing a letter, instead of blotting it on the pad, would turn up the cartridge-paper end and blot the letter with a vengeance. "The letter, already nearly illegible, became entirely so." John Stuart Mill was liker an anti-State-Church lecturer than a great thinker in

the author's eyes, for Mill had said about Bishops: "I don't say that these men are hypocrites, but I do say that no man can go about dressed as they are without looking like a hypocrite." Charles Kingsley wrote Dr. Boyd, after he had visited St. Andrews: "I apprehend I am a bad Englishman, for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen." During that visit Kingsley was fatigued; "but after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner," when Tulloch, Robert Chambers, and Mrs. Oliphant were present. She tells a story of Dr. McGregor, his successor in the Moderator's chair. Professor Baynes came and sat behind him in a London theatre and whispered, "What would the people in the old kirk say if I tell't them I saw you here?" But with rare presence of mind McGregor answered, "Deed, they wadna believe you, and so ye needna tell them." McGregor was once describing to his audience that one of his ancestors was sentenced to be hanged for stealing, but as he was a distinguished thief, he was allowed to select the tree on which he was to be executed, and with great presence of mind he selected a gooseberry bush. When an objection was made that it was not big enough, he said with dignity, "Let it grow! *I'm in no hurry.*" Trollope was the only man he had heard swear in decent society for uncounted years. He then goes on in his intensely racy way to speak of Liddon, Caird, Jowett, Story, Watson, and McLeod.

He was one day in a great rage because he had to preach three times to large audiences when not well—considering that "he had asked four quite idle parsons to take a service, but they had too great regard for their important health." Not being made a chaplain to the Queen—Story being preferred—he can write with feeling about Lees being made Dean of the Thistle over the head of Caird, as when Thomson was preferred to Wilberforce for York. But he will yet get his due. It seems that Mr. Allingham was the solitary editor who ever altered a word of his; but the editor "was soon got rid of. I would have left *Fraser* had he not done so." The merits of Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Dean Ramsay, and others, are then discussed in a bright and entertaining way. He understands that Professor Knight has some difficulty in finding any preacher who is quite up to his intellectual level.

The difficulty is to resist writing more about the men and manners described in this interesting volume, which the author has brought down to 1878. Even those alive who are occasionally satirised will forgive him, knowing the guilelessness of his nature, and the enjoyment his autobiography will give to many readers. He is beyond imitation; he has struck out a new line of writing, and he is always fascinatingly consistent in his style. We look forward to another rare treat when the concluding volume appears.

QUINTILIAN REVIVED.

M. FABI QUINTILIANI INSTITUTIONIS ORATORIE LIBER DECIMUS.
Edited by W. Peterson, M.A., LL.D., Principal of University College, Dundee. Oxford: The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde).

MR. PETERSON'S edition of the Tenth Book of Quintilian, with a revised text, will be a welcome book for the advanced student of Latin. It will be welcome also to those who, after their school years, sometimes include Greek and Latin books in their miscellaneous reading. The "Institutio Oratoria," in treating of the training of a pleader, treats of the one accepted means of educating a Roman gentleman; and it is the work not only of a keen observer of oratory, himself an eminent orator, but of a skilled and high-minded educator. The tenth book deals with the parts played in the studies of an orator by reading, writing, and actual speaking. Quintilian was a favourite author with our, in some ways more scholarly, fathers. Now, in opening him, one first shrinks with pity from an age when the Bar was the

only liberal profession; and to think kindly of rhetoric as the chief study for youth, one has to remind oneself that it was probably less unwholesome than that study of moral platitudes which was its only rival. But if Quintilian's art was the least worthy of the arts, he writes with a strenuous zeal for its perfection which makes him pleasant reading, and profitable for the purposes of any art or department of life. He has a genuine dislike of bad taste, however effective it might be. With a readiness to welcome merit in any form and in any degree, he has an artist's love for the great masters of his art. The student, he says finely, may know that he is making progress when he finds himself beginning to like the great masters very much. He is full, too, of the knowledge that "every noble production is the fruit of long toil."

In his view the practice of oratory requires not merely constant speaking but an habitual and thorough study of literature, and his list of authors useful to form style includes every branch of letters. The student must begin by studying the few very great writers; it is better he should see no faults in them at all than that he should too little prize their merits. But his reading must not be narrow: "Let him put many examples before him, that he may catch a little from each." Poetry is of especial value to him when he is immersed in the hack-work of pleading. But the chief way in which a speaker must acquire good style is by diligent writing, not minding the slow process of constant revision—provided he does not become nervously dissatisfied with everything he produces—knowing that "quick writing will come from writing well, but good writing will not come from writing quickly." When he has most extempore speaking to do, then the corrective of exercise in writing is most necessary. Speaking, too, should always be as well prepared for as the occasion allows. Much time should be given to thought by every author, provided it is thought, and not dreaming distracted by everything that catches the eye. "No indulgence must be given to anything that destroys application." The speaker should come to the scratch so prepared that "unforeseen occurrences may give him opportunities, but cannot put him out." If he has to speak unprepared, let him fix his mind on the substance, not the words of his speech, and let him be deliberate without indecision. Lastly, he who would make speeches well should endeavour that "whatever he says at any time should for its own purpose be as good as it can." Here are rules with many analogous applications. The actual speaker will find besides in Quintilian plenty of shrewd hints—about notes, about memory, etc. But he is not likely to rise to the level of diligence Quintilian exacts; for example, to practise extempore speaking on his family circle daily. One of Quintilian's heroes continued such practice in his tent during a campaign, and his brother-officers, it seems, tolerated this. There was some firmness in men who could do these things; but Quintilian arouses the suspicion that this excessive attention to the form of speech must have tended to make speech itself poor.

The bulk of Book X., and that which most interests the scholar, is Quintilian's critical survey of the whole field of ancient literature. It is all sensible criticism, and it abounds in striking phrases, those sentences in which mediocre merit receives its due being usually the happiest. But it purports for the most part to give, not original views, but the accepted judgment of the world of letters ("consensus fere grammaticorum"), and it might not be so interesting without the well-chosen parallel passages quoted by Mr. Peterson. Its inclusiveness and its limitation are alike interesting. What is antique and rough in form is as a rule little noticed. The subject of love is a poor theme, and the choice of it reduces an author in rank. That Lucretius, Catullus, and the Roman comedians are somewhat slighted, and that both Sophocles and Euripides are much preferred

to Æschylus, are the chief points in which Quintilian's taste is strange to us. He gives some praise to many authors who would probably have bored us. But as a rule his judgments are such as scholars would pass now. There is little partiality shown between Greek and Latin writers. There is no tendency to mistake rhetorical for poetic excellence. In his own style, Quintilian obeys his own teaching successfully. It flows easily, but is not tame; it is epigrammatic when occasion serves, but never strained or tiresome. It was fitting that, when people cared much about Latin style, Quintilian should have been deemed a great writer.

In Mr. Peterson's edition we make no doubt there are faults that have escaped us, but it is the work of an industrious scholar and a man of sense. His introductions and notes enable an ordinary mortal to read the book with ease and with interest, and they offer help of indubitable value to the scientific student of the language.

THE GREAT DICTIONARY.

MURRAY'S DICTIONARY: A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Part VI.: Clo—Consigner. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1891.

It is a pity that the building in which the great English Dictionary is slowly but steadily rising into majestic shape is in itself so slight that, when once its purpose has been fulfilled, it will speedily be swept away. No pilgrims in future ages

"From the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake,"

who come

"On Isis' banks to draw inspiring air,"

will be able to look with reverence on the room where this noble monument of the language of the great English-speaking race was laboriously constructed. The attic in Gough Square still remains, where, one hundred and fifty years ago, Johnson, with his staff of six amanuenses, made his famous Dictionary. To Dr. Murray and his assistants there should surely have been assigned either a room in the Bodleian itself or in the old Clarendon Printing-House hard by. Oxford of the present day is little aware of the fame which it is gaining with future ages. It does not suspect that when "the Oxford Movement," with all its foam, has long subsided, and excites merely the languid interest of the student of ecclesiastical history, the Oxford Dictionary will be the wonder and the delight of scholars. It is not Cardinal Newman, but Dr. Murray, who, in the coming centuries, will give the University of our day its chief reputation. A vast pile has been raised by the High Churchmen to do honour to Keble. When Keble's name is only known to the curious, the English Dictionary will still remain an ever-speaking memorial to the fame of him who has borne the chief part in making it, and of the University at whose cost it was produced. Admirable as is the work, and full of interest too, it has not, it is well known, met with that extensive sale which, in so great and wealthy a nation as ours, might justly have been expected. Even in Oxford itself there are college libraries in which it cannot be found, and college common rooms in which it is spoken of with disrespect. Society, that dreary mixture of impertinence, frivolity, and ignorance, hears of it but to mock it. Should a modest scholar say a few words in its praise, "Can you tell me," some pompous fellow will ask in a loud voice—"can you tell me when it will be finished?" As he says this he will look with an exulting smile round the table, and catch the approving nod of his brother-blockheads. Wren, as he laid the first stone of St. Paul's, was no doubt mockingly asked by a booby of an alderman when he expected to lay the last stone of his new cathedral. Dr. Murray, however, can now with just pride boast that he is long past the foundations, and that much more than one-fourth part of his great work is completed—in fact, not very much less than

a third is in type. In estimating the progress of the lexicographer we must not count the letters by which he passes as if they were so many mile-stones. C, for instance, occupies much more space than J, K, N, O, Q, U, V, X, Y, Z, taken together. Now that two editors—each with his own staff—are at work, the publication is going on with greater rapidity. That the high standard of excellence will be maintained is shown by the part which Dr. Murray's brother-editor, Mr. Bradley, has already issued.

In every household where a guinea or so a-year can without inconvenience be laid out in books this great work should be seen. There must surely be something mean in the mind of the man who is indifferent to this noble monument of our language. The finest furniture that a room can have is books; and among our books, between our Bible and our Shakespeare, should stand the volumes of Dr. Murray's Dictionary. Even the dull rich man would find much in it that might while away those hours of which he has too many and the poor students have too few. By men of eager curiosity the supply of curious matter would be found almost endless. The common run of people know of but one use for a dictionary. They turn to it when they are puzzled about the spelling or the meaning of a word. They must have it complete, from A to Z. That every word has a history of its own, and often a very strange history, they have never discovered. It is this history that Dr. Murray, with the aid of a host of learned men, is laboriously writing. In fact, he is one of the greatest historians the world has ever known. Of words he is ever tracing now the decline and fall, and now the birth and growth. He is doing for them what Sir Bernard Burke has done for county families, and the fortunes of words are far more varied and curious than those of baronets and peers. What changes have they seen, what ups and downs in the world! *Cloth*, for instance, slowly rose to the dignity of standing for the whole body of the clergy. "You know I honour the cloth," wrote Swift's Mrs. Harris; "I design to be a parson's wife." But this word, which includes even Bishops and Archbishops, seems at its first start to have meant nothing but a loin-cloth or the like, *stuck on*.

Little do we think when we sit down to a cold collation that of the original word nothing is left but the grace said before the meal. If that is omitted, the whole collation is gone. Who could have believed that a word which once meant a rock or a hill should now be used for "a light, loose-knitted woollen scarf worn by ladies"? Yet *cloud*, in its course from King Alfred to the present day, has gone through such a transmigration. How strange is the origin of the term *connection* as used of the Methodists! Wesley, in his anxiety not to found a new denomination, used to speak of his followers as "those in connection with me," or as "those in my connection." As he had most unwillingly founded a new sect, so, no less unwillingly, did he supply it with a name. It is from his round-about expression that it is known as the Methodist Connection. Under *club* we have a chapter of social history that would have delighted Lord Macaulay. We trace the word, through all its shades of meaning, from the Commonwealth to our own time. It had had some years of life when, on July 1st, 1660, Pepys recorded in his diary: "Met with Purser Washington, with whom I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club." We see the word pass from its significance either of a share of an entertainment or the combination of all the shares to the social meeting itself—to that "assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions" so dear to Johnson. We watch the growth of this assembly from the tavern parlour with its "nicely sanded floor," till the word, so modest in its origin, comes to include the luxurious palaces of St. James's Street and Pall Mall. We see it branch out into societies for politics and literature, for football and

natural history, for the ascent of the Alps, and for the supply of geese and coals at Christmas. Even "the Holy Club" is not passed over—that term of reproach cast on Wesley and his followers by his fellow-students at Oxford. To illustrate all the meanings of this comprehensive word, Dr. Murray requires two closely-printed columns, with instances drawn from at least fifty authors. Davenant and Pepys are not too remote for him, nor Thackeray and Trollope too modern.

On *come*, in classifying and defining the senses in which it is used, the labour that has been spent is almost beyond all human estimate. It fills twenty-two columns, that contain 1,120 quotations, each with exact reference. Johnson had not been negligent in illustrating this word, but his quotations are only 141 in number, while exactness of reference was unhappily always neglected by him. In such a word as this the antiquity of the language is well seen. Under *come up*, for instance, we begin with a quotation from King Alfred—nothing shall induce us to follow Dr. Murray in writing *Ælfred*—and we end with "He is coming up to Balliol College next term." To *come out*, as used of young ladies, has not been traced farther back than Miss Burney's "Cecilia." In the United States, we learn, it has undergone a further development, for there it is used of those who make public profession of religion. "Them special efforts is great things—ever since I come out, I've felt like a new critter."

The ancient words which came over long before the Conquest must surely look with disdain on the upstarts of modern days. *Communist*, for instance, must be scorned by *come*, just as much as one of Lord Salisbury's new peers is scorned by Lord Salisbury himself. It is not fifty years old. It was born on December 1st, 1843; for of many a word the birthday as well as the father is accurately recorded by Dr. Murray. Six years later Ebenezer Elliott thus ridiculed the growing child:—

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings;
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

With the notice of one more word we must bring our review to an end. Under *coercion* we find the two following quotations:—

"1832. Sir Charles Napier: Coercion, damnable coercion! What has been the ruin of Ireland but this accursed coercion?"

"1888. Duke of Argyll: The cant which brands as 'coercion' that which is the duty of every Government."

Politicians of both sides can find in this great English Dictionary an abundance of serviceable material for pelting their opponents.

WESTERN AND OTHER VERSE.

BALLADS AND LYRICS. By Katharine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE. By Eugene Field. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

QUATRAINS. By William Wilsey Martin. London: Elkin Mathews.

POEMS. By T. J. Powys. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

SONG AND SENTIMENT. By John Cotton. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

POEMS. By the Rev. Edward Templeman. London: Elliot Stock.

LYRICAL VERSICLES. By R. T. N. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

THE authentic West of Ireland folk-story of the charity of the Countess Kathleen is perhaps the only instance in legend of one who sold her soul for the love of God. It was Kathleen O'Kea who redeemed the souls of the poor, bartered away for bread, at the cost of her own—a price which, of course, the devil was not allowed to exact. Miss Tynan's ballad on the subject is a striking poem; its faintness of outline, and eager, halting verse, represent admirably the wonder-stricken mood of the supposed unlearned narrator. "Prince Connla of the Golden Hair," "A Woman," and "St. Francis

and the Wolf," are good ballads, marked by intensity and true vision. In her brief dramatic lyrics Miss Tynan is most excellent. The speakers in "All Souls' Night" and "In Iona" shake with emotion; we see the tears hanging on their eyelids. "Michael the Archangel" and "Of an Angel" are extraordinary poems, remembering at what period in the world's history we have arrived. These are not dramatic but actual visions of Katharine Tynan, seen, not merely poetically, but by faith.

"Mine Angel's praying hands and meek,
The pure young outline of his cheek,
His grave young mouth, his brow like snow,
His everlasting eyes I know.

"O lips that bless, and eyes that yearn,
And sometimes sad, but never stern,
Dearest, my friend, my gift of God,
Companion on my dangerous road,

"Stay with me, though the day be long,
And Heaven is lonelier for your song;
Though I be sad, and all my plea
Is only my soul's poverty."

It is a wonderful world that Miss Tynan's book gives us prospect of. Simple souls tremulous with emotion, the low of the kindly cattle, a little dew, a little scent, gardens and woods, and over the dim horizon

"Michael Archangel, like a sun—
Splendid beyond comparison."

We have nothing in London like it. Miss Tynan, in her "Apologia," would appease the rage of the heathen critic. She need not fear; no true-hearted reader will feel anything but gratitude.

Mr. Eugene Field also addresses a word to the critic. "Go, little book," he says; "and if one would speak thee ill, let him bethink him that thou art the child of one who loves thee well." It is not sufficient. All critics have a special splint in their jerkins to ward off this dart. The mere publication of a book tells the author's love of it; and the critic, whom we have likened to a man-at-arms guarding the gate of literature, may be as fittingly compared to a confessor who points out to authors the iniquity of their pleasant sins, and inflicts chastisement with his own hand. Happily, it is a very little rod we have in pickle for Mr. Field. His "Chaucerian Paraphrase of Horace," and other imitations of old English, are unsatisfactory. One of them, "Madge, ye Hoyden," a really pathetic ballad, entirely modern in tone, loses much by the ridiculous spelling and the inordinate use of "ben." But that is all the fault we mean to find. His pieces in dialect, "Casy's Table d'Hôte," "Mr. Dana of the New York Sun," and "The Conversazhyony," are sprightly and humorous, and, at their best, almost as good as Mr. Bret Harte's work in the same kind. "In Flanders" recalls the comic muse of the first *Anti-Jacobin*; "To a Soubrette" might have been written by Præd; and "The Bibliomaniac's Bride" is perfect Austin Dobson in his lighter vein. We do not for one moment insinuate that Mr. Field copies any of these writers; we simply wish to indicate his versatility. He translates from Heine, from Horace, from Béranger; and writes himself pieces not altogether unworthy of these great names. We shall be astonished if this "Little Book of Western Verse" is not generally appreciated at its true value, as one of the most readable poetic volumes that America has sent us for a very long time.

Mr. William Wilsey Martin's "Quatrains" is within and without a charming little book. It is a change from the voluminousness—the long-drawn, dragging word is right here—that characterises the poetry of the Victorian period. Is it a sign? Are the long luxurious idyls, the long discursive dramatic monologues, the long garrulous stories of eld, and the long rhapsodies where thought and emotion are lost in a revel of colour and sound, about to be superseded by shorter flights, and a compacter form? It is the age of essences. The cattle upon a thousand hills are boiled down and handed about in little earthenware pots; Bovril takes the place of

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roast beef, and tit-bits that of literature. If the Muses are analogical, and recognise the operation of the *Zeitgeist* in the widespread advertisement of, if not indulgence in, beef-extract, they may be expected henceforth to concentrate their energy in couplets and quatrains. Should this be their intention for the future, they have been kind to Mr. Martin in making him one of their pioneers. Much thought, much feeling, are condensed in his musical lines. Useful knowledge may congest his verse, but the fault is immediately forgotten in some brilliant application of scientific truth.

Of Mr. T. J. Powys's belated volume not much need be said. Private applause is usually bad criticism, and the epistolary approbation of Walter Savage Landor, of all men, is no excuse for the publication of mediocre verse. Neither is the encouragement of Mr. Froude a generally accepted sign of poetic merit. Had Mr. Powys's early pieces been published at the time they were written they might have attracted some attention. The later verses are not specially striking. A blank-verse essay on Burns has great literary, but non-poetic, merit.

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Mr. John Cotton and Mr. Edward Templeman keep well to the level of the Poet's Corner in the provincial newspaper. Mr. Cotton's is a very meritorious volume; the contents having been written to alleviate the tedium of railway-journeys, and published apparently to increase the tedium of review columns. Numerous etchings by the author show distinct skill.

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"Lyrical Versicles" is a very clever little book. The versification is skilful, the quips and cranks amusing, and the whole carried off with a fine spirit of gaiety. It would be easy to say that "R. T. N." might not have written as he has done if the way had not been shown by somebody else; but it would serve no good end. The most original of writers imitate and borrow most.

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FICTION.

1. A WIDOWER INDEED. By Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland. One vol. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
2. THAT STICK. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
3. THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH PARSONAGE; OR, THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE. By the Author of "Dr. Jacob." Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

THOSE who believe that a novel should be consistently cheerful, pleasant, and optimistic, will do well to avoid "A Widower Indeed"; they will dislike the book. One is sorry to resort to a word which has had all its meaning worn off and then been used as a label, but this story might perhaps be called realistic. Its authors have not been content to portray the happiness which is too conventional to be imaginary, and too imaginary to be real—to copy another's misrepresentation. To some extent, at least, they have gone to real life—they have given us the humour of it, and they have not shirked the sorrow of it. However distasteful some of the concluding scenes of this book may be, we must at least own that in this, as in most work by Miss Rhoda Broughton, there is some evidence of fresh thought and observation. The widower who is the hero of the story is the bursar of an Oxford College; in the opening chapter he has just returned from the funeral of his wife, to whom he was entirely devoted. Both he and his wife's sister are prostrated by grief, and yet the widower finds the care of his two children and his domestic worries require feminine assistance and supervision, and gradually he is driven to accept the sympathetic help of an unconventional American girl; conventionality requires that the unconventionality of the American girl shall be emphasised. At this point the practised reader imagines that he sees the conclusion of the book; the widower, of course, must marry the American, and console himself. He does

nothing of the sort. His sister-in-law accuses him of liking the American.

"Like her!" repeats he wearily and sorely, "I do not like anything or anybody on the face of the earth!"

His sister-in-law, who has felt the bereavement almost as keenly at the time as he himself did, does however console herself, and within a very few months of her sister's death becomes engaged. Few things, perhaps, are more sad than the quickness with which we forget our sorrows; and there is pathos in this side-plot of the story. The fate of the hero is still more pathetic. But the atmosphere of the book is not entirely gloomy; there are bright flashes of humour which give relief. The book has its mistakes, but it contains delicate and artistic work as well.

"That Stick" is a novel of a very familiar type. The hero is considered to be a "stick," he is frequently called "That Stick," and he is really a very fine fellow. As a term of abuse, the word "stick" is, especially among men, used less frequently than Miss Yonge supposes. In the first page the hero meets us with "the air of a managing clerk"—whatever that may be. But he was not merely a managing clerk, he was something greater, and higher, and better; he was a peer, and had just received the unexpected news of his succession to a title and a fortune. Long ago he had engaged himself to a poor and mouse-like governess, when with the air and the salary of a managing clerk it had seemed improbable that he would ever be able to marry her. In the days of his prosperity he refused to desert her, although he was urged to do so by certain relations—people of the most painful and improbable vulgarity. His marriage was a happy one; a child was born, lost, and found; some of his relations took advantage of the almost unlimited room for improvement. We have read better books by this author, but we have no wish to speak severely of these two volumes. The works of Miss Yonge have always appealed to a special class of readers, and with them have been popular. "That Stick" resembles Miss Yonge's other works in being absolutely innocuous; no person, however young, will learn from this volume to think lightly of the peerage; indeed, Mr. Short-house himself could not have been more reverent. As a novel, this book will have more interest for women than for men, and in all probability more interest for school-girls than women. The style is, of course, gentle and correct, and the ethical lessons are admirable.

"The Romance of a French Parsonage" is a novel in which there are many strange coincidences. A Romish priest gives in his adherence to the Reformed Church. While he was a Roman Catholic he had fallen in love with a woman, Bertrande, and she had entered a Carmelite convent. As a Protestant, the hero is appointed to the pastorate of St. Gilles; there happens to be a Carmelite convent at St. Gilles. One nun happens to escape, and to take refuge in the parsonage. In the meantime our hero has engaged himself to Georgette, and it is to her care that he entrusts the escaped nun; he has not recognised her, but we know, of course, who she is. Much fiction has made fate cheap, and the least common things have been rendered the most commonplace. Bertrande and Georgette were both in love with the hero, and both were willing to give him up; the claims of the two heroines are about equal, for the hero had fallen in love with Bertrande when he could not become engaged to her, and had become engaged to Georgette when he could not fall in love with her; nor does the hero allow himself to be outdone in nobility by the two heroines. There is, of course, a solution to the difficulties arising from too much self-denial; in Altruism, as in Darkest England, an imaginative writer can find the way out. We regret that the lines of the story should be so conventional, for the author has evidently an eye for character, and Jean Jacques Jennet—who, by the way, is not the hero—is admirably and humorously portrayed.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE appearance just now of a popular edition of the able and suggestive "Letters from Italy," which were first published some eight or ten years ago, brings keenly back to remembrance the loss which literature as well as science has sustained in the recent death of Emile de Laveleye. For upwards of forty years the distinguished Belgian writer gave himself almost exclusively to the study of politics and economics, but he was a man who never allowed philosophical speculation to chill the generous warmth of an eminently kindly and sympathetic temperament. Emile de Laveleye was keenly interested in the social problems of the day, and he habitually approached their discussion with more ethical fervour than is usually associated in the public mind with a professor of political economy. There was in him, in fact, a genuine enthusiasm of humanity, and these "Letters from Italy," with their searching criticism, keen insight, and manly concern for others, prove him to have been, in the best sense of the term, a citizen of the world. In its present form the book ought to win a welcome: and if it does, not even the most captious critic can say that such a reception is undeserved.

The career of "Martin of Tours, Apostle of Gaul" has often been described—from the time of his contemporary and disciple in the fourth century, Sulpicius, who wrote the earliest biography of the saint, down to Newman, Alban Butler, and Baring Gould in the nineteenth. Beautiful legends have been interwoven with the story of St. Martin of Tours, and art and poetry have vied with each other to spread his fame. Yet he took no prominent part at the Councils, and his pen was silent in defence of the Faith. It was on the practical side of religion that he won his laurels, for through a long life of humility and self-sacrifice he was the champion of the people, the friend of the poor, and the helper of such as were desolate and oppressed. Martin of Tours was, in fact, a social reformer, and linked to his missionary zeal was a quenchless desire to relieve poverty and to succour those with whom the battle of life had gone hard. In this book—the Hulsean prize essay for 1890—Mr. Scullard has gathered into brief compass the pith of many previous volumes, and yet his own monograph by no means deserves to be dismissed as a mere, though scholarly, compilation. The chapters on the political and social condition of Gaul at the period when Martin was Bishop of Tours are admirable, and hardly less praiseworthy or significant is the account which is given of the efforts which the brave and unselfish prelate made to grapple with the evils of his time. The book suffers from a certain jerkiness of style, and from the attempt to parcel off too distinctly different phases and aspects of St. Martin's religious and social activity. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Scullard has given us a singularly well-informed, temperate, and candid estimate—written from the Protestant standpoint—of the characteristics and achievements of a man who has left his mark on the history of Europe, as well as on the development of the Christian Church.

We have received a new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's "Eternal Hope"—five sermons preached in Westminster Abbey a little more than fourteen years ago. The book in its original form has often been reprinted, and it now appears with a new preface, in which Dr. Farrar seeks to explain his position in regard to the solemn problem with which these pages are concerned. In pleading for the larger hope, the author states that he has never denied the possibility of endless misery for those who abide in the determined impenitence of final and willing sin; on the contrary, he asserts his conviction that no human soul can be saved, either in this world or the next, without repentance, and, speaking for himself, he fails to see that such a view lessens in any way the message of the Cross. The rhetorical exuberance of Dr. Farrar is apt to prove repellant to educated and sensitive minds when employed on such a theme; but this circumstance, perhaps, accounts in part for the considerable vogue which the book has so long enjoyed in the realm of popular theology.

Many men find their way to the law courts through simple ignorance of the law; in other words, they blunder, and have to pay the penalty. Few things in this world are more confusing

than the "Law of Copyright," and therefore this brief manual, with its clear and concise statements, meets a real need. It is true that the scope of the volume is somewhat limited, for only musical and dramatic copyright is here passed under review; but when that fact is borne in mind, it is hardly possible to cavil on other grounds at a work which seeks to meet the requirements of professional readers, as well as to be of service to those who rush, or find themselves driven, into litigation. Much sound and valuable information is compressed into these pages, and chapter and verse are everywhere given for the statements which are advanced.

All who are really concerned for the welfare of the people will find a good deal that is worthy of their consideration in "Technical Education in the Counties." County Councillors, organising secretaries, and science teachers in particular, ought not to neglect the book, since it seeks to grapple in a thoroughly practical and sensible way with one of the chief problems of the age. Since the passing of the Technical Instruction Act, 1889, and the Local Taxation Act, 1890, the matter has passed into the sphere of practical politics; and it is urged in these pages, with considerable force and a constant appeal to figures, that the new powers now entrusted to the local authorities of the counties give them splendid opportunity of bringing into existence that organised system of Secondary Technical Day Schools and Evening Continuation Classes which the authors of this pamphlet regard as the only way out of the present educational difficulty. The County Councils stand, so far, only on the threshold of their work; and if they are to keep abreast of the times, they will need to act with courage and foresight, as well as with prudence and economy. It is urged, for example, in these pages that in all probability they will shortly be asked to organise courses of instruction for lads who look forward to one or other of the following occupations—agriculture, mining, manufacturing, engineering, building, and (not to extend the list) navigation and commerce in its various forms. In order to meet this need it will be necessary to establish a series of graded schools, so that from the most elementary instruction the pupil may pass by a natural process to the more advanced. We should be sorry to vouch for the accuracy of every statement in this able and detailed survey of national education in its elementary and practical aspects, but there is abundant food for reflection in the volume, and in the main its statements are as reliable as its reasonings are sound.

The new issue of the "Public Schools' Year-Book" bristles with facts clearly arranged and carefully edited, but the volume, like other manuals of the kind, hardly calls for more than passing comment. The aim of the book is thoroughly practical, and no aspect of modern school life appears to have been overlooked in its compilation. Parents, schoolmasters, and boys will find in its pages much that is of interest. One useful section of the work is a list of preparatory schools which seek to train young boys for Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, and other of the larger and more famous public schools. In an appendix brief critical notes will be found on the chief educational books of the last twelve months; and though the list is somewhat defective, it is likely to prove of service, as far as it goes, to those upon whom the choice of school-books devolves. We heartily commend this reliable and painstaking compendium.

Battle, murder, and sudden death form the staple of "Pambaniso," a Kaffir tale which is avowedly founded on fact. The manners and customs of barbarian life are disappearing even in Kaffraria, and evidences of civilisation in the shape of churches and schools are springing up in a part of Africa which even thirty years ago was utterly wild and lawless. Mr. Beattie describes with minute and curious realism various phases of native life, and he draws, on the whole, an attractive picture of Pambaniso, a renowned chief—whom he describes as the "flower of Kaffir chivalry"—a brave and fearless warrior whose name was a terror to all petty tyrants in the land. As a story this book is not remarkable, but it throws considerable light on the superstitions of the people, and it is possible for English readers to gain from its vivid pages a clear and often a startling impression of native life and character in a region which was emphatically—at the period with which the story is concerned—one of the dark places of the earth.

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* LETTERS FROM ITALY. By M. Emile de Laveleye. Translated by Mrs. Thorpe and revised by the Author. Portrait. Popular Edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

MARTIN OF TOURS, APOSTLE OF GAUL. "Hulsean" Prize Essay for 1890. By H. H. Scullard, B.A. Manchester: John Heywood. Crown 8vo.

ETERNAL HOPE: FIVE SERMONS PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1877. By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. New Preface. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE LAW OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT. By Ed. Cutler, T. Eustace Smith, and Frederic E. Weatherly. Revised Edition. London, Paris & Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE COUNTIES. By G. J. Michell, B.A., and E. H. Smith. London: 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' YEAR-BOOK, 1891-92. Edited by three Public School Men. Eton, Harrow. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

PAMBANISO, A KAFFIR HERO; OR, SCENES FROM SAVAGE LIFE. By Thomas Ross Beattie. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Cape Town: J. C. Juta & Co.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR BALFOUR has committed what can only be regarded as an act of political suicide. His Irish Local Government Bill, the main provisions of which he explained to the House of Commons on Thursday night, might fairly be regarded as a piece of practical jesting, if jesting in such matters were possible. As it is it stamps its author as one who is absolutely devoid of statesmanlike instinct, and of that constructive ability which any great Minister is bound to possess. The House received his ridiculous proposals with a roar of derisive laughter on the one side and with a chilling silence on the other. Indeed, even the veriest hack of the Tory party must have shrunk from the task of exhibiting approval of or interest in a scheme which is evidently not meant to work, and which outrages every rule of justice and every principle of constitutional government.

UNTIL we are in possession of the Bill itself we shall reserve our criticism of its details. The scheme is, indeed, so complicated and confused that only by a careful study of its clauses can its full absurdity be realised. But the ridiculous provision for bringing a peccant County Council before a couple of judges (why not a couple of MR. BALFOUR's removables?) and trying it for its life, is more than sufficient to stamp the measure as a whole. It is doomed to fail, and we cannot resist the belief that it was never meant to succeed. Its introduction is a farce, intended to prepare the country for the more exciting drama of the General Election. We said last week that Ministers were looking out for the fence at which they meant to ride for a fall. They have evidently found it in their burlesque proposal for the establishment of a system of Local Government in Ireland. Nothing more can be needed to convince the country that the dissolution of Parliament is now very near at hand.

MR. BALFOUR's reputation as a statesman has met with another blow. It was staked on the Land Purchase Act, which was to destroy Home Rule and turn the tenant-farmers of Ireland into good Conservatives by enabling them to buy their farms. It now appears that they prefer to have rents reduced by the Land Commissioners, who give them much better terms than they can get from Mr. Balfour's complicated machinery of deferred payments and an insurance fund. The number of applications for purchase is so ludicrously small that even the *Standard*, while reproving "headlong partisans" who laughed at MR. JACKSON's lame and impotent reply to MR. SEXTON, is sufficiently headlong to be sorely chagrined by the statistics.

NOR is this all. There is a presumption in Conservative quarters that the Irish Education Bill is doomed. MR. BALFOUR has hinted that it may not be convenient to carry the measure this session. The inconvenience arises partly from the resolute opposition of Protestant Ulster, which has so much civilisation, enlightenment, and progressive spirit, that it will not have MR. BALFOUR's scheme for benefiting Roman Catholic schools at any price. So it has come to this, that the statesman who, ac-

cording to LORD SALISBURY, has done greater things than CHATHAM, PITT, BEACONSFIELD, and GLADSTONE, sees the whole fabric of his Irish legislation tumbling about his ears. For nobody believes that the Irish Local Government Bill will get beyond its second reading, even if it should ever reach that stage.

THE division on Monday night, which left the Government with the scanty majority of twenty-one, is a symptom of the Ministerial discouragement. If any heart were left in the Tory party, even an unexpected closure would not have found them so weak and scattered. One of their apologists suggests that the Irishmen were as much closed as the Government, as if it were not notorious that MR. McLAREN's motion was made with the approval of both Irish parties. Had MR. REDMOND, who was jubilantly cheered by the Tories when he was attacking SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, been disposed to help the Government out of their mess, he could have prolonged the debate. Were MR. BALFOUR's policy all that his admirers have said of it his following would be vigilant and constant, and would sustain him in the House of Commons, instead of letting off cheap enthusiasm in the fitful effervescence of banquets.

THE Report of the Liberal Unionist Association is a diverting document. It recites the marvellous exploits of the Liberal Unionists during the past year without mentioning a single bye-election by name. Wherever the activity of the Association has been greatest, says the Report, the hostility of Liberals to MR. GLADSTONE has been most intense. We are curious to know where this intensity is to be found. Perhaps it exists in Rossendale as a very reserved force. Then there is some wondrous arithmetic to show that although the Unionists go on losing seats, they have a majority of the votes. When the Liberals are victorious at the General Election, we shall doubtless be told that their majority on the total poll, whatever it may be in the House of Commons, is too small to justify Home Rule. This will make a suitable theme for the Unionist who may write the next Report of the Liberal Unionist Association.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has pricked the bubble of the Rural Labourers' League. On Wednesday MR. CHAMBERLAIN made the usual parade of the Unionist devotion to the rural labourers' interests. The Allotments Act was once more proclaimed as a sovereign boon, and the virtues of MR. JESSE COLLINGS were extolled by himself and others. But the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE pooh-poohed the whole business. He suggested that the labourers were much better off without any allotments, and that it was a mischievous thing to make promises to "an imperfectly educated class" of any real share in the management of their own local affairs. The whole speech was in the good old Tory vein, and must have recalled to MR. CHAMBERLAIN a certain allusion in a bygone speech to Rip Van Winkle.

WE have dealt elsewhere with the contradictions offered to our statement of last week regarding the action of LORD HARTINGTON in 1880. These contradictions by irresponsible persons do not in the

slightest degree alter the fact that LORD HARTINGTON acted in the manner stated by us on that occasion. It is amusing to observe, however, that somebody has called upon MR. CHAMBERLAIN to give his opinion with regard to our statements, and MR. CHAMBERLAIN, we are told, recalls the fact that he was not, at the time of LORD HARTINGTON'S election to the leadership, a member of Parliament, and had therefore no personal share in the election of a Liberal leader in the place of MR. GLADSTONE. He has also informed his interlocutor that he had no knowledge of any "intrigue" against the late MR. FORSTER, and certainly took no part in any such intrigue. It is a pity that MR. CHAMBERLAIN did not read our allegations regarding his action before undertaking to contradict them. If he had done so he would have seen first, that it was as the chief of the Caucus and not as a Member of Parliament that we charged him with having, in 1875, strenuously supported the pretensions of LORD HARTINGTON to the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons; and, secondly, that we never spoke of any "intrigue" against MR. FORSTER, but only alleged a direct and open and very bitter opposition on the part of the Birmingham politicians to that gentleman. MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S contradiction therefore lacks both point and conclusiveness.

THE political siege of London is being carried on with undiminished spirit, and the efforts of the Liberal assailants will, doubtless, be aided by the agitation of the County Council Election, no matter what the precise numerical result of that election may be. That result depends on the degree in which the natural apathy of an unorganised democracy can be stirred up within the next fortnight. When that apathy is stirred up sufficiently, the result is invariably favourable to the cause of progress and Liberalism. It was abstention, and voting on non-political grounds—splitting votes, for example, between a Conservative and a Liberal candidate in two-membered boroughs—that gave the Conservative party its majority in 1874. And the first two years of its power were years of comparative political indifference. It was abstention, again, that gave the Conservatives their majority in 1885. And in constituencies with a large migratory population—sometimes 20 per cent. of the whole—with no adequate place for meetings, and in which the more comfortable classes are too busy for politics during the day and disinclined to go out at night, it requires a good deal of effort to get at the mass of the electorate.

HOWEVER, the snowstorms of Monday evening did not interfere with the attendance or with the enthusiasm of the meetings addressed by SIR LYON PLAYFAIR at Chelsea, or by MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE and MR. ROWLANDS at Clerkenwell. Still less, if anything, did that of Wednesday check the crowd who thronged to hear SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT at Whitechapel. On Thursday, too, MR. MUNDELLA spoke to a large meeting at Kensington. Some twenty other meetings are arranged. Next week SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT is to speak at Blackheath, MR. BRYCE at Bow, LORD RIPON at Brixton and Deptford, SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN at Paddington, and other speakers elsewhere, including MR. OSBORNE MORGAN and MR. HENRY FOWLER.

AMONGST other benefits the "siege of London" has brought out the discussion of the "unearned increment," and furnished admirable specimens of the logical methods of the Unprogressive party. Speaking at Kennington last week, SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, taking the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER in the character assumed by that nobleman himself, as the re-

presentative and defender of the ground landlords, said that it was monstrous that the Grosvenor Estate (for instance) should be supplied with elementary schools at the sole expense of the occupiers, since, when the ground leases were made, nobody expected that Elementary Education would ever be a public charge. The replies, furnished by correspondents of the *Times*, have been—1. That the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER has paid for all the schools on his estate; which would be an adequate answer were he taken as an individual, and not as a representative. 2. That existing contracts ought not to be disturbed—just as if there had been no Irish Land Act. 3. That the landlord ought not in fairness to pay all the rates—a proposal which has not been made. 4. That since the contracts were made the landlords have had to pay income tax—just as if the occupiers had not to pay it too. 5. That in making their contracts the tenants ought to have provided against accidents, and probably did, which ascribes to them a remarkable gift of prophecy. 6. That the Town Holdings Committee have yet to report. But MR. GOSCHEN'S Committee reported in favour of the present Progressist view in 1873. Two suggestions have been made in the discussion: one, that a Land Court might be instituted to deal with ground leases; the other, that, as in America, personalty as well as real property should be subject to local rates. If the author of this suggestion will invent a method of circumventing the wealthy tax-dodger who is the despair of the local authorities in Massachusetts, for instance, he will confer a signal service on the people of the United States.

THE rate of discount in the open market has advanced this week to 2½ per cent., partly because gold withdrawals from the Bank of England have begun again, but chiefly because to pay the dividends of the greater railway companies money that had been lent out has been called in, and because the large Revenue payments are lessening the supply of loanable capital in the market. The rise in the value of money, however, is hardly likely to last long, for gold apparently will be received from New York very soon in considerable amounts, and early next month the disbursements out of the Exchequer will be so large as to neutralise the Revenue receipts. There has also been a considerable recovery during the week in the price of silver. At one time last week it was as low as 41½d. per oz., and this week it has risen to 41¾d. per oz. The recovery is chiefly due to a good Indian demand. The exports from India just now are very large, and to bring the crops down from the interior to the shipping ports much money is required.

ON Monday and Tuesday there was more activity in the American market than has been witnessed for a good while past, and it looked as if the amalgamation of the coal-roads was about to be followed by an outburst of speculation. But since then business has fallen away considerably and prices have sharply declined. In the Home Railway market, too, there has been dulness throughout the week, and the inter-bourse market has been depressed. It looks as if Greece were about to follow the path lately trodden by Portugal, and to admit that she is insolvent. Her finances are certainly in a deplorable state, and in the present condition of the world's money markets there is not the least chance of raising a new loan. How she will be able to pay her way in these circumstances nobody can foresee, and even in Athens it is freely predicted that bankruptcy is imminent. The drought in India threatens to have very serious consequences, the banking crisis in Australia is not yet at an end, everywhere losses have been suffered and distrust prevails, and consequently there is little inclination on the part of investors to buy, while speculators are afraid to increase their risks.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GLADSTONE
IN 1880.

THE statement we made last week regarding the action of Lord Hartington after the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield in 1880 has naturally attracted a good deal of notice, and has provoked certain corrections and contradictions in the press. These attempts to refute the very precise assertion made in these pages a week ago have one feature in common. They are in no case made by responsible persons, and they have not the slightest claim to be regarded as authoritative. It is, indeed, an easy matter to trace them to their original source. They are all, including even the professedly "authorised" paragraph in the *Standard*, founded upon a statement which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of Monday last from the pen of its London correspondent. There is no need to say that the *Manchester Guardian* is a journal which all Liberals and most Tories respect. Its London correspondent, too, is an entertaining and able person whose only weakness is a foible for omniscience which occasionally leads him astray. It did so last Monday when it led him to announce that "very little credence" was given to our statement in THE SPEAKER of the previous Saturday regarding Lord Hartington's attempt to form an Administration in 1880. Of course we cannot say what amount of credence was given by this particular London correspondent to our statement, nor do we blame him because he found himself unable to accept a piece of information which was undoubtedly new and startling. But when he went on to attempt to prove that there could be no foundation for the story, and when he further pledged himself to the statement that those "behind the scenes" in 1880 never doubted the loyalty of Lord Hartington to Mr. Gladstone, he went a little too far. It is perfectly true that those who were *not* behind the scenes, among whom we may fairly include the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, did believe that Lord Hartington had shown both his loyalty and his good sense by refusing to attempt to form an Administration when the Queen invited him to undertake the task in 1880. But there were certain people who were really "behind the scenes" at that time, and they, at least, knew better. Who were they? Lord Granville, Lord Hartington himself, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright. Lord Granville, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster are dead; but Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone remain. Did the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* consult either of these statesmen before he took upon himself to contradict our statement? We can safely affirm that he did nothing of the kind.

Our statement was true in every particular, and we made it upon evidence which we believe to be absolutely conclusive. That the fact was unknown to the majority of political writers and speakers until we revealed it does not make it the less true. Here is the story once more, in brief. When Lord Beaconsfield resigned, he advised the Queen to send, not for Mr. Gladstone, whom he knew to be the one great force in the Liberal party and its sole possible leader, nor even for Lord Granville, who was then the titular leader of the party as a whole, but for Lord Hartington, whose leadership was confined to the House of Commons, precisely as Mr. Chamberlain's leadership of the Liberal Unionists is limited to that assembly to-day. Lord Beaconsfield had become furiously anti-Gladstonian, and was absolutely unable to forgive the member for Midlothian for having thwarted his "Imperial" jingoism and wrecked his Administration. In these circumstances he sought for some means of inflicting a small

personal slight upon his hated rival and destined successor. He knew that at that time there were certain so-called Liberals who detested Mr. Gladstone almost as bitterly as the Liberal Unionists of to-day do. He was a reader of, and believer in, the *Times*; and he imagined that in its daily railings against the great Liberal in the spring of 1880 it must represent some considerable body of Liberal opinion. He looked about for some one to marshal and organise that opinion, and, knowing full well that Lord Granville would never lend himself to such a scheme, he fixed upon Lord Granville's subordinate in the titular leadership of the party—Lord Hartington. The plot failed, and down to last week those who had not been "behind the scenes" at that particular epoch in our history believed that it had failed through Lord Hartington's loyalty to Mr. Gladstone. Strange to say, among those who entertained this belief was Lord Beaconsfield himself. Among the sayings reported of him in his last year was one regarding Lord Hartington. "I am disappointed in him," Lord Beaconsfield is alleged to have said, "he has deceived me. I never thought he would have deserted a woman in her hour of need." Nor as a matter of fact had Lord Hartington "deserted" the Queen when she asked him (under the advice of Lord Beaconsfield) to form a Government, which, by the force of circumstances, must have been largely an Anti-Gladstonian Government. As we stated a week ago, he returned to town from Windsor and tried to form an Administration; nor was it until he had failed in the attempt that Mr. Gladstone was sent for.

We have made a very explicit statement, and we challenge contradiction not from irresponsible and misinformed "London Correspondents," but from those who really know the truth—a band now unhappily as small as it is select. But having re-affirmed what we said last week, we have a word to say about ourselves. One of the evening papers which had not quoted our original statement gave prominence to the erroneous "correction" of the *Manchester Guardian*, under the heading: "THE SPEAKER'S STORY AGAINST LORD HARTINGTON." We decline to accept this definition by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of our personal attitude towards the Duke of Devonshire. We did not tell "a story against him," nor have we ever attacked him; we gave a plain recital of certain indisputable facts in the Duke's political career. If they told against, rather than for him, we at least are not to be blamed on that account. And let it be remembered why we touched upon this subject in the first instance. On the eve of the Rossendale election, a series of most wanton and unfounded attacks were made upon Mr. Gladstone in a number of the Ministerial journals, and notably in the *Times*. The burden of these attacks was a charge of "ingratitude" on the part of the Liberal leader—ingratitude towards Lord Hartington. "Mr. Gladstone," wrote the *Times*, "is under the very greatest personal obligations to the Duke of Devonshire," and then with venomous insolence that journal went on to remark that "the burden of gratitude presses heavily on certain natures, and this may be the reason," and so forth. In other words, Mr. Gladstone was held up to public scorn and contempt as a person who had been guilty of mean and despicable conduct towards one to whom he ought to have been bound by the closest ties of gratitude. It was this reckless and mendacious accusation, closely touching the personal honour of the Liberal leader, which seemed to us to demand refutation. That refutation could only be supplied by a plain statement of the facts as they were known to the Duke of Devonshire himself, and to one or two other persons. It was, perhaps, too much to

expect that the Duke would come forward of his own accord and prick the bubble blown by his silly sycophants in the press, though we own that we do not envy his feelings when he read the servile comparisons they drew between his own "magnanimity" and the base ingratitude of Mr. Gladstone. But failing the Duke, it was necessary that someone else who knew the truth should speak out, and we have accordingly done so. Our sole purpose has been the vindication of Mr. Gladstone from a wicked and slanderous charge, and that purpose we believe we have accomplished.

NEW TORY TACTICS.

THE past week has been one of signal importance in the political history of the country. Not only have we seen the introduction of that which is supposed to be the chief measure of the Session—the Irish Local Government Bill—but we have seen the Government majority in the House of Commons reduced in a division on the Home Rule question to the comparatively small figure of 21. So far as the Local Government Bill is concerned it is only necessary to say here that its introduction is a fiasco which Ministers can hardly survive. Even these striking and significant incidents are not, however, the only important political events of the week. We have witnessed a curious change of tactics on the part of the Ministry and their friends. Despairing manifestly of beating the Liberal party in open fight, they are now trying to weaken it by breeding dissension among its various sections. It is to this end that all the efforts of Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and the other leading members of the majority are now devoted. Even in their speeches out of Parliament, as, for instance, in the case of Mr. Balfour on Wednesday, their chief object seems to be to develop this new line of action. The First Lord of the Treasury believes that he has found a suitable tool in Mr. J. Redmond, the Irish member who has placed himself at the head of the small and discredited knot of Parnellites. We find it difficult to believe that Mr. Redmond is bent upon betraying the cause to which he professes to belong. He has not even the miserable excuse for doing so which Mr. Parnell found in his wounded pride and his thirst for personal vengeance. But Mr. Redmond is evidently well-pleased to win the cheers of Mr. Balfour's supporters, and on Monday he spoke amid a running accompaniment of applause from the bitterest enemies of his country and the Home Rule cause. His professed object was to declare his want of confidence in the Liberal policy of Home Rule, and to demand for the satisfaction of himself and his handful of followers a full revelation of the intentions of the Liberal leaders. We are inclined to think that, as a matter of fact, he does not feel the mistrust he professes, and is only anxious to "go one better" than Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Be this as it may, the fact that an Irish member has demanded the production of a Home Rule Bill to be brought forward at a date not yet determined, by a Ministry not yet formed, in a Parliament not yet elected, has excited the rapturous enthusiasm of the Tories. Sir William Harcourt was roundly denounced on Monday night for not having given an official reply to Mr. Redmond—whose official status, it should be remembered, is not acknowledged by the Liberal leaders—and Mr. Balfour has repeated in the most peremptory manner his own demand that the Home Rule Bill or its main details should at once be produced. We hardly know whether to wonder most at the folly or the impudence of this demand on the part of the Tory leader. He has himself been

committed for years past to the production of a Local Government Bill for Ireland. Nothing would have suited the Liberals better than to have had this Bill in their possession, say during the recent recess. But did Mr. Balfour respond to the frequent appeals which were made to him for information regarding its character? Not a bit of it. He would not even say a word to relieve the fears of Colonel Saunderson and Mr. T. W. Russell as to its possible provisions; and it was only on Thursday night, when he moved the first reading of the Bill, that he allowed the faintest hint as to its contents to escape his lips. He acted, of course, with a due regard to custom and to Parliamentary strategy. Yet this is the gentleman who has the presumption to call upon Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to make known the full details of their plan, and who denounces them roundly for not falling into the veriest booby-trap that was ever laid for a political party! Of course the ground on which Mr. Balfour bases his preposterous demand is made to assume a certain air of plausibility. The First Lord of the Treasury, following the line adopted by Mr. Chamberlain, professes to believe that there is a hopeless divergence in the views of the Irish members regarding Home Rule and those of the Liberal party; and he asks triumphantly who is to be cheated in the end. It is hardly necessary to discuss the question he thus raises. All that need be said at present is that the whole world has been made acquainted with the pledges which have been given by the Liberal leaders to the representatives of the Irish party. There has been no concealment, no secret treaty on the part of Mr. Gladstone. And the Irish members, from Mr. Parnell downwards, have repeatedly expressed their satisfaction with the open declarations of the Liberal leader. Some of them may now profess to have certain doubts and fears; but we do not for a moment believe that these doubts and fears will cause them to withdraw their support from their Liberal allies when the moment of battle comes. As to the one point upon which the enemies of Home Rule pretend to be in the greatest uncertainty—the retention of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament—we should have thought that their minds would have been freed from all doubts by the declarations of Mr. Gladstone in 1886. The absolute supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is something which cannot be destroyed—even by an Act of Parliament itself. The representatives of the nation must of necessity remain supreme, and the Power which creates a statutory Parliament in Dublin will always be the Power which can, in case of need, destroy that Parliament. There is no cause, therefore, to fear the loss of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. But, on the other hand, we may rest assured that there is not the smallest intention on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to afford any excuse or opportunity for the exercise of that supremacy in relation to the proceedings of the Irish Parliament, save in the last extremity. It will only be by the action of Irishmen themselves that this supreme and indestructible power will be brought into use.

We have left to the last one of the gravest features of the past week. It is probably one of the chief reasons for the change of tactics on the part of the Ministerialists which has taken place so suddenly. We refer to the acknowledgment of the utter failure of Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Act which was wrung from the lips of the Chief Secretary on Monday night. It was a painful and humiliating confession, though it was not unexpected by those of us who took the trouble to examine the details of Mr. Balfour's elaborate scheme. It has been received with something like a groan of anguish

and dismay by those who have so long believed that the administration of Irish affairs by the late Chief-Secretary had been a brilliant success. It has effectually pricked that bubble, at all events. The failure of one of his two great "remedial measures" may well cause even his supporters to pause before they accept the Bill which he introduced on Thursday night—and of which for the present we reserve a full examination—as likely to satisfy any single human being in Ireland. There is good reason in the Ministerial disasters of the past week for the attempt which is now being made to divert attention from the misdeeds of the Government by creating dissension on wholly imaginary points in the ranks of the Opposition. But the new tactics will fail as completely as did those which they have superseded.

OUR CANDIDATES.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S apt equivoque that the well-informed man knows nothing about anything is a useful reminder that preparedness is the best kind of political knowledge. The dissolution is one of those expected-unexpected events which, like the death of a weakish patient, can only be roughly predicted. Only the excursions and alarms in the Conservative camp, and the publication of lists of candidates in Conservative newspapers, are signs which it would not be wise to disregard. The list in the *Globe* is not especially accurate, and, indeed, requires correction in some important particulars, but 'twill serve as a rough-and-ready indicator. It may be convenient, however, to point out one or two of its many defects. Mr. Byles is not a pure Labour candidate, as he is described, and he is opposed in the Shipley division by Mr. Hutton, a rival Liberal, who is set down for the Morley division. Mr. Blatchford, the Socialist candidate for East Bradford, retired some time ago, but he is retained in the *Globe* list. The members of the present Parliament are not in all cases correctly marked, and we might object to one or two of the descriptions of the Independent candidates. However, these errors do not vitiate the general conclusions, which are—that out of 567 seats for Great Britain, only 405 would, if the election took place to-morrow, be the subject of a contest. The uncontested seats are divided between Unionists and Gladstonians in the proportion of ninety-nine to the former and sixty-three to the latter. The party in possession therefore have some slight advantage, which will probably be neutralised in due time, though it is perhaps true that the Government retains a slight preponderance of seats which the organiser writes off as settled, and where there is no rational probability of a change of representation. However, as it is distinctly bad policy to leave too large a number of candidates free from attack in their own districts, and able to concentrate themselves on the contested points, Mr. Schnadhorst may be trusted to draw level with his opponents as soon as the necessity arises.

In London there are fourteen unchallenged Conservatives and Unionists, who very improperly include Sir Albert Rollit and Mr. Bartley, while, on the other hand, two seats—Peckham and Central Finsbury—which would be a safe quarry to a candidate of the requisite qualities, are divided in the one case between a Liberal and a distinctively Radical and Labour candidate, and in the other between two Liberals. The dispute in one of the West Ham divisions between Mr. Hume Webster and Mr. Keir Hardie has been cut tragically short by Mr. Webster's death, and it ought, we would think, to be ultimately

settled by the constituency—which is an outer post of the great citadel of East End industry—fixing its choice on an able, if rather impulsive, representative of Labour interests.

On the general question of Labour representation, it is now possible to affirm with some certainty that the approach of the General Election has not revealed the existence of an organised Labour party, though the irruption of Social Democratic candidates in London, spreading from Mr. Hyndman downwards, is increasing. It is doubtful whether any one of the Federation candidates in London, barring Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Ward—a man of distinct promise—will poll two hundred votes; the majority will poll far less. Mr. Ward's case is an instructive one. Like Mr. Burns in Battersea, he is unopposed by any Liberal; and if the counsels of the heads of the party have any weight, he will obtain the vote of every elector who prefers him to an unadulterated Tory. The result must be that his poll, whether he wins or no, will overtop that of his leader, Mr. Hyndman—who, with curious infelicity, has selected as his real opponent perhaps the most advanced Liberal candidate in London—by many hundreds of votes. As for the other constituencies in which a Federation candidate is standing, all that can be expected from Mr. Hyndman's point of view is just such a parade of skeleton regiments as was brought off at the Tory expense in 1885. How this is likely to serve the Socialist cause Mr. Hyndman has not chosen to explain.

Turning to the provinces, we find a more formidable, and at the same time harmonious, development of Labour politics. At Birmingham Mr. Schnadhorst's genuine and unfailing interest in Labour representation has placed Mr. Bloor and Mr. Davis, two workmen of genuine power, in the forefront of the attack on Radical Unionism *à la Duchesse* which Mr. Chamberlain quaintly embodies, while Mr. Wilson, a representative New Unionist, is the adopted Liberal candidate at Deptford. In West Bradford Mr. Tillett stands midway between Mr. Illingworth and a Conservative rival. Bradford, indeed, is the seat of a sporadic Labour movement, the features of which vary from day to day. In Shipley it has produced an unedifying conflict between two avowed Liberals, one of them the editor of the chief daily paper in the district; while in East Bradford Mr. Caine, with a singularly advanced and carefully considered programme, is now left alone to face his Conservative opponent. Bradford, therefore, is the cockpit of a somewhat confused struggle between Labour and the older Liberalism, which has been tactfully composed in nearly every other part of the United Kingdom.

Setting apart these local issues, complicated as a rule by industrial struggles, the issue is a fairly straight one between two great parties. Liberal Unionism, with an assumption ludicrously out of proportion to its strength, still imposes on its resentful yoke-fellow as many as a hundred candidates, who, apart from the Conservative vote, would, outside Birmingham, conceivably attract five thousand votes amongst them. How impatiently the burden of a confessed imposture is borne is obvious from the uneasy manœuvring in East Worcestershire, which has at length settled Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a "Liberal Unionist" candidate without one saving grain of Liberalism in his whole political creed. It is already clear that where such sacrifices cannot be made, Unionism disappears as a shamefaced electoral sham, just as it has already disappeared as a solid political entity. For that reason we are a little disappointed to find that the policy of aggressive combat, which Lord Wolmer has initiated against Mr. Buchanan in West Edinburgh, has not been more vigorously

pursued against the leaders of the Unionist remnant. Why Mr. Courtney, an honest politician, but a hopelessly and permanently unprogressive Whig, should be allowed to walk over at Bodmin we are unable to guess. His meetings have been largely hostile, and his Parliamentary position is perhaps weaker and less defensible than that of Sir Henry James, who, in the next Parliament, is hardly likely to have any position at all.

THE MORAL OF THE COAL STRIKE.

THE Tory papers which wasted so much time and energy last week in denouncing the Coal Porters' Union might have more profitably directed their fire against the stupid obstinacy which provoked the strike; for, whatever may have been the precise character of the original dispute between Messrs. Cameron and their men, Mr. Lockett, the Secretary of the Coal Merchants' Society, made it perfectly plain, by the fortunate if injudicious candour of his language, that he and his Association wanted to "smash the Unions." A more utterly futile enterprise no body of sane men could well undertake. They might as hopefully and as usefully propose to smash the solar system. The statutes of 1871 and 1875, passed under a Liberal and a Conservative Government respectively, are the fundamental charter of trade unionism. They do not go far enough, as we shall presently show; but at least they make it impossible for capitalists to crush labourers under their heels. There was a moment when the masters—or, rather, that small minority of masters who are foolish enough to quarrel with their men—thought they saw a chance of driving a coach-and-six through the Act of 1875. That was when Mr. Bompas, the learned Recorder of Southampton, delivered his preposterous and notorious ruling that unionists who refused to work with strangers might be convicted of a criminal conspiracy. Urging men to use no violence, but throw down their tools and leave their employment if non-unionists were engaged was, in the opinion of Mr. Bompas, an indictable offence. But a little learning is a dangerous thing. Sir William Harcourt, who on large questions of general interest is as sound a lawyer as any barrister in England, at once declared Mr. Bompas to be entirely wrong, whereas the Solicitor-General, the ingenious advocate who is hopelessly at sea when cut off from his instructions, pronounced the Recorder to be perfectly right. In spite of Sir Edward Clarke, whose legal judgment is singularly infirm, an unusually strong tribunal unanimously held that the law of Mr. Bompas was bad, and that the conviction he had based on it must be quashed. After this solemn deliverance, from the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, affirming the indefeasible liberty of any combination to decline partnership with outsiders, it is most surprising that anyone should persist in this ridiculous crusade against unions. The unions won the day when the law was against them; they are not likely to be defeated now that the law is on their side.

The victory of the coal porters is practically complete. They have returned to their posts on the distinct understanding that unionists will be given the preference, and more they cannot in fairness ask. It is not to be expected that places should be kept vacant because there are not enough unionists to fill them. On the other hand, some of the firms have greatly exaggerated the difficulty of making room for their old servants. The hands who have to be temporarily engaged during the pressure of a strike are not, as a rule, so valuable or so meritorious that

any excessive scruple need be felt in giving them notice at the end of it. Sensible merchants, whatever their political or social opinions may be, prefer dealing with unions; and the stronger the union, the better they like it. What they want is to deal with plenipotentiaries, with representative men, who not only understand the question, but can bind their fellows. Violence and intimidation, of which there is a little in almost every strike, ought to be and are severely punished. Magistrates are seldom prejudiced in favour of a class to which they do not belong. Lord Bramwell, who cannot be accused of undue leanings towards democracy, once said from the judicial bench that if he were a working man he would belong to a trade union. It would be better for themselves, and for everybody else, if they all did. Then Parliament would not be invited to restrict an adult male's hours of labour, or to interfere in any other way between classes who would be wholly and equally well able to take care of themselves. It is not quite true to say that approval of trade unionism involves disapproval of "blacklegs" or "free labourers." It is quite possible to hold that the best attainable state of industry would consist of fair competition between the two; but as a matter of fact, it will probably be found that the inevitable progress of industrial development must result in the exclusion of disorganised labour, and eventually in extending unionism over all trades. That no obstacle ought to be put in its way must be admitted by every Liberal. In order to give it unrestricted scope the law of conspiracy will have to be amended, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone in December last. There may be some necessary exceptions to the rule that an act should not become a crime because there are several actors; but its exceptions ought to be mentioned, and the rule ought to be clear.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE CHURCH.

PEOPLE who are fond of instituting historical parallels and contrasts might find a great deal of suggestive material just now in the policies adopted by the German and French Governments respectively with regard to the relations between Church and State. William the Second has contrived to persuade himself that there is no better way of preventing the spread among his subjects of democratic and revolutionary ideas than to make religious instruction universal and compulsory in all the primary schools, and to hand over the regulation and inspection of it to the Churches themselves. The Republican party in France, and the Government along with them, are convinced that existing political institutions can only be rendered secure by the rigid exclusion of clerical influence and control from the educational sphere, and by the firm subjection of the Church in all its secular relations to the State. But after all, this wide divergence in the methods of the two Governments is the outcome of an underlying identity in their estimates of the effect which clerical influence and clerical teachings are likely to produce upon the public mind. The German Emperor wants to strengthen among his people the principle and the tradition of submission to monarchical authority, and so he befriends the Churches. The French Republicans have for their ideals political equality and popular self-government, and therefore they regard Clericalism, more especially Catholic Clericalism, with profound distrust and undisguised hostility.

The attitude not only of French Radicals, but even of the defeated Ministry on Thursday, is a sufficient proof of this. That Ministry was defeated

by a coalition of disaffected elements because it will not take a sufficiently decided course. But the motive force in the defeat was furnished by the Radicals and the more advanced among the ordinary supporters of the Ministry. And the Ministry refused to accept urgency for the Bill, because acceptance would mean that the Church should be separated from the State and pass from its control—than which the militant Catholics desire nothing better. The Bill on Associations is the Republican answer to the overtures for conciliation which have recently been made by the Vatican: an answer all the more significant and impressive because nearly the whole of the Catholic hierarchy in France have now formally joined the Holy Father in thus tendering the olive-branch. One bishop after another has announced his adhesion to the manifesto in which, a few weeks since, the Cardinal Archbishops declared their recognition of the Republic, and repudiated on the part of the Church any right or desire to dictate to the French people any particular form of government. Parish priests and Dominican and Franciscan fathers have held forth from their pulpits on the obligation resting on all good Catholics to respect the constituted authorities, and have even been eloquent with regard to the democratic doctrines asserted centuries ago by theologians of such weight as Thomas Aquinas and Bellarmine. Lastly, this week again the Pope has reiterated the expression of his desire that the Republic should make peace with the Church, through a channel which will ensure its being known in every corner of France. Since, then, the Church is extending its arms towards the Republic, and since the one great obstacle to political stability in France has hitherto been the existence of parties which have refused to recognise the permanency or legitimacy of existing organic institutions, why should good Republicans recoil from the proffered embrace? Why should they neglect the opportunity of winning the allegiance of the vast clerical organisation which has hitherto been the backbone of the Monarchist parties?

The answer to these questions has already been given by the vote of the French Chamber on Thursday, and by the speech of M. Clemenceau, and the Republicans have not the least faith in the sincerity of the clerical conversion—which, it must be owned, has been somewhat sudden, and, as it were, manufactured to order—to democratic principles; and their unbelief is founded on the enmity which the Gallican Church has always displayed towards real freedom of thought. Theoretically, it may be ready to establish a *modus vivendi* with any form of Government which happens to be in the ascendant, but only on condition that it receives substantial concessions in return. On such terms the Church was the close ally of the old Monarchy, and successively came to an understanding with the First Empire, the restored Bourbons, the Monarchy of July, and the Second Empire; but Republicans are of opinion that it demands too high a price for an allegiance which is really not worth buying at any price whatever. "We are ready," says in effect the manifesto of the Cardinal-Archbishops, "to acknowledge the Republic; but then it must be a Republic organised according to our ideas—a Republic that will restore to us a substantial control over public education, repeal the law subjecting seminarists to military service, and abandon its wicked warfare against the Religious Orders." In the judgment of the great majority of the Left—Moderates as well as Radicals—a Republic so organised would not be worth having. It would be Reactionary and Monarchist in all but the name. The Republicans, in short, believe the pretensions of the Church to be incompatible with

the healthy development of their political principles, and that is why they decline to listen to her overtures for conciliation, and are intent on making her thoroughly subservient to the secular power. Their ideas on this subject may be erroneous, but it must be owned that they have strong historical justification for them.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION IN THE STATES.

THE combination which was effected last week of the five great railway companies serving the anthracite coal districts of the United States is another important step in the amalgamation of competing interests which has been so marked a feature in the United States during the past few years. As every State in the Union has its own railway legislation, and as no law is required for the building of a line, hitherto it has been possible for any capitalist who cared to do so to construct a railway. Companies have invaded one another's territories, and unscrupulous syndicates have built roads, not because they were wanted, but because the syndicate hoped that competing lines would be obliged to buy them. The result has been wars of rates every few years, inflicting great losses upon investors. Unfortunately American railroad shares are held so widely in Europe that it has not been found practicable to enforce due control over the management. For some time past, therefore, leading capitalists in the older States have been endeavouring to compel the directors of the principal companies to work in harmony with one another. They were first aroused to this action by the construction of the West Shore Railway, which runs parallel for the greater part of the distance to the New York Central and Hudson River line. The new railway was not required; in fact, even yet, there is not enough of traffic for it, and it was very generally alleged that its promoters began it in the hope of compelling the late Mr. Vanderbilt to buy them off. He refused to do so, however; the line was built, a war of rates followed, resulting in a complete disorganisation of the railroad business of the whole Union. At last, the great capitalists who were interested in railway properties interfered. The West Shore was bought up for about half what it cost, and an arrangement was entered into which practically gave the control of the great through lines—the lines, that is, connecting New York and Chicago—to the capitalists who aided Mr. Vanderbilt in buying up the West Shore. Since then various efforts have been made to amalgamate and consolidate railroad properties in other parts of the Union, especially in the North-West and in the South-West.

Lately, however, the work seemed likely to be defeated by a new quarrel between the five principal railroads serving the anthracite coal district of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia and Reading is the most important of the five, having a much larger network, and besides owning nearly one-third of the coalfields. In the "pool," as it is called, regulating the amount of traffic of each of the five lines the Philadelphia and Reading hitherto had not got its fair proportion, and a couple of months ago it announced that, unless the arrangement was modified in its favour, it would withdraw from the pool and carry as much coal as it was able to do. Had this occurred, not only would the rates of carriage have been reduced so low as possibly to make some of the Companies insolvent, but the price of coal itself would have been lowered unduly, and the losses, therefore, would have been seriously increased. Negotiations to bring about a friendly settlement failed, and then the great railroad

magnates, headed by the banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., decided upon buying such a number of shares in the several Companies as would enable them to act as they pleased. They did this so secretly and so skilfully that it was never suspected until they were masters of the situation. As the Philadelphia and Reading is by far the most important of the Companies, they decided upon giving it command of the others, and accordingly the Philadelphia and Reading guarantees to the Central of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Companies fixed rates of dividend, and in return will be in a position to regulate not only the carriage of coal but the prices at which it is to be sold. The two remaining Companies were already controlled by the syndicate, and will follow the lead of the Philadelphia and Reading. The Pennsylvania Company, though not a great coal-carrier, has taken alarm, and has represented to the Government of the State of Pennsylvania that the combination is contrary to the laws of the State, and therefore has invoked Government interference. The Legislature of New Jersey seems also to be disquieted, and has appointed a committee to inquire into the matter. But, as members of the syndicate are large shareholders in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, it is generally believed that they will be able to reassure the Company, and the general impression likewise is that they have influence enough with the Governments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to prevent hostile action. In any case, it is not doubted that in some form or other the syndicate will carry out the objects it has in view. It has the voting power in all the five Companies, it can appoint and remove boards of directors and managers, and therefore it can compel the Companies to work according to its orders.

From the point of view of the share- and bondholders, the combination is clearly beneficial. But from that of the general public it is open to grave objections. The members of the syndicate are already the greatest railway magnates in the world. They control the great through lines and the chief systems in the North-West and the South-West. Now they have command of the coal-roads and of the coal-trade itself. A vast capitalist syndicate of the kind may exercise undue political power, as it will be an employer of immense masses of men; and its enormous wealth enables it to spend lavishly for any purpose it may wish to attain. It may be tempted to crush out individual competitors, such, for example, as the smaller coal-owners; or to raise unduly the price of coal, to the detriment of the consumer. But, for the time being, there seems no other way of insuring good management of the railways. The shareholders are scattered all over the world, and therefore are not in a position to make railroad presidents respect their interests. The separate States have not sufficient jurisdiction to insure good management; and Federal legislation, as exemplified in the Inter-State Commerce Act, has had little good effect. The capitalists therefore plead that they have no alternative but to make their influence felt, or to allow their properties to be wrecked, and that they can make their influence felt in no other way than by assuming control of the principal railroads. Furthermore, they point out that it would be suicidal to act unfairly to small competitors or to raise excessively the price of coal. Were they to do either, they would arouse so much public feeling that either the State Legislatures or Congress would interfere. Assuming that they act according to their real interest, and respect the rights of the public and of their competitors, it is clear that the combination can do only good. Practically,

the syndicate, either collectively or individually, control now all the principal railroads serving New York, and, having large pecuniary interests in all, they will do injustice to none. They will insist upon good management, and will sternly prevent undue competition. At the same time, they will stop altogether the building of lines "made to sell," and so will put an end once for all to wasteful expenditure of capital upon railroads that are not required.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE making of commercial treaties is over for the present. The negotiations between Italy and Switzerland were definitely broken off at the end of last week, owing, it is said, to the persistence of the cotton manufacturers of Lombardy and Piedmont; and though the Italian Premier has stated that they are shortly to be resumed, there is little expectation of a satisfactory solution. The only remaining member of the group of treaties—that between Austria and Servia—is now being negotiated, but is not expected to be ready for ratification before September next. Consequently there is not much to say at present about international politics. For some weeks apprehension has been expressed in Italy at the supposed intention on the part of France of converting Biserta in Tunis into a great naval port, and thereby destroying the equilibrium in the Mediterranean; and the Italian Government have some intention of meeting such an attempt by forming a large military station at Castrogiovanni (the classic Enna), in the interior of Sicily. But, putting aside the sensational defeat of the German Government on Tuesday, and the fall of the French Ministry on Thursday, there are signs now of coming internal troubles far more alarming than the usual products of the alarmists. Chief among them is the extraordinary reactionary movement in Germany. In Spain, again, though the Anarchist disturbances are diminishing, the Anarchist organisation seems to be very complete and widespread in the north as well as the south. In Italy the economic situation is increasingly serious; in Russia refugees from the famine districts are crowding into St. Petersburg, and matters are doubtless worse than ever. But all these dangers are only incipient.

The French Chambers reassembled on Tuesday. The session will be interrupted for the month of April and will end in July, in time for the elections to the Departmental Councils. The first day was occupied principally with an unprofitable debate on the tariff, in which M. Paul Lafargue, the new Socialist member for Lille, made a somewhat unsuccessful *débat* with a speech for Free Trade in Food. He drew a resolution from M. Méline in favour of the maintenance of the tariff, which was ruled out of order. On Thursday a surprise was in store. After the Chamber had finally rid itself of the Laur-Constans incident—not altogether creditably—the discontent with the middle course pursued by the Government found expression in the refusal of a vote of confidence by 304 to 212. The Bill on Associations, for which urgency was also refused by a fresh coalition, is probably shelved, and the Ministry have resigned. A Méline Cabinet is possible, but undoubtedly dangerous. And the ecclesiastical situation is greatly complicated, not least by the renewed recommendations of the Pope (through the *Petit Journal*) to Catholic to submit to the Republic.

The consideration of the proposed Revision of the Constitution in the Committees of the Belgian Chamber shows a decided majority in favour of the proposal. The Referendum is accepted in principle only, and the questions whether it shall be preliminary or posterior to the discussion of Bills by the Chambers, and whether in the latter case

it shall be initiated among the electorate or by the King, are left for settlement by an ordinary law. The Extreme Right object strongly to the preliminary Referendum; the Moderate Left, to the Referendum altogether; the Extreme Left, to the transformation of the royal right of veto into a Referendum by the King. It is said that the King forced the hand of the Clericals by threatening to abdicate unless provision were made for the adoption of the Referendum in some form. In any case, its abandonment would have provoked a Ministerial crisis.

Germany seems to be approaching a very serious crisis. The Prussian Education Bill is calling out the liveliest opposition. Meetings to petition against it have been held in almost every city, and in some cases Catholics and Conservatives have signed the petitions. The entire professoriate of the University of Halle, including its Catholic Rector, have protested against it; so have sixty-nine professors of the University of Berlin, including Curtius, Mommsen, Treitschke, Gneist, Virchow, Liebreich, Dubois-Reymond, and Helmholtz. The Bill, they urge, would transfer the control of public instruction from the State to independent authorities; would injure the State schools by permitting competing schools, and would lower the position of the teachers. (Supporters of voluntary schools in England please note.) The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is usually an organ of Prince Bismarck, but in this instance is supposed to be expressing the views of the Minister of Finance, says that the Bill was never before the Prussian Cabinet, and that the permanent officials were not consulted either.

Another sign of reaction is the renewal of the attack on Socialism, both in the Reichstag and by the police. Arrests of Socialists have recently been very numerous, and a Socialist editor at Dessau has just received two years' imprisonment.

On Monday and Tuesday the Military Budget was before the Reichstag, and the maltreatment of soldiers was discussed. The Liberals proposed a resolution in favour of facilitating complaints by privates, and of rendering courts-martial public in Prussia, as they are in Bavaria. (For some time there has been talk of assimilating the Bavarian procedure to the Prussian.) Certain Conservatives proposed a resolution including the former proposition and advocating the extension of religious instruction in the army. The Chancellor answered that all these proposals were impracticable. Discipline must be maintained, courts-martial in war time could not be public, and religious discussions injured comradeship. He asserted, however, that the cruelties referred to were always severely punished and were diminishing. However, a motion in favour of public courts-martial was carried by 143 to 100, an awkward defeat for the Government, especially as the motion that complaints by privates should be compulsory was only rejected by 122 to 120.

The Old Czech members of the Bohemian Landtag have decided not to resign, but to oppose any piecemeal discussion of the Compromise, which virtually partitions Bohemia (for administrative purposes) between Germans and Czechs. This decision was taken after consultation with the leaders of the German landowners. Thus the cause of Home Rule in Bohemia has at least a temporary advantage.

It is stated that Signor Crispi, finding his presence an obstacle to the existence of a United Left in the Italian Chamber, has determined to retire from public life. Signor Zanardelli will lead the new party.

The condition of the unemployed in many of the Italian cities is serious. At Rome a meeting in the Colosseum has been prevented by the police. The Minister of the Interior is promoting the resumption of the building operations started under the rule of Signor Crispi and since suspended for financial reasons, and has promised to influence the banks to find the necessary capital. But many of the unfinished buildings are in the hands of the mortgagees, mostly banks and finance companies. It is not

surprising that the arrangements for the Carnival at Rome have miscarried. At Potenza, near Perugia, the imposition of a local tax on firewood has caused a riot, in which one gendarme was killed.

The University students at Naples, Catania, and Palermo have declared their sympathy with those of Rome, recently "sent down." A debate on the subject in the Chamber, initiated by Signor Bonghi, has led to no precise conclusion.

In the Greek Chamber on Sunday M. Deliyannis declared that the state of the finances is extremely critical, and that the fault is M. Tricoupis's. He has proposed a tobacco monopoly, which will produce 10,000,000 drachmas—a bold proposal, since a tax on cigarette papers helped to overthrow M. Tricoupis in 1884—and other taxes which will produce 6,000,000, including a general increase of Customs duties by 15 per cent. M. Tricoupis's reply on Tuesday created much excitement both inside and outside the Chamber. He vigorously attacked the policy of the Government, and urged a reduction of the expenditure on the army (M. Deliyannis's faithful ally) and an increase in that on the navy. M. Tricoupis's impeachment is to be proceeded with at once. There is little doubt it will bring the Government into difficulties. The premium on gold is nearly as high as during the war fever in 1886, and is rising; the imports are falling, and the outlook is gloomy.

The attack on the Protestant church in the Piræus on Sunday—facilitated by the fact that it was carnival time—is somewhat puzzling. Greek laymen are not usually suspected of pronounced doctrinal views, and probably the explanation is to be found in a sentiment of nationalism.

The Roumanian Government has come out of the elections triumphant. In December M. Catargi, the Premier, was defeated by 78 to 74. Now, his party hold at least 142 seats out of 183, and will win more at the second ballots. The Government programme includes the sale of State lands on easy terms, the reform of taxation and of the Civil Service, and an improved equipment for the troops. For all this peace is necessary, which some take to mean that Roumania has an understanding with the Triple Alliance.

Mr. Bland's Bill for the free coinage of silver and the issue of bimetallic notes is before the American House of Representatives, but is hardly expected to pass. A Bill for the reduction of the tariff on woollens has a more hopeful prospect.

Preparations for the General Election in Japan are going on vigorously, and there has been rioting and bloodshed. The issue, according to the Government, is between regular government and factious obstruction; according to Reuter's correspondent, it is between German bureaucracy and English parliamentary government; while according to the Opposition leader, Count Okuma (as reported in a recent interesting letter in the *New York Nation*), it is also, and mainly, between State interference and *laissez-faire*, the Opposition supporting the latter. Truly, the Japanese are an imitative people.

A CONVERSATION WITH MR. BRIGHT ON HOME RULE.

THE arguments against Home Rule may, as Lord Salisbury has recently reminded us, be summed up in a single sentence. It would lead, so we are told, (1) to religious persecution, (2) to separation, (3) to public plunder. I discussed these three points with Mr. Bright a short time after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. What the great statesman said cannot be without interest to Home Rulers and Unionists alike. In reply to a request that he would give me an opportunity of talking the subject over with him, I received this letter:—

"REFORM CLUB,

"May 28, 1886.

"I expect to be here to-morrow from 12 to 2 o'clock and shall be glad to see you, if it be not inconvenient for you to call upon me."

I called at 12.30 and we quickly plunged in *medias res*.

1.—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

"Are you afraid, Mr. Bright, that Home Rule would lead to religious persecution?"

"No; the fact is, the days of religious persecution are gone by. You cannot have it anywhere now. We are all watching each other too much. You know my views of the Irish. They are like most other people—neither better nor worse—and you are not going to have a condition of things in Ireland which is impossible anywhere else. Moreover, if the Irish were disposed to persecute, they would have to be on their good behaviour, living so near a Protestant country. Besides, the Protestants of Ireland are very well able to take care of themselves. I would have more concern for some of the poor Catholics. Remember that it is Catholics and not Protestants who have come under the harrow of the League. (A pause.) I think, though, that some of these fellows [the Irish Members] are far too fond of talking of Ireland as a Catholic nation. They do harm. (A pause, and then a smile.) I expect that some of these fellows who talk about Ireland as a Catholic nation are precious bad Catholics. They remind me of the Pope's brass band, Keogh and Sadler. I remember these times. You don't. But I have no fear of a religious persecution."

2.—SEPARATION.

"Then do you think that we would try to separate from England if we got an Irish Parliament?"

"Certainly not. How could you? Why, the thing is madness. Mark, there are people in this country who would be very glad if you would try. That would give them an opportunity of settling the Irish question very quickly. Just think of our population and of yours; then your population is steadily diminishing, and ours always increasing. Separation is absurd. Whether you have a Parliament or not, you can never separate. (A pause.) I do not know that separation would be a bad thing if you could separate far enough."

I said, quoting a famous passage from one of Mr. Bright's speeches: "If we could be moved 2,000 miles to the westward."

Mr. Bright (smiling): "Just so. Many of us would be glad to be rid of you; but we have been thrown together by Nature, and so we must remain. (A pause.) The history of the two countries is most melancholy. Here we are at the end of the nineteenth century, and we do not like each other a bit better. You are as rebellious as ever. I sometimes think that you hate us as much as ever."

I interposed: "It is a sad commentary, sir, on your government."

Mr. Bright (warmly): "I know our government has been as bad as a government could be, but then we have done many things during the past fifty years. You do not thank us in the least."

I said, "Because, as you often pointed out, you have only yielded to force. The Irish tenants do not thank you for the Land Act of 1881. They thank Mr. Parnell and the Land League. Are they wrong?"

Mr. Bright: "Well, of course I only know too well! how much truth there is in what you say about our policy in Ireland. But you do not recognise that there is an effort now being made in this country to do better by Ireland. If Mr. Gladstone, who has done so much for you, would only persevere on the old lines instead of taking this new step we would yet make everything right in Ireland."

I remarked: "Well, sir, I am glad that you think the new step will not lead to separation."

Mr. Bright: "Oh no, I am not afraid of that."

3.—PUBLIC PLUNDER.

"Do you think that the present Irish representatives would sit in an Irish Parliament, and that they would adopt a policy of public plunder?"

"Well, I have said to you already that the Irish are very much the same as other people, and no

people in the world would stand these fellows permanently. No, if you had an Irish Parliament you would have a better class of men in it. I quite understand that. I do not mean to say that you would have a better representation at once, for these fellows would try to hold on. But the man who is their master would shake them off one by one, and the people would support him. Mr. Parnell is a remarkable man, but a bitter enemy of this country. He would have great difficulties in the first years of an Irish Parliament, but he might overcome them. Yet many of these fellows hate him (smiling). 'The Irish hate all sort of government. He is a sort of government.'

"A popular government?"

"Well, perhaps so, but even that may not save him in the end. I do not know how long he will be able to control these fellows."

4.—MR. BRIGHT'S OBJECTIONS TO HOME RULE.

"Well, Mr. Bright, you are not afraid of a religious persecution, or separation, or public plunder. Why do you object to Home Rule?"

"I will tell you. I object to this Bill. It either goes too far or it does not go far enough. If you could persuade me that what you call Home Rule would be a good thing for Ireland, I would still object to this Bill. It does not go far enough. It would lead to friction—to constant friction between the two countries. The Irish Parliament would be constantly struggling to burst the bars of the statutory cage in which it is sought to confine it. Persuade me that Home Rule would be a good thing for Ireland, and I would give you the widest measure possible consistently with keeping up the connection between the two countries."

I asked, "You would give us control of the land, police, judges?"

Mr. Bright: "Certainly I would give you a measure which would make it impossible for the two Parliaments to come into conflict. There is the danger. If you get only a half-hearted measure, you will immediately ask for more. There would be renewed agitation—perhaps an attempt at insurrection—and in the end we should take away your Parliament, and probably make you a Crown Colony."

I said: "Would you keep the Irish Members in Westminster?"

Mr. Bright: "Certainly not. Why, the best clause in Mr. Gladstone's Bill is the one which excludes these fellows."

"If you were a Home Ruler, Mr. Bright, you would, in fact, give Ireland Colonial Home Rule?"

"I would give her a measure of Home Rule which should never bring her Parliament into close relation with the British Parliament. She should have control over everything which by the most liberal interpretation could be called Irish. I would either have trust or distrust. If I had trust, I would trust to the full; if I had distrust, I would do nothing. But this is a halting Bill. If you establish an Irish Parliament, give it plenty of work and plenty of responsibility. Throw the Irish upon themselves. Make them forget England; let their energies be engaged in Irish Party warfare; but give no Irish Party leader an opportunity of raising an anti-English cry. That is what a good Home Rule Bill ought to do. This Bill does not do it. Why, the Receiver-General appointed by it would alone keep alive the anti-English feeling. If you keep alive that feeling, what is the good of your Home Rule? Mark, I am arguing this matter from your own point of view. But I do not think that Home Rule is necessary. Let us work on the old lines, but work more constantly and more vigorously. We have passed some good Land Laws. Well, let us pass more if necessary."

I said: "But will you?"

Mr. Bright: "I think so. I think that the English people are now thoroughly aroused to the necessities of Ireland: they are beginning to

understand the country, and the old system of delay and injustice will not be renewed. If Mr. Parnell would only apply himself to the removal of the practical grievances in Ireland, there is no 'concession,' as you call it, which he could not get from the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. Bright: "I have said that I am not afraid that Home Rule would lead to separation. We are too strong for that. But I think that there are certain men in Ireland who would make an effort to obtain separation. I mean what you call the Old Fenians. I saw a letter from one of those men a few days ago—he does not know I saw it—a very long letter. I was much interested in it. I should like to know what you are going to do with him. He is an upright, honourable man, ready, I can quite believe, to risk anything for his country. Now, he wants separation, and he wants to obtain it in regular warfare. He is mad, but a madman with a conscience is sometimes dangerous. I should think that he could appeal to the young men of the country, young fellows full of sentiment and enthusiasm—(a pause) fools; but they might make themselves troublesome to your Irish Parliament. Now, what will you do with —? Will he be content with an Irish Parliament of any sort?"

"Well, Mr. Bright, I am in a good position to answer that question. I saw — last night. I asked him if he would accept an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive which would have the fullest control of Irish affairs—the connection with England, of course, to be preserved."

Mr. Bright: "Yes; and what did he say?"

"He said, 'I would take an oath of allegiance to an Irish Parliament; I will never take it to an English Parliament. I would enter an Irish Parliament; I would give it a fair trial—'"

Mr. Bright: "Well, you surprise me. This is certainly a new light. The man is quite honourable. He will do what he says. Well, but does your friend think that you will get a Home Rule Parliament?"

"No; he thinks that we are living in a fool's paradise, and that his turn will come again. Still, I fancy that he is somewhat astonished that an English Prime Minister should introduce any sort of Home Rule."

Mr. Bright: "So am I. So far your Old Fenian and I agree."

We then parted. As I left the club he said, "Good-bye; I wish I was on your side. I have been on the Irish side all my life, and now at the end of my life I do not like even to appear to be against you; but I cannot vote for this Bill. I have not spoken against it. I do not know that I will speak against it, but (a pause) that is on account of Mr. Gladstone. My personal regard for him will prevent me from taking any part in the discussion."

He said no more, and I came away. But his opposition to the Bill did not weaken the affectionate regard in which I had ever held him; nor do I cherish his memory the less now because he was not on the Irish side in the memorable struggle of six years ago. If he went wrong then, I cannot forget that for the best part of his public life Ireland had no stauncher friend in this country.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THIS has been a terrible week for Mr. Balfour. Disaster has followed disaster, winding up in one of those outbursts of Homeric and universal laughter in which there is the ridicule that kills a leader, a Bill, and perhaps an Administration. This is what happened on Monday night. Mr. Redmond had made a speech which opened up the old question of the details of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. To the astute mind of Mr. Chamberlain it appeared an excellent opportunity for continuing the good work of embroiling the Irishmen with the

Liberal leaders and with each other. This thought was confirmed by the fact that Mr. Redmond had made a direct appeal to Sir William Harcourt—which Sir William had very wisely refused at a moment's notice to answer. Accordingly a consultation between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain brought about the arrangement that the debate should be prolonged whether the Irishmen wished it or not; so that both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour might get twenty-four hours to prepare and polish a series of barbed shafts for the Liberal leaders. It was a neat plot; but it required extremely dexterous handling; and the manner in which it was attempted was a model of clumsiness. Mr. Radcliffe Cooke was put up, but the House would not have him. Louder and louder grew the din at midnight, and the automatic close of the debate approached until at last there was something like a cyclone. At this moment Mr. Walter McLaren was seized with a happy inspiration. It is one of the peculiarities of the Closure that it can be moved even when the bore is still speaking, and so, in the midst of his soliloquy, the unhappy Cooke was interrupted by the proposal that he should then and there be compelled to stop. In face of the evident impatience of the House and of the Obstruction—open, gross, and palpable—of such a speech, it would have been impossible for any speaker to have resisted the demand for Closure; and the question had to be put.

Then occurred a scene, the like of which has seldom been seen in the House of Commons. Either because they had never calculated upon the defeat of the plot, or because the night was stormy, or because the one hundred Tories, who are going to retire, have already begun the policy of abstention which will some day land the Government in a minority—whatever the reason, it was doubtful if the Government had a majority in the House; and a vote against the Closure, which ended in a defeat, would have meant a Ministerial crisis, and, perhaps, that immediate appeal to the country, the very mention of which is sufficient to make a Tory grow pale. The distracted Whips rushed in to consult their chief. He, more distracted than they—unnerved, unready, and hesitant—looked the picture of misery; and the worst of it all was that this scene of panic, divided counsels, and hopeless collapse was all enacted in the face of the whole House of Commons. It was the council of war of a broken and flying army held with the windows open and all the world looking on. The opponents of Mr. Balfour were not slow to see the opportunity and to make use of it to the uttermost with that savage and relentless spirit which belongs to Parliamentary conflicts; and the rules and etiquette of the House of Commons lent themselves splendidly to the attack. It is against the rules for a member to stand unless when he is speaking or he has remained in the small space that lies between the door of the House and the bar; but there were the whips standing in front of Mr. Balfour and plainly violating all the rules. Accordingly a loud shout of "Order, order," mingled with jeers and laughter, came from the Liberal, and especially from the Irish, benches; and it was under the hailstorm of this ferocious attack that poor Mr. Balfour and his subalterns had to discuss the means of turning the chance of a defeat into a *saute qui peut*. These were the circumstances that lent such additional vigour to the wild cheers with which the escape of the dying Government by twenty-one from actual death was received by the crowded and triumphant benches of the Opposition.

Staggering under this defeat, Mr. Balfour rose on Thursday night to propose as unwelcome and inauspicious a Bill as ever was brought before the House of Commons. Last week we made the remark that for the first time almost in the history of Parliament the greatest measure of a Ministry for the Session was received without one single cheer of welcome from the Ministerial side. On Thursday night there was a crowded house; but

it came, not in sympathy, but with that air of anticipatory joy with which human beings approach the spectacle of one of their kind on the rack of difficulty and danger. And the House was not disappointed. Mr. Balfour has on occasion plenty of courage and resource in meeting moments of difficulty; but his nerve has been weakened by the universal impression of coming disaster in his party and, perhaps, by the overweighty sense of the responsibilities and difficulties of his new position. On Thursday night he performed a bad piece of work in the worst possible way. He was pale, his cheeks looked sunken, his whole air was feeble, and at times his temper, that used to be considered imperturbable, seemed on the point of giving way; and, indeed, there was that about Mr. Balfour which might make the outburst take the form of an access of rage or a downfall of tears.

It was, indeed, a terrible experience through which he had to pass. Opposite him sat those relentless Irish enemies whose minds are stored with memories of Tullamore Gaol, and Mitchelstown and Mandeville; and whose thirst for vengeance has grown with the approach of the long-expected moment for its deep and full gratification. When the Irishry are in that mood, they are a terrible body to face. Mr. Balfour's Bill gave them their opportunity; as one ridiculous and unworkable proposal followed another, their laughter rose higher and higher. And Mr. Balfour played into their hands with an ineptitude that was the most eloquent proof of his demoralisation. The Bill, indeed, was unfolded with an almost diabolical ingenuity of dramatic effect. The second proposal was more foolish than the first; the third than either; and so the interest—as in a most skilfully constructed drama—rose as the story proceeded. In this way the whole speech led up by successive steps to the great and crowning situation. This was, of course, when Mr. Balfour disclosed the provision by which a County Council could be brought before a couple of judges, and tried for their official lives. The Irish members were alive to the situation, and equal to it. They even suggested to Mr. Balfour the words which would be the supreme and crowning *mot* of the reduction to the absurd. Mr. Balfour was so unreserved as to take the cue; and came out with the inept words, "If the judges found them"—there was a dreadful pause, a painful anguish of suspense; and then a burst of laughter, loud, fierce, prolonged, triumphant—as Mr. Balfour uttered the word "guilty," which finally placed the County Council in the position of criminals in the dock and on their trial. And all the while the Tories sat dumb, without one word of anger, or remonstrance, or encouragement for their former idol. Another idol—broken, but not destroyed—looked on; silent, impassive, with a flaunting wedding favour in his coat. What did Lord Randolph think of this redemption of his pledge?—So asked everybody. But grimly self-contained, obstinately silent—biding his time—Lord Randolph watched the descent to death of the nephew of the man he hates with the deadly fury begotten of five years' suffering, neglect, humiliation, and baffled vengeance.

AN OLD SALT.

THE end of Sir Provo Wallis's career marks the close of an epoch of nautical romance. It is so long since the imagination of Englishmen was stirred by a sea-fight; there is so little in our navy as it is now, sombre and majestic as its embattled array may be, to touch the fancy of a people who are harassed by sordid details of administrative bungling, unrelieved by any episode of skill and daring, that Sir Provo Wallis may seem to carry with him to his grave the traditions of our naval pride. For ninety-seven years his name was on the register of the navy. When he was only four years old he was entered as an able-bodied seaman.

There is something in this like the consecration of Hannibal to his country's service. It takes us back to the time when Nelson pursued the French as if he were the instrument of divine vengeance on the authors of the Revolution. It is eighty-seven years since Wallis was a prisoner in French hands, and nearly eighty years since he took the *Shannon* and her prize, the *Chesapeake*, into Halifax harbour, after the one historic action in our wars with America which Englishmen have any reason to recall without shame. Thirty-three years later the Americans bore so little ill-will to the victor, that Admiral Wallis was received in Boston with public rejoicings, as if he had borne the Stars and Stripes and not the Union Jack to victory. What the war of 1812 was all about probably few people know any more than little Peterkin knew of the battle of Blenheim. But it is noteworthy that Sir Provo Wallis lived to see the animosities between England and America subdued, rekindled, and, we trust, finally extinguished.

There was always something in this old salt which suggested the fine spirit of Marryat's heroes towards an honourable foe. In "Peter Simple" there is a sea-fight in the good old style, in which the English and French ships lie locked in a grisly embrace, so that the guns cannot be fired, and the combatants pepper one another with musketry. The French captain excites the admiration of the young English officer by standing in the most exposed position, and politely bowing to Peter, who is in an equally dangerous spot. When the Frenchman is hit in the arm, he descends, clapping his hand on the injured limb as a sort of apology for his withdrawal from the scene. Who cannot fancy young Wallis sticking to his post with this ceremonious etiquette, and admiring with all his might the pluck of his polite adversary! Alas, this little romance is no longer possible! Never again will the British tar engage an enemy at such close quarters, while courtly officers exchange salutations with the gallant foe from the quarter-deck. The laws of naval warfare now ordain that single combat shall be conducted with a mile or two of blue water between the broadsides, and that if any little courtesies are to pass from ship to ship they must be performed by elaborate signals. Never again will the cry of "Boarders" stir the blood of the victorious seaman. He cannot fight his way, cutlass in hand, over the bulwarks of the enemy, and force him on his own deck to strike his flag. Instead of the hand-to-hand encounter, the personal prowess which often decided the action, the modern salt fights behind walls of steel, and launches his thunderbolts at a speck on the horizon. Instead of old Richard Grenville's hoarse command to blow up his unconquerable little craft—

"Sink me the ship, master gunner,
Sink her, split her in twain!"

there is the constant peril in the watches of the night that the ship will be hurled into the air by a torpedo without a blow being struck in her defence.

That these new and terribly unromantic conditions of warfare have left unimpaired the spirit which made England mistress of the seas we can easily believe. But there is an uncomfortable suspicion that the progress of naval science is not favourable to the preservation of some of those qualities which we have been taught to associate with the sailor. For example, there is that taste for a nautical metaphor which Admiral Wallis is said to have cultivated to the close of his days. One of the best stories of him is that towards the end he described himself as becalmed in Blanket Bay under Cape Rug. Is there any guarantee that sayings as rich as this, which is worthy of Captain Cuttle and his friend Jack Bunsby, will continue to be household words in the mouths of admirals and post-captains? Shall we be told some day that "splicing the main-brace" is one of the phrases invented by nautical novelists, and never heard on Her Majesty's ships? Or is there something in the salt wind, or in

the curling crest of the wave, which will keep these idioms of the ocean ever green in the sailor's mind? Perhaps Lord George Hamilton will consent to provide a text-book of metaphors for naval cadets, which may be embellished and enlarged by individual taste and fancy. What Sir Provo Wallis thought of the changes he witnessed in the long period during which he was at the head of the Navy List we do not know; but he may sometimes have sighed for the wooden walls and simple armament of the *Shannon*, when he saw one costly ironclad after another becoming obsolete, and hundred-ton guns reduced to helpless masses of steel by unsuspected flaws. But he lived to see changes even more remarkable in the history of Europe. When young Wallis was a midshipman, Napoleon was at the zenith of glory. When the *Chesapeake* was towed into Halifax, the revolt of Europe against the long domination of the First Empire was on the eve of triumph. Since then another Empire has risen and fallen in France; the centre of European gravity has been shifted from Paris to Berlin; and save for the brief spell of the Crimean War England has taken no share in the struggles in which she was wont to be foremost. Did the old salt whose active service was comparatively short lament the decline of an aggressive spirit, and the growth of Powers whose military strength has made the British army a small factor in the armaments of the world? Did he look on the piping times of peace enjoyed by his country with anything of the wild disdain which animated the young man in "Maud"? Or was the capture of the *Chesapeake* enough glory for the second lieutenant, who had to wait an almost interminable time for substantial promotion? It is not easy to imagine such a desperate sea-dog as Nelson quietly subsiding into a green and uneventful old age. Had the victor of Trafalgar been spared to be a centurion he would probably have gone into politics like the Duke of Wellington, and frittered away his fame in party wrangles, and in dogged opposition to the democratic advance. A happier fate extinguished that indomitable spirit in the *Victory*, and left England her sailor-hero with a name untarnished by the squabbles of public affairs. It was Sir Provo Wallis's worthy ambition to remain the senior officer in the navy, and an historic figure in our annals. He did not disturb the romance which surrounded his great age by any interference in the naval administration which is the marvel of his countrymen. The capacity of naval red-tape to thwart the energies of British commanders was revealed to an admiring nation as far back as the Armada. Sir Provo Wallis must have known something of it in his early days, and he saw it reach a pitch of luxuriance which must vex the shades of dead and gone officials of the Admiralty with impotent envy. He passed his century of an honourable career, but he has left behind him the undying energies of a system which rejoices in a native genius for providing the most costly engines of war without sufficient men to work them.

THREE GREAT TRAVELLERS.

"THERE is plenty of room at the top" is becoming cruelly true. Grant, Junker, Bates, all snatched from us within the week: none of them really old men—Grant and Bates within the sixties, Junker only recently started on the fifties. Junker died of cancer; Grant of long-continued congestion of the liver; Bates—to use an expressive, old-fashioned term—of "decline." Colonel James Augustus Grant belonged to the type of pioneer explorers—the "way-breakers," as the Germans name them; Junker and Bates, to what we may call the type of naturalist-explorer, the explorer who devotes himself to the study of a limited region in all its varied aspects. These are the real geographers, the

"describers of the earth" in the truest and deepest sense.

Grant was born in the parish manse of Nairn in 1827, and attended school and university in Aberdeen. He remained a true northern Scot to the end of his days—in accent, in chivalrous loyalty to country and friends, and we may say, without disparagement, in narrowness of view. From 1846 to 1857 he did brave service in India, at battles and sieges. Again in India in 1865, he commanded a Ghoorka regiment in the Himalayas; and in 1868 he served with Lord Napier in Abyssinia, when he conducted a mission to the Prince of Tigre, who is now Emperor of Abyssinia. Had this been all there is to record of Grant, his name would have been forgotten beyond the circle of his friends, like the name of many another brave soldier who has shed his blood for his country. But Grant's name is inseparably associated with that of Speke in the discovery of the source of the Nile (1860-63). The two travellers (who had been sporting companions in 1854) took their journey leisurely. Most of the ground they traversed was new, for no white man had ever before visited the interesting region lying to the west of the Victoria Nyanza. Speke and Grant therefore returned with a rich budget of novelties; a great blank in the map of Africa was filled up. In April, 1862, they saw the Nile tumbling full-born out of the north shore of Victoria Nyanza to begin its long course to the Mediterranean. Speke as leader of the expedition had, of course, the lion's share of the credit, and he was not the man to accord to another more than his due. It must be admitted that Speke was a trying companion; but as Grant almost worshipped him, there was no room for discord. Poor Grant suffered greatly in the expedition, and had to be carried a considerable part of the way. Nevertheless, his "Walk across Africa" is a delightful book, full of information which at the time of its publication was quite new. His training in botany at Aberdeen served him in good stead, and his contribution to the botany of the expedition, published in the Linnean Society's *Transactions*, gained him a reputation in the world of science. Grant can hardly be regarded as a man of great power or initiative. He was a careful observer, a good pioneer, and, above all, a loyal friend. So staunch was he in his friendship for Speke that he actually turned his back upon Burton when a friend wanted to introduce the two Africans. He was a stalwart, simple-minded Scot, almost boyish in his manner, with a heart stronger than his head; but his name must live in the history of the world-old quest for the Nile sources.

Dr. Wilhelm Junker—Russian by birth, German by descent—was a man and an explorer of a different stamp. He received a sound scientific training in St. Petersburg and Germany, and being a man of wealth and leisure he could indulge his tastes for wandering about the world. It was not, however, till 1875, when he was thirty-five years of age, that he began his great work in Africa. For twelve years, with one short interval in Europe, he devoted himself to the exploration of the lands watered by the Nile and its great network of western tributaries. At one time or another he may be said to have visited every bit of the main Nile, except a small section of the great river. But his principal field of operations lay in that vastly interesting region extending to the west of the Bahr-el-Gebel and to the south of the Bahr-Ghazal. It reached south to the Wellé and Nepopo, and thus embraced the basin of the Congo as well as that of the Nile, and went as far westwards as 22° 40' east longitude. Ethnologically, biologically, and geographically, this is one of the most interesting regions of Africa. Junker's object never was simply to get over so much ground. He measured his distances with almost painful frequency, so that his maps are models of what such maps should be. His collections in all departments were so sweeping that we have from them an almost complete knowledge of

the natural history of the region. To obtain these he had often to witness the horrors of the filibustering expeditions sent out from Khartoum by the Egyptians, but his zeal for science enabled him to endure even that. Of the history of the many tribes that people the region, their domestic and inter-tribal feuds, their mode of life, their dwellings, their primitive arts and manufactures, Junker gathered a wealth of precise information. Notwithstanding all that he lost by fire and otherwise, his collections in the St. Petersburg Museum are rich and varied. Of the hydrography of the region lying on the borders of the basins of the Nile and Congo he made a special study. It is explorers like Junker that are now wanted in Africa. Pioneering has almost completely done its work; we now need men as competent as Junker to devote themselves to limited regions and fill up the broad meshes that lie between the routes of the pioneers.

Greater in some respects than Junker was Henry Walter Bates, who for twenty-seven years was the backbone of the Royal Geographical Society, though as its assistant secretary he kept himself with characteristic modesty in the background. Physically and intellectually his head would hold those of both Grant and Junker; it was a head that no hatter's ordinary stock would fit. Bates, like Junker (the latter's senior by fourteen years), devoted himself to the study of a particular region, and like Junker gave twelve years of his life to it, and that without once returning to Europe. But he was far more than a collector; he was a man of the true Darwinian spirit, ever questioning Nature to discover the secret of her workings. Problems suggested themselves to him which seem never to have troubled Junker's mind. Bates was twenty-three years of age when he threw up his career as a Leicester manufacturer, and with A. R. Wallace made his way, with scantily lined pockets, to revel in the teeming and richly varied life of the Amazons. He also, like Junker, was a collector, mainly of birds, beasts, and insects, as the British Museum cases will testify. He also lived among the people and made friends of them wherever he went, for Bates was human and humane to the tips of his fingers. He saw far beneath the surface of things, and, therefore, devoted himself mainly to entomology, for it is in the insect-world that we find at their fullest and intensest those endless varieties which give us a key to Nature's methods. It was Bates who was the first to perceive the important part which mimicry plays in the struggle for existence and in the evolution of animal forms. Darwin, on Bates's return from the Amazons, perceived at once Bates's vast intellectual power, and told his friends about it. Bates's "Naturalist on the River Amazon" he characterised as the best work of the kind ever published in England. Alas! that Bates wrote so little. With congenial friends his "mouth dropped fatness," and he has taken with him to the silence of death an unwritten book of wisdom. Partly his chronically imperfect health, partly his phenomenal modesty, kept him silent except to his friends. But scores of travellers and writers in various departments of science and even literature could tell of his genuine sympathy and sage and level-headed advice. Few men when they die leave so great a gap in the hearts of so many friends.

PORTUGAL AND HER DEPENDENCIES.

THE suggestion that Portugal should sell some or all of her dependencies in Asia and Africa in order to improve her financial condition has been received with some surprise in Europe and with an outburst of indignation on the part of the Lisbon mob. Yet this solution of the difficulties of Portugal is not a new idea; it has long been approved by the political thinkers of the country, and would be openly supported by many Portuguese statesmen

if it were not for the fear of the mob and of the irresponsible press, engendered by the existence of Parliamentary institutions among an impulsive and patriotic people. More than one instance of the abandonment of burdens too heavy for the little country to bear is to be found in Portuguese history. That prudent King, John III., the successor of Emmanuel "the Fortunate," quietly abandoned Azamor, Cafim, Arzila, and Alcacer Seguer, and, in fact, all the posts on the coast of Morocco, which had been won after a vast expenditure of blood and treasure in the fifteenth century, except Ceuta and Mazagan. This took place in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese were at the height of their power, when they monopolised the direct sea route to India, and when the Dutch and English merchants humbly resorted to Lisbon to fetch thence the products of the East for distribution to the northern countries of Europe. Again, in the following century, when Portugal, once more a nation, had thrown off the paralysing rule of Spain, the wise Queen-Regent, Donna Leonor, ceded Tangier and Bombay to Charles II. of England, as part of the marriage dowry of her daughter, Catherine of Braganza, in 1661. Finally, in 1668, the Regent, Dom Pedro, afterwards Pedro II., ceded Ceuta to Spain at the treaty of Lisbon, which concluded the war that had raged ever since the Duke of Braganza set up the standard of revolt against Philip IV. of Spain in 1640. Portuguese historians, Portuguese statesmen, and the educated Portuguese generally, have always regarded this abandonment of Morocco as a proof of wisdom and patriotism; they have recognised that the possession of certain towns in Morocco, although they signalled the valour of their ancestors, and kept alive the remembrance of the courage of Alfonso V., "the African," and of the virtue of Dom Ferdinand, "the Constant Prince," imposed upon the country a burden too heavy to be borne. The same arguments which prevailed with John III., Donna Leonor, and Dom Pedro, can be used with equal force to-day.

A distinction must be drawn between the Portuguese colonies and the Portuguese dependencies. In spite of the headlines on the evening papers, there has never been the slightest intention to sell the remaining Portuguese colonies—Madeira and the Azores. These islands form an integral portion of the Portuguese kingdom. They return deputies to the Cortes or Parliament, and their local administration is in every way identical with that of the Mother Country. It is otherwise with the Portuguese dependencies. These may be roughly considered as divided into the settlements in Further Asia, in India, and on the African coast. Of these groups only the first pays its way and meets the expenses of its administration out of its revenue. Macao has, indeed, fallen from its high prosperity in the last century, when the supercargoes and writers on the China establishment of the Honourable East India Company used to reside in the little island off Canton. The rapid development of Hong Kong, under British rule, has diminished the commercial importance of Macao, but there is still enough profit to be made in the China trade for it to remain a valuable dependency of Portugal. About the great island of Timor too little is known to make it possible to say whether it may ever become a lucrative possession, but at present it does not cost much to maintain. It is otherwise with the Portuguese settlements in India. Goa, Daman, and Diu are so entirely hemmed in on the land side by British India that they can have no further development. For centuries they have caused a steady drain on the resources of Portugal, and their income has never met their expenditure. During the great war, from 1794 to 1815, they were garrisoned by the East India Company's troops with the full assent of the Portuguese Government, and no attempt has since been made to put them into a state of defence against the paramount power in India. For years they formed a happy retreat for refugees who found it convenient to escape from British India, and for

smugglers; but such inhabitants did not make them either prosperous or profitable. The treaty of 1878 brought about a different state of things. The Portuguese settlements in India ceded their rights of exile for refugees, of salt making, and of excise to the British Government in return for a yearly payment of four lakhs of rupees. This subsidy was hypothecated for the making of a railway from Castle Rock on the South Maráthá Railway through the Goanese territory to the port of Marmagao. The railway was completed in 1888, and it seems probable that Marmagao will become the port of export for the wealthy British districts of Bellary and the neighbourhood. Unfortunately the treaty of 1878 was only made for a period of twelve years, and difficulties about renewing it have arisen owing to the present hostile attitude of Portugal towards England. Since Goa, Daman, and Diu are practically dependent upon the Government of British India, and are of no value to Portugal, it is difficult to see why the present *régime* should continue to exist; and it cannot be doubted that it would be for the advantage both of Portugal and of the settlements themselves for them to be included in the limits of the Indian Empire. Lastly come the Portuguese possessions in the east and west coasts of Africa. Originally established as halting-places for the Portuguese fleets on the way to and from India, and then maintained for the slave trade to Brazil, these African settlements are practically worthless to Portugal, and hinder the great work of opening up the Dark Continent. It is absurd to state that wherever the hand of Portugal is laid, the country touched becomes a festering plague-spot, as a brilliant writer once stated. On the contrary, in past centuries the Portuguese alone endeavoured to explore the interior of Africa. In these days, when the gold-mines of Manicaland are spoken of as hitherto unknown, it is worth while to recall that in the sixteenth century, Francisco Barretto, better known as the persecutor and enemy of the poet Camoens, made an expedition, when Governor-General of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, and examined the country. And when the Anglo-Saxon race boasts and rightly boasts of its famous African explorers, of Livingstone and Cameron and Stanley, it should be remembered that Portuguese merchants, generally slave-traders, often crossed the continent from Mozambique to Loanda many years before them without writing books on their experiences, and that Brito Capello, Roberto Ivens and Serpa Pinto deserve a place in the list of modern African travellers. But despite these claims to recognition and this defence against wholesale condemnation of Portuguese rule in Africa, it cannot be doubted that Portugal is at present unable to develop her African possessions, and that their maintenance is a terrible drain on the resources of the country.

It may be granted, then, that it would be for the absolute advantage of Portugal to get rid of her Indian and African possessions, and if she could sell them for a good price it would relieve the National Treasury, not only to the extent of the purchase-money, but in removing an increasing charge on the finances. But the Portuguese statesmen are bound to consider the future as well as the present. If there is a reasonable prospect of these possessions becoming of real value to the country, it would be absurd to part with them for present relief. There seems, however, to be no such prospect. The population of Portugal was practically exhausted by its extraordinary efforts in the heroic age of exploration and conquest, the age of Vasco da Gama and Albuquerque, of Camoens, João de Castro, and Luis de Athaide. The modern Portuguese show but little partiality for the perils of Asiatic and African life. When the sturdy peasant of the northern provinces of the Trás-os-Montes and the Entre-Minho-e-Douro is driven forth by the devastations of the phylloxera from his famous vineyards, he does not seek for military service in the East, but emigrates with his family to Brazil, the great daughter of Portugal, where he is welcomed with open hands,

and finds not only a field for his industry, but a love for Portugal and things Portuguese not inferior to that existing in the Mother Country. For this reason it is that the government of the Portuguese possessions in India and Africa is left largely in the hands of natives of the settlements, whose blood is that of half-castes, who have lost the pristine energy of a European race, and who are particularly bad specimens of the Portuguese people, whose name they bear.

Why, then, this resentment to an obviously sensible course? If England administers Goa, would the great names of Albuquerque and Castro be the less remembered? If England or Germany rules in Mozambique, would the memory of Vasco da Gama's famous voyage redound the less to the glory of the Portuguese name? It is not necessary for Portugal to own the scenes of her heroic exploits in the past to make the world bear in mind what great things she has done for the progress of European civilisation.

KILLING NO MURDER?

IN his new novel "La Sacrifiée" (Paris: Perrin) M. Edouard Rod presents a problem in moral pathology of the sort discussed in Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment"—the problem, When is killing no murder? or, rather, What is the moral position of the man who kills, yet is not, in the vulgar sense of the term, a murderer? His solution is the same as the Russian's—that, however extenuated by circumstances, however disguised by sophisms, however blameless in the "dry light" of reason and utilitarian morality, murder is always murder. This seems a gruesome subject for a novel, and certainly M. Rod's book does not read like a "jolly chapter of Rabelais"; but if the novelist is to deal in psychological analysis at all, he may, perhaps, more profitably apply it to fundamental questions of life and death than to the "soul-states" of a Bostonian heiress who is wooed by an English duke.

M. Rod sets out by imagining a case in which murder shall seem not only not a criminal act, but a positive duty. Audoin, a ferocious egoist, who ill-treats his wife, lives solely for the gratification of brutish instincts, and is altogether an "unsympathetic personage," has a stroke of apoplexy, and is warned that a second attack will lead to general paralysis, aphasia, and imbecility. To this prospect of living death he prefers death itself, and accordingly he proposes to his bosom-friend, Doctor Morgex, that whenever the second attack comes, if come it does, the doctor shall quietly put an end to his sufferings by an overdose of morphia. When Morgex refuses, Audoin threatens to commit instant suicide. Thus confronted with the alternatives of either causing his friend's death at once, or of possibly having to cause it later on, Morgex prefers the future contingency to the present certainty, and gives Audoin the required promise. Under ordinary circumstances he would have given it without a moment's hesitation, for he is a scientific man without prejudices, a free-thinker without sentimental views as to the sacredness of human life, who holds that, in cases of incurable disease, it is not only legitimate, but an act of benevolence, to shorten the patient's sufferings.

But the circumstances are not ordinary; for Morgex secretly loves Mme. Audoin, and has reason to suppose that, were she free, she would return his love. The love has begun by that pity which is akin to it; for Mme. Audoin, a saint, suffers domestic martyrdom at the hands of her husband, to whose brutality her health, youth, beauty, are being slowly sacrificed. Morgex, too, is a saint in his way, a man of pure life and high moral ideals, a fit mate for Mme. Audoin. It is plain, then, that from the moral point of view Audoin's death would be a good thing. This position of affairs explains Morgex's

reluctance to undertake, in a certain contingency, to assist Audoin out of the world; for he is aware that, at the back of his consciousness, there is latent the desire that Audoin should die. He consoles himself with the reflection that there is a good chance of his never being called on to redeem his promise; Audoin may never have a second attack.

The worst, however, happens. Audoin is struck down with paralysis, and Morgex, putting aside all thought of his promise and of everything except professional duty, does his best to alleviate the patient's sufferings. Now comes the pressure of external circumstances, gradually forcing him to take the step from which his own will had recoiled. Audoin's helpless agony is terrible in itself, and Mme. Audoin is breaking down under the strain of sick-nursing. The family wonders why Morgex does not use anæsthetics. "You have often told us that morphia is the proper thing to use in these incurable cases; why don't you use it now?" And the sick man's piercing gaze, always fixed on Morgex, seems to ask him the same question—"Where is the morphia? Remember your promise." Thus, in spite of himself, the doctor has to employ the morphia. The doses, to be efficacious, have to be gradually increased. Then Morgex, seeing that the man is being slowly poisoned, stays his hand. Result: renewed agony for Audoin, and utter breakdown of his wife; whereupon Morgex's hesitation is overcome, the extra dose is administered, and Audoin passes quietly away.

At once Morgex's conscience begins to accuse him. Would he have administered that extra dose if he had not desired Audoin's death for his own purposes, if he had not longed for Mme. Audoin to be free? So speaks the still, small voice; but Morgex thinks he sees a way of hushing it. He will take no advantage of the death, will leave Paris and Mme. Audoin for ever, and thus the case will fall into the general category, will simply be one in which a doctor has put an end to the pains of an incurable patient—only that, and nothing more. But he has again reckoned without external circumstances. It is now an open secret that Mme. Audoin returns Morgex's affection. Why on earth, the family ask, does he not marry her, now that he is free to do so? Furthermore, she is poor and helpless, and heart-broken at Morgex's unaccountable neglect. Again he is driven into action in spite of himself.

The marriage takes place, and husband and wife are at last happy; but not for long. The wife cannot induce her husband to tell her the reason of his strange hesitation about marrying her, and the secret sets a gulf between them. And Morgex's conscience is once more at work. He can no longer even console himself with the sophism which calmed his doubts before his marriage—that a crime is not a crime so long as you forbear to profit by it. It is here that the resemblance of his case to that of Raskolnikof in "Crime and Punishment"—a resemblance, by the way, on which the doctor is himself made to insist—becomes most striking. He is tormented by the irresistible longing to confess—to make that open confession which is good for the soul. The perpetual question—Am I a murderer?—which haunts him, and which he cannot answer, can perhaps be answered by someone else. Accordingly, Morgex first confesses to a hard-headed lawyer, a sceptic and man of the world. This one's answer is prompt and plain: You are no murderer; you did your duty as a doctor, and your love for Mme. Audoin had nothing to do with the case; think no more about it. But Morgex cannot help thinking more about it. He has not yet exhausted his humour for fessing. This time he selects as his confidant—not a representative of the current, worldly morality, but an austere, uncompromising believer in the Decalogue—a priest. The priest tells him that he is the most miserable of sinners, and that the least he can do in expiation is to forego the profit of his sin. He must put away his wife. But it will kill her; why should the innocent suffer for the guilty? No matter,

is the answer; that is one of the consequences of sin. With Morgex's separation from his wife and abandonment of his career as a successful specialist for obscure practice among the poor, the story ends.

It is well told. There are no sentimental vapourings, no outbursts of self-pity on the part of Morgex; the style is clear and sober, the argument logical and sustained. M. Rod being a literary critic of wide reading as well as a novelist, it is not unreasonable to suspect that the incident of Audoin's exaction of Morgex's promise about the morphia owes something to the final scene between Oswald and Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, while the paralysed man's trick of fixing questioning eyes on his friend may, or may not, have been suggested by the parallel notion in the third Act of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*. On the whole, the only piece of damaging criticism which can be brought against the book is that it is the book of a moralist rather than of a novelist. M. Rod has first imagined a "case of conscience," and then set about inventing characters to fit it; whereas your true novelist begins by inventing his characters and lets them condition his story. But M. Rod disdains the laurels of the mere artist. He is one of the most earnest disciples of the "spiritual" school of M. Melchior de Vogüé and M. Paul Desjardins, the literary apostles of self-renunciation. And self-renunciation is the last word of this book. "J'ai découvert," says Morgex, "au terme de mes batailles, cette loi chrétienne, qu'en renonçant à soi-même on trouve plus de biens qu'on n'en aurait pu acquérir en laissant se développer son énergie et son esprit de conquête. . . . Nous nous sommes à nous-mêmes nos propres ennemis; nos désirs, nos volontés, nos passions sont des mirages qui ne nous attirent que pour nous décevoir; notre seule sagesse, c'est de les abdiquer définitivement, dans une humble soumission au décret, d'où qu'il vienne, qui nous ordonne d'en dégager nos âmes, afin qu'elles soient toujours prêtes à recevoir la grâce ou la mort, à entrer libres et pures dans le néant ou dans l'éternité."

A BOOK ABOUT BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

WHEN I read in last Saturday's *SPEAKER* of a book about Bastien-Lepage I rejoiced. I remembered at the same moment that some works by J. F. Millet were on exhibition somewhere in the West End, and thought of the opportunity that this happy coincidence would give me of comparing the respectable achievements of a skilful workman with the inspired creations of a great poetical painter. Half an hour after the book arrived from THE *SPEAKER* office, and my curiosity was at once drawn to Mr. Walter Sickert's essay, "Modern Realism in Painting."

To find myself holding views so strangely divergent to those held by my contemporaries has often caused me sorrow, but the sorrow I have felt on such occasions was never as genuine as the sorrow I feel on discovering that Mr. Walter Sickert has anticipated all my thoughts on the art of Bastien-Lepage. The conviction that he has said what I was minded to say far better than I could have said it is, in a way, a consolation. I have not read anything on the subject of painting more interesting and instructive than Mr. Sickert's essay, and I wish all my readers would read it, for it would enable them to enter into and understand the artistic questions I raise in these columns. Here is a passage which strikes one as being quite admirable:—

" . . . It was thought meritorious and conducive to truth, and in every way manly and estimable, for the painter to take a large canvas out into the fields and to execute his final picture in hourly tête-à-tête with nature. This practice at once restricts your possible choice of subject. The sun moves too quickly. You find that grey weather is more possible, and end by never working in any other. Grouping with any approach to naturalness is found

to be impossible. You find that you had better confine your compositions to a single figure; and, with a little experience, the photo-realist finds, if he be wise, that the single figure had better be in repose. Even then your picture necessarily becomes a portrait of a model posing by the hour. The illumination, instead of being that of a north light in Newman Street, is, it is true, the illumination of a Cornish or Breton sky. Your subject is a real peasant in his own natural surroundings, and not a model from Haddon Garden. But what is he doing? He is posing for a picture as best he can, and he looks it. That woman stooping to put potatoes into a sack will never rise again. The potatoes, portraits every one, will never drop into the sack; and never a breath of air circulates round that painful rendering in the flat of the authentic patches on the very gown of a real peasant. What are the truths you have gained? A handful of tiresome little facts compared to the truths you have lost? To life and spirit, light and air?"

The same thing has been said in *THE SPEAKER* many times; but Mr. Sickert's words please me better than my own: they seem to grip the idea more tightly.

Poor Bastien! time has dealt hardly with you. Only a few years ago your name was on every lip, and now—at least, among artists—it is nearly forgotten. Once you were all the fashion, truly you were; but then great men are never all the fashion: they are never even in the fashion; and looking at "A Little Sweep," I must fain confess that its date is stamped upon it with the accuracy of a page of *Le Follet* or *Le Moniteur à la Mode*. That was fashionable painting in such a year!

And this is how Mr. Sickert speaks of the celebrated Joan of Arc:

"In the composition, or in what modern critics prefer to call the placing, there is neither grace nor strangeness. The drawing is without profundity or novelty of observation, the colour is uninteresting, and the execution is the usual mechanical, obtrusive, square-brush-work of the Parisian school of art. Dramatically the leading figure is not impressive or even lucid, and the helpless introduction of the visionary figures completes the conviction that it was an error of judgment for a painter with the limitations of Lepage to burden a touching and sanctified legend with commonplace illustration. A faithful copy of so strange and interesting a subject as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt cannot fail to be a valuable document, but Lepage's portrait has surely missed altogether the delicacy of the exquisitely spiritual profile. The format of the little panel portrait of the Prince of Wales evoked in the press the obviously invited reference to Clouet. The ready writer cannot have looked at so much as a pearl in the necklace of one of Clouet's princesses."

To criticism so pungent and so profound it would be superfluous and impertinent to add another word. Mr. Sickert gives the essential truth in as clear and concise a form as it is possible to imagine. Another god overthrown, another god whose feet were clay has fallen, and ten years ago this poor god seemed secure enough; he stood high in the Temple of Fame; and now he is no more than a few shattered fragments that a few years will convert into vanishing dust. Time, Time, there is no judge but thee! Time is the only critic—or let us say that time is an essential party to the judging of a work of art. Time must rub away the varnish of the actual hour before we can see into the heart of things. There is a fascination in all that is of the present hour that blinds our eyes; the present hour is but a dazzling appearance; we see only the surface, the painted surface that thrills and enthralls us; but to see of what the toy is made, whether of cardboard, ivory, marble, or gold, the light of another hour is required. We live the present, we judge the past. From this limitation even the very highest intelligence may not wholly escape. Schopenhauer believed Rossini to be a great musician, and when London was rightly proclaiming the genius of Thackeray and Dickens, London with inconceivable blindness was comparing Maclise with one of the greatest painters of the Italian Renaissance, and proclaiming his picture of the play-scene in *Hamlet* to be one of the most noble works of art ever executed by hand of man. The worthlessness of the opinion of the best critics on contemporary art is the lesson that time is incessantly pressing upon us.

The judgment on Bastien-Lepage that Mr. Sickert has so ably expressed is the judgment of time. Perchance time may reverse the judgment of the last ten years. That, however, seems impossible when we glance at the photographic "Beggar," so full

of the dry, mechanical look of the camera. Mr. Sickert chooses the portrait of Grandfather Lepage for a word of faint praise, but for my part I infinitely prefer the "Communicant," and can hardly believe that Mr. Sickert does not prefer it too. I am inclined to think that Mr. Sickert's reason for drawing attention to the former picture is because of the admirable illustration it affords of all his disparaging remarks. The defects of Mr. Sickert's critical essay—perhaps I should have said qualities—are those which are inseparable from the criticism of the artist. The criticism of him must of necessity be more or less a defence of his own art, or, let us say, of the artistic methods employed by him. Mr. Sickert's art criticism is a defence of Mr. Sickert's pictures, just as my criticism of novels must be in the main a defence of my own novels. Such criticism gains in personal intensity what it loses in eclecticism. But let this be waived, and let us pass to another point. There is now most certainly in the air a revolt against the model that poses by the hour; painters are beginning to wake up to the fact that the old masters did not always paint direct from nature, that they more often painted from drawings. Those who read my articles have no doubt noticed echoes of this revolt running through them. It is not more than three weeks since I dropped a phrase or two on this interesting question. And the great meaning—the essential meaning—of Mr. Sickert's essay may be summarised in this way:—Observe nature, study nature; but do not copy nature. And for many years Mr. Sickert has practised what he preaches. He has made thousands of drawings in the fields and streets, in the theatres and the music-halls; he has perfected his memory by constant application, and his pictures are painted from his studies. I only sat twice for the astonishing and now celebrated portrait, and when, owing to a press of work, I was compelled to abandon the sittings, the portrait was chaos. But Mr. Sickert had got from me all he wanted, and so was free to pursue the artistic ideal he was striving for. That we copy nature too much and study nature too little is certain; but in practice, the matter is more one of temperament than of theory. Mr. Sickert must not forget that the artist need not copy the model, even though the model is always before him while he is painting.

There is another matter in Mr. Sickert's essay which I should like to discuss, but space and time only permit me to allude to it. The stick with which Mr. Sickert elects to crack Bastien's skull is J. F. Millet. Mr. Sickert accepts Millet without reserve, placing him with Degas, Whistler, and Keene. To deny that Millet was a great artist would be a very vain and ridiculous thing to do; but is it quite sure that he was a great painter? Was he anything more than a great poet-painter expressing himself with difficulty in a medium which he never quite mastered? Compare him with any of the great masters of technique, and, though he stands infinitely higher than they as a dreamer and as a thinker, we must fain admit that as a painter he was their inferior. The intense literary interest of Millet's work deceives Mr. Sickert. To speak of him as a great colourist and draughtsman seems to me to be as incorrect as it would be to describe Balzac as a master of style.

The book is one of the handsomest art books I have seen. The illustrations are excellent, and the letter-press is everywhere interesting. The book is published by Fisher Unwin, and I hope that it will be widely read.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE GREAT METROPOLIS."—"FOURTEEN DAYS."

IN these times of serious comedy and lugubrious farce it is satisfactory to know that there is at least one class of playhouses in which it is still possible to enjoy a hearty laugh. I refer, of course, to the houses devoted to melodrama, which is now

practically the sole species of genuinely humorous entertainment provided for playgoers. The new melodrama at the Princess's is distinctly amusing. Even in the gay inappropriateness of its title there is a spice of innocent fun, for *The Great Metropolis* is neither a picture nor a caricature of London life, but a "nautical melodrama," a tale of the sea and them that go down to it in lifeboats. The subtle aroma of a joke, especially of a joke in five Acts, is apt to evaporate in the attempt to explain it; but, nevertheless, the attempt must be made.

The first Act borrows an effective device from another and much older melodrama, the melodrama of *Punch and Judy*. You remember the trick by which Punch disembarbasses himself of the executioner when that functionary brings the gallows intended for Punch's execution? How Punch affects not to understand the noose; how he persuades Jack Ketch to put his own head in it, just to show how it's done; and then, with a tug at the rope, ch-e-c-k! the hangman is himself hanged? In *The Great Metropolis* the father of the hero has invented a desk containing a revolver which shall shoot anyone who lifts the lid without certain precautions. At first there is some hope that this death-dealing piece of furniture will dispose of the villain of the play, for it contains the old man's will and securities, such as villains of melodrama are always seeking to purloin. But, as the secret of the desk is explained to the villain, that hope is soon dashed. Enter the old man's long-lost son, supposed to have been drowned at sea. At first the father does not know his boy, but presently there is one of those "recognition-scenes" so dear to Aristotle, wherein the hero does not prove his identity by a lock of his hair, as in the leading case of Orestes and Electra, but by repeating some words of reproach which he had once addressed to his stepmother. Therefore the old man, all agitation and anxiety to alter his will *hic et nunc*, hurriedly opens his desk, and gets killed by the bullet which was intended for the casual burglar. This cheap and expeditious mode of eliminating heavy fathers early in the play has much to recommend it: and I confidently look forward in future to finding all the wares of Tottenham Court Road and Wardour Street converted into lethal weapons for preventing stage-fathers from lagging superfluous.

In Act II. we find the hero passing from the phase of "long-lost son" into that of "wandering heir." He has been accused (by the villain, of course) of parricide in the entr'acte, but a British jury—knowing full well that heroic parricides went out of fashion with Greek tragedy—has acquitted him, and he is now bent on (1) establishing his identity, and (2) settling accounts with the villain. The approved method of establishing your identity in melodrama is to procure a village idiot to whom you play the tunes of his childhood (with banjo accompaniment, if you happen to have started on your histrionic career as a "variety artiste") until he recognises you. But there is no village idiot available in this play and no soul-stirring music—not even "Ta-ra-ra-Boum-Deay!"—and hence the only expedient which suggests itself to the hero is to send a shipmate to the Cape of Good Hope for his "papers." Meanwhile he himself spends his time loafing in the office of a low-comedy house-agent, of whom he learns that the villain is living with a betrayed victim in a flat—a flat in melodrama is invariably the habitat of guilty splendour—and on making his way to the flat he finds that this victim is no other than his long-lost sister. "Recognition-scene" number two. Hero forces villain to his knees and extorts from him an oath to make reparation—"Je réparerai, chère mees, je réparerai," as Bellac says, in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*—to his victim by honourable marriage.

The third Act shows us the wandering heir still wandering—somewhat far afield from his purpose. For it has apparently occurred to him that the best way of establishing his own identity, and getting his sister honourably married, is to take service in the coastguard and live in a lighthouse. Lighthouses are

notoriously popular rendezvous—as a place where one is sure to run against all one's friends there is, next to Piccadilly Circus, nothing like a lighthouse—and accordingly to this one come all the characters pell-mell: the villain, the villain's victim, and the comic house-agent—the last anxious, doubtless, to have a few eligible lighthouses on his books. Lighthouses, it appears, are not only universal rendezvous, but bulwarks of the British constitution. "A British lighthouse never *will* be tampered with!" is the proud boast of one of the coastguardsmen. Feeling, after this, that it would be hopeless to exercise his wicked arts on the lighthouse, the villain lures the hero out to sea in one boat, and pursues him, armed to the teeth, in another. There is a collision, a struggle, the flash of steel, when hostilities are suddenly interrupted by the surprising spectacle of a corpse floating, in defiance of all mechanical laws, against the tide. It is the villain's victim, who has accomplished this notable feat after committing suicide. Needless to say that, during this scene, the only creature before or behind the curtain which remains unmoved is the lighthouse. For the sense of humour of "a British lighthouse is not to be tampered with."

By this time you will have perceived that the fun has grown fast and furious. The joke is well sustained in Act IV. This introduces you to the interior of the lighthouse—the British lighthouse in its own domestic circle, the British lighthouse as a "Celebrity at Home." Everybody treats it with an affectionate respect bordering on veneration, and the singing members of the company chant its praises round the festive board. You feel that it will by-and-by unbend, and perhaps dance a horn-pipe. But this vision of the lighthouse in its hours of ease is rudely dispelled by the sound of signal-guns; there is a vessel on the rocks, and the lighthouse remembers (rather tardily) that it has a duty to perform. Once more, then, it stands unmoved, refusing to be tampered with, and will not be provoked even to a smile by the sight of a life-saving apparatus ("an exact facsimile of that used by the authorities of Her Majesty's Board of Trade") which is shot out to the wreck amid the swish of rockets and a general hullabaloo. The exact facsimile of the life-saving apparatus used by Her Majesty's Board of Trade brings ashore—a veritable "god out of a machine"—the hero's shipmate, returned from the Cape with the precious proofs of identity.

Act V. you can imagine for yourselves. At least, I trust you can, for, to be quite frank, I have not seen it. There is a point at which laughter threatens apoplexy, and, not being a lighthouse, I felt that in my case this point was reached at the end of the penultimate Act. But I know what must have happened. Depend upon it, the villain was converted into a living torch—after the fashion of the Roman tyrant's Christians—for lighthouse purposes, and the British lighthouse (the only occasion on which it was ever known to break silence) came forward to speak the "tag," *post tenebras* (the facetious monument was, of course, alluding to the villain's "shady" conduct) *lux*.

All the minor performers—Mr. Henry Neville (hero), Mr. W. L. Abingdon (villain), Mr. John Carter (heavy father), Mr. Fuller Mellish (second villain, afterwards converted), Mr. Tom Terriss (shipmate), Mr. Henry Bedford (house-agent), Miss Beatrice Selwyn (villain's victim), Mr. Herbert Basing and Miss Brinsley Sheridan (comic relief-party)—loyally support the lighthouse in its praiseworthy endeavours to be funny without being vulgar. And one takes leave of it, comforted by the conviction that it "never *will* be tampered with"; for to dowse its glim would be to eclipse the gaiety of nations.

At the Criterion Mr. Wyndham, pending the production of a new comedy—it is a long time since we have had a novelty at this house—has revived *Fourteen Days*, an English version by H. J. Byron of *Un Voyage d'Agrément*, a farce by MM. Gondinet and Bisson, brought out at the Paris Vaudeville some ten years ago. One cannot expect a Criterion

farce to be as funny as a Princess's melodrama, but this piece is still diverting in its way. All the old success attends the legendary scene of the second Act, wherein we see the eccentric governor of a gaol entertaining his prisoners (Mr. Wyndham has been committed to prison for "fourteen days," and the story turns upon his efforts to convince his wife and others that he is spending this interval in a "voyage d'agrément" to Italy), who drink his brandy-and-soda, smoke his cigarettes, and sing the song which has been unaccountably omitted at the Princess's—"Ta-ra-ra-Boum-Deay!" Indeed, the only element of humour and good-humour needed to complete the "harmony of the evening" is a lighthouse.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

PROJECTS, now on the point of completion, are being made by SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS for a great musical season. Fully recognising the cosmopolitan character of the lyrical drama, he intends to give performances of German opera at Drury Lane and of Italian opera at Covent Garden. Last autumn SIR AUGUSTUS introduced us at the Royal Italian Opera to the company of the Paris Opéra Comique; and soon after Easter he will present to the London public HERR POLLINI's principal singers from the opera house of Hamburg. Among other works we are promised the *Ring der Nibelungen*, which was found only too oppressive when some dozen years ago it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre in its original form, but with which our public has since been familiarised through a number of excerpts performed year after year by HERR RICHTER at his excellent concerts. *Tristan und Isolde* will also be given, and, as a matter of course, the *Meistersingers*, which, thanks to SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS's frequent and excellent performances of the work at Covent Garden, is now one of our favourite operas.

At the Royal Italian Opera the manager will have, for the most part, the same excellent company which has appeared at that establishment for some years past, with the two DE RESZKES, MME. MELBA, and M. MAUREL as prominent attractions. M. VAN DYCK, too, has been re-engaged, and the London public will probably have an opportunity of hearing this thoroughly artistic singer in a new work, from the pen of M. MASSENET, which has just been produced with striking success at Vienna.

It was at the Austrian capital that MASSENET's opera of *Werther* was performed on Monday last, absolutely for the first time; so that GOETHE's three most popular works—"Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Faust"—have now found musical expression, and apparently their definite musical form, at the hands of three different French composers—for as GOUNOD has made "Faust" his own, so AMBROISE THOMAS seems finally to have appropriated the story of Mignon; while MASSENET, to judge by the accounts from Vienna published in the London newspapers, has now done the same for "Werther." The three operatic theatres maintained permanently in Paris suffice no longer for the activity of French composers, who have to seek an outlet for their inspirations in foreign countries. Thus Brussels has gradually become the second musical capital of France; and now MASSENET, who, like BENJAMIN GODARD, had already produced more than one new work at Brussels, goes to Vienna for production.

It is indeed strange that the composers of Germany have allowed three such works as "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Werther" to be set to music by Frenchmen. WAGNER, in his "Opera and Drama," expresses bitter indignation at Frankfort to GOETHE,

who, he had previously been informed, was the author of "Werther," that Germany should have permitted an Italian to give musical expression to the German subject, as (claiming, no doubt, through SCHILLER) he considers it, of *William Tell*; but that three works created by Germany's greatest writer should be taken, assimilated, and turned out in a new form by French composers—here truly is matter, not for indignation, but for consideration and inquiry. One explanation is that, as regards the treatment of German masterpieces, Frenchmen rush in where Germans fear to tread. When "Faust" was suggested to MEYERBEER as a fit subject for an opera, he replied that it had already received from a great poet its appropriate and durable form, and that it would be foolish for a composer to meddle with it. The feeling of Germans in these matters may well be understood by Englishmen, to whom an operatic *Hamlet* is an absurdity, and a disagreeable one; though the operatic *Hamlet* of AMBROISE THOMAS is accepted in France as a masterpiece.

A FRENCH student of palæography, M. BOUGENOT, at present on a mission to Vienna under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, has just discovered in the Imperial Library of that city two hitherto unknown historical documents of much interest. One is an extract from a register of the Parlement of Poitiers concerning the popular preacher, FRIAR RICHARD, who was one of the most interesting followers of JOAN OF ARC in 1429. The newly discovered extract sets at rest the historical discussion regarding the Order to which RICHARD belonged. He was a Franciscan, and at one time resident in the convent of his Order at Poitiers. We learn further from the extract that in 1431 the episcopal authorities had recourse to the intervention of the secular power in restraint of RICHARD's preaching. It is impossible to tell why the power of the Parlement of Poitiers was invoked; but as the English had begun proceedings against JOAN OF ARC, in all likelihood the fiery RICHARD had attacked the cowardly indifference and ingratitude of the Government of CHARLES VII. in leaving JOAN to her fate.

THE other document brought to light by M. BOUGENOT had been noted by PROFESSOR WATTENBACH in 1851, but his mention of it attracted no attention. It is a *résumé* of a letter, written in detestable Latin, and entitled "Copy of a letter addressed by King James to the Bishop of Laon." JAMES is that BOURBON, one of the strangest figures of the fifteenth century, who was Count of La Marche and husband of JOANNA II., Queen of Naples. The bishop was WILLIAM OF CHAMPEAUX, a prelate of very unedifying memory. The letter is dated the 24th of July, 1429—a week after CHARLES VII. had been crowned at Rheims—and gives a short, lively account of the campaign immediately preceding that event. Some of the details are most striking, as in the description of the rout of the English at Saint-Sigismund, where TALBOT was caught on horseback without his spurs—so great had been his haste to mount and run. It is contemporary notes of this kind which annihilate time, as a telescope annihilates space.

IF an uninterrupted friendship of close upon half a century, during which early associations, ambitions, failures, successes, and their results, were frankly discussed, can entitle one man to speak with authority upon another, then FERDINAND PRAEGER is fully entitled to speak of RICHARD WAGNER. WAGNER and he were born and brought up in the same town, and in England HERR PRAEGER was WAGNER's first, and for long his sole, champion. Revering and loving the man and his memory, HERR PRAEGER is, how-

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

ever, discriminating enough not to attempt in his "Wagner as I Knew Him" (LONGMANS) to vindicate his friend in all things. He is well aware that WAGNER, although among the immortals in art, was inordinately mortal in conduct. His purpose is to help to an honest understanding of the man and his motives, as he so often laid them bare to him.

OF the frequent and familiar correspondence which passed between CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS during the last twenty years of the life of the former, only the letters of the greater novelist are available, for the well-known reason that DICKENS burned every letter he received not on absolute business. If every eminent personage were to follow this plan, it might prevent the leaping to light of shameful records; but what would Mrs. Candour and Sir Benjamin Backbite do then? The "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins" (OSGOOD), selected by MISS HOGARTH and edited by MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, contains a pretty full, if necessarily one-sided, record of the relations of the two men from 1851 to the death of DICKENS.

IN a case heard before MR. JUSTICE BUTT the other day, a question was raised as to whether crinoline had gone out of fashion in 1866. One learned counsel, contending that it had not at that time ceased to be used, supported his argument by an appeal to the drawings of JOHN LEECH; and apparently neither he nor anybody else in court was aware that JOHN LEECH had died before 1866. As a matter of fact, in country districts crinoline was undoubtedly used in 1866, though in a greatly modified form.

THE obituary since our last issue includes the names of M. JOHAN SVERDRUP, long the leader of the Liberal party in Norway, and Premier from 1884 to 1889; SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P. for Kirkcaldy, once Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and a high authority on Indian and most other matters; MR. JOHN JAY KNOX, the inventor of the National Banking System of the United States, and a leading Treasury official at Washington from 1862 to 1884; DR. DONALD FRASER, the well-known minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Marylebone; MR. H. WARDLE, Liberal M.P. for South Derbyshire; MR. F. A. HANKEY, Conservative M.P. for the Chertsey Division of Surrey; MR. N. ECKERSLEY, formerly Conservative member for Wigan; MR. H. W. BATES, the "Naturalist on the Amazons," and a biologist of the highest eminence; DR. WILHELM JUNKER, the well-known (and pacific) African traveller; DR. T. A. HIRST, formerly Director of Studies in the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and eminent especially as a mathematician; M. NICOLAS DAMALA, a prominent theological Professor of the Greek Church; MR. VALENTINE DURRANT, the author of the "Cheveley Novels"; the DUC DE TREVISE, once Chamberlain to NAPOLEON III.; and M. ALFRED MAURY, Librarian of the Tuileries. With SIR PROVO WALLIS we deal elsewhere.

CROWNER'S QUEST.

"MY name is Joel Symonds," said the witness, "who had been accommodated with a chair; 'I am mate aboard the *Touch-me-not* of Padstow. It was ten o'clock—may be quarter-past—the night before last, when I went on deck from the captain's cabin, where I'd been reading the newspaper, and stepped forward to have a look at our light. There was a crack in the glass and the wind was rising. I was the only soul aboard; the captain being up at the hotel, playing billiards, and all the crew ashore and not likely to be back till the public closed. We lay close alongside the *Pathfinder*, of Runcorn, having to warp out, with half our cargoes aboard, and

wait off the jetty that night for a steamer that was expected before morning and would be loading in a hurry.

"I wasn't half-way down the deck when I heard a splash on the port side, somewhere near our bows. I ran to the bulwarks, and then I heard a man's voice choking and gasping out for help. It was as dark as your hat between the two vessels, but there happened to be a plenty of briming [phosphorescence] in the water that night, and I saw the fellow's head just beneath me, and his arms beating. Every time he struck 'twas like as if he knocked spokes of gold light out of the water. I saw he couldn't swim. I pulled off my shoes and monkey-jacket, dropped overboard, and gripped him by the shirt collar. That was deceased."

The witness here broke off and nodded towards deceased—a long figure covered with a white sheet. At one end deceased's aquiline nose raised a sort of knife-edge in this sheet; at the other his feet stuck up grotesquely.

The coroner at the end of the table ceased for a moment to chew his wooden penholder, and glanced also at the corpse. This was the second time only that he had given it a look. The first time, he had lifted the sheet: but now, as then, he withdrew his eyes quickly. He was a thin, fresh-coloured attorney, with deep wrinkles between his high cheek-bones and grey side-whiskers. He wore a complete suit of black—a decent, suavely-spoken man. Running his eye along the jurymen's faces, he made a pretence to consult his notes, and echoed the witness's last words:

"That was deceased: George Arthur Roberts, captain of the *Pathfinder*."

"I reckon he was hurt already," said the witness. "Very likely he twisted his right arm, or struck it somehow in falling. Anyway I noticed that though he was fain to grip me, like most drowning folks, he couldn't manage it somehow; and he kept up a cruel moaning."

"Say that again."

"I say he moaned like as if he was in great pain."

The witness himself—a heavy-shouldered seaman of about forty—was also suffering a good bit. His cheeks had the colour of old parchment and he punctuated his sentences oddly, stopping now and then in the middle of a sentence to shut his teeth and draw a long breath. But the coroner's tone made him forget his pain for a moment and stare, before he went on—

"As I was telling you, I got hold of his collar and kept him above water while I sung out for help. But the *Pathfinder*, it turned out, was as empty of life as our own vessel, and not a soul upon the jetty to hear me. So I struck out and managed to get him back under the waist of the *Touch-me-not*; for the two vessels lay pretty nearly touching at this point—not more than a couple of feet between them—the *Pathfinder* being driven in against us by the easterly wind that had been rising ever since sundown. We had a pretty stout fender hung over the side, and I reckoned that if I could reach up and get a hold of this fender it might be possible to haul the chap up, me sticking my shoulders against the *Touch-me-not* and jamming my heels against the *Pathfinder*, and wriggling upwards by degrees, if my strength held out.

"Well, I contrived to haul myself up to the fender—though Lord knows how I did it—and rested there a bit with my feet against the *Pathfinder* and the fellow across my thighs, like a sack. He didn't stir at all nor moan, and I couldn't tell whether he was dead or alive. I was cold and numbed and felt I couldn't drag him up another blessed inch until I'd rested a bit. Just then I heard the church clock, down in the town, chime the half-hour; and that was as good as a voice saying I'd have to wait there for pretty well another hour before help came; for the public wouldn't be shutting till eleven.

"I suppose I rested there three or four minutes before I got back strength enough to begin working

up between the two vessels in the way I've described to you. And I reckon I'd have saved the man if the *Pathfinder's* warp had been a better one. As it was, we weren't four feet above the water when it gave a bit before an extra strong puff, and the cursed black hull came grinding in upon us, doubling my knees pretty well up to my chin. I told you the man was lying across my thighs, and as they shut up upon him like a pair of scissors I heard two of his ribs go crack—"

"You heard them break?" asked the coroner, quickly.

"I heard them go 'crack—crack'—just like that. He gave a couple of little screams, like a woman. My own ribs were pretty nigh broken, but I suppose I'm tougher made."

"Then he was quite conscious?"

"He was conscious and groaning for ten minutes after, at least. In fact, I remember listening to him for ten minutes after, till my own collar-bone was smashed, which gave me something else to think on. The *Pathfinder* was grinding against us all that time, and I reckoned every minute we should be flattened to pancakes. . . ."

The coroner set down his pen, laid his white left hand on the table, and rubbed the back of it softly with his right. As he did so, he thought first of the two vessels rubbing against each other that dark night. Then his memory ran back to another scene, and he ceased to attend to the witness, whose voice ran on with irregular lapses and quickenings, like a stream in a stony bed. He forgot the low-raftered coffee-room, the table before him (decorated with the sticky circles left by pint-pots), the jurymen's stolid faces, the figure under the sheet. His eyes were bent on the name "George Arthur Roberts." These were the last three words of his notes.

Staring at this name, the coroner took up his pen again, dipped it in the inkpot, and, while seeming to take down the witness's story, continued his notes as follows:—

"The deceased George Arthur Roberts was a boarder at the first school I went to. I was a day-boy, between nine or ten years old. Roberts was fifteen. Our playground was an irregular square, paved with asphalt. Two sides of this square were formed by the main building, the third was a high wall fronting the road, the fourth was a long, one-storeyed building, used as a gymnasium. The floor of this was covered, six inches deep, with tan, and the dust of it hung on the walls, the parallel bars, rings, ropes, trapezes, etc. There was a high bridge-ladder at one end. My first morning at school, Roberts took me to this gymnasium, showed me the bridge-ladder, and told me I must climb it to-morrow and swing off it upon the highest trapeze. He said that all new boys had to do this; it was absolutely necessary. I was a weak boy, brought up by my mother, who was a widow; and this frightened me to death. I went home and dreamt horrible of that trapeze all night. Next day I hung outside the gates until long after the bell had rung, and was kept in school for an extra hour, by way of punishment. By the time I was free, Roberts was down in the football field, and so I escaped. I repeated these tactics for a week and suffered agonies. Night after night I woke in a sweat of terror. I had no appeal—not even to my mother: for she would have appealed to the head-master, and that would have stamped me as a sneak. On the sixth day my master's patience was exhausted. He wrote a note complaining of my unpunctuality, told me to deliver it to my mother and dismissed me with the rest. I could have begged on my knees for the usual punishment. In the playground outside, Roberts caught me. He and a dozen others hauled me off to the gymnasium, dragged me up the bridge-ladder, tied my ankles to the bar of the trapeze, and swung me off, head downwards. I was blue in the face before they took me down. I might have been as brave, physically, as the common run of men; but, thanks to that day's bullying, I have always

been a pitiful coward. Roberts left at the end of that term, and I had heard since that he was in the merchant service. I recognised him at once—"

At this point he raised his head. The witness had finished his story, and there was silence in the coffee-room.

"I beg your pardon," said the coroner, "but would you mind repeating one portion of your evidence? You say you heard his ribs crack, and that he suffered for full ten minutes after. I want to hear that again, please." Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"G. M." AND THE GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

SIR,—It is as unfortunate for "G. M." as—if you will allow me to say so—it is well for you that you seriously considered the proposal of a "Tate Wing" at the National Gallery before "G. M.'s" odd contribution to the pseudo-New Journalism sought the countenance of your pages. The lamentable taste pervading the whole of it is its own condemnation; but "G. M." would be false to himself were he, in his attitude towards Mr. Tate, to forswear the gentle practices of *Punch's* typical navy—"Ere's a gent! 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

Now, I do not quarrel with "G. M." for writing *au generis*, flippantly and vindictively, for thoroughly characteristic work can only be produced, as we all know, by being truly and frankly one's self; but his case must be weak indeed if, besides insulting with more than usual grossness the man who generously offers a princely gift to his fellow-countrymen, he builds up his argument by perversion and misrepresentation. I must decline to follow "our English Zola" through his two columns of flouts and jeers; but it is necessary, for your readers' sake, that some of these misstatements should be contradicted, lest they might, perchance, be believed.

It is not true that the National Gallery authorities declined Mr. Tate's pictures on their merits; they were rejected on the dual account of want of space and of certain mistaken conditions which the donor desired to impose. It is not true that Mr. Tate proposes to present his pictures *en bloc*, but only such of the best as an independent committee may adjudge worthy of acceptance. Nor is it true that I "revealed in my article in the *New Review* the fact that Mr. Agnew is also anxious to endow the new building—and to the extent of ten thousand pounds." As Mr. Agnew "revealed" the fact himself some months ago in the columns of the *Times*—the way I heard of it—from which it was copied into the chief newspapers of the country, it is disingenuous, to say the least, though of little importance, to suggest that the first announcement came from me. It is manifestly not true that Mr. Agnew—supposing he carried out his intention—would thereby, more than any other donor, have any share whatever in the management of the proposed gallery. It is not true that I have advocated a British Luxembourg—a proposition which "G. M." makes his chief point. On the contrary, I have sought only to direct attention to the far more pressing necessity, and the greater desirableness, of a British Louvre, and I hoped to divert Mr. Tate's proposal into that channel. And, finally, it is not true that I wish to "encourage art," a quibble by which "G. M." would mislead his readers. What I would and do wish to see is encouragement of the artist—a very different thing. For lack of it many an artist has gone under who has not been endowed with the extraordinary persistence and courage of Mr. Whistler—the present god of "G. M.'s" adoration. It was for want of such encouragement that Alfred Stevens was kept to designing stoves and fire-irons, that Méryon was driven to a mad-house, that Millet suffered from the chill of neglect, that Burns starved, and Chatterton died—that many a genius has been stunted or cut down, his career spoiled, or his life embittered. "G. M." ought to have known this.

But it is true that his controversial methods are such that, beyond contradicting mis-statements, it is impossible to enter into discussion with him. It is true that "G. M.," after having, as he tells us, ineffectually agitated again and again for the purchase of a picture that is not, and is never likely to be, for sale, has unhappily fallen to rivaling Billingsgate in diction and Cockneydom in sentiment and comportment. Manifestly designed to upset a plan distasteful to himself, the mockeries with which "G. M." has bespattered Mr. Tate will scarcely, it is to be hoped, bring about the result they aim at; for such gibes and taunts, by their very cowardliness, do not attain the dignity of an outrage, nor carry the weight of an affront. The object of the attack, though he will hardly read it without some annoyance, will doubtless estimate "G. M." and his merry ways at their proper value, and philosophically recall the poet's words:—

" . . . Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect silence when they brawl."

—Your obedient servant,
February 13th, 1892.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

DEAR SIR,—As an active member of the Liberal party, I beg to protest most strongly against the article in this week's *SPEAKER* entitled "The Proposed Destruction of the National Gallery."

I know that there are people who consider themselves men of light and leading to whom wealth made in trade is Philistine to the last degree, no matter how honourably it has been amassed or how benevolently disbursed; and no doubt "G. M." regards himself as a very David charged to avenge upon Mr. Tate canons of art which he thinks to have been outraged. But it is not with "G. M." that I am concerned; he has acted but in obedience to natural law, and has borne fruit after his kind. But, Sir, I have been a reader of your paper from the first, and I have rejoiced in the able and high-toned assistance it has rendered to the Liberal party, and I protest against your admitting an article casting ridicule and obloquy upon one of the most generous and large-hearted men in England. There are hundreds who, in the free libraries maintained and instituted by Mr. Tate, will read this article with indignation. The authorities of University College, Liverpool—to the foundation and endowment of which he largely contributed—will resent the impeachment of his disinterested motives. More than one young man of humble birth, but through his generosity is now training at Oxford or Cambridge to the benefit of future generations, will feel that if Liberalism is thus to be identified with the vilification of generous, modest men, they will have none of it. I know something of Mr. Tate's career, and I know that his generous nature has sought to benefit mankind in every way, but especially in providing educational facilities for those who could not otherwise obtain them. No creed has placed a limit on his sympathies. Although he is a man of definite religious faith, he has confined his benevolence to no sect, and I, personally, know of many deeds of kindness done by him in the name of others or under no name at all. I have no doubt that "G. M." and men of a like temperament would surmise that I had written this letter from interested motives, so I will ask you to print it under the pseudonym of

RESPICE FINEM.

[Our correspondent has failed to distinguish between "G. M.'s" estimate of Mr. Tate as an art patron and that gentleman's character as a man. We gladly print our correspondent's vindication of Mr. Tate on the latter point, merely suggesting that, for once, our accomplished art critic has been taken too literally.—ED. *SPEAKER*.]

SIR,—I read in your last number with much interest an admirable article upon "The Proposed Destruction of the National Gallery," signed by "G. M." It appears to me monstrous that an institution which, from the number and representative character of its treasures and the wisdom of its management, has become one of England's chief glories, should ever suffer at the hands of that very vulgar modern product—the notoriety-hunter—possessed of infinitely more money than brains. Yet, so it has suffered from time to time. Several years ago those offensive ineptitudes by Frith, MacIse, Landseer, Ary Scheffer, Mulready, etc., which disfigure an otherwise faultless collection, were thrust by various Midases upon weak or ignorant trustees. To-day it is sought by Mr. Tate to force, if I am rightly informed, a series of Herkomers, Longs, Faeds, Fildes, Dicksees, and other rubbish upon the National Gallery. But the present trustees, fortunately happening to be a strong, independent body, have very properly refused to be bullied by certain newspaper clamour aroused by the jingle of gold guineas into accepting a gift, which they know would only further disfigure the superb collection confided to their care. While, however, a strong body may just now govern the fortunes of the National Gallery, it by no means follows that such a body shall always govern in future, when, I feel tolerably certain, the institution will more and more frequently have to stand the assaults of the notoriety-hunting Midas. In order to defeat him, I consider very appropriate "G. M.'s" suggestion that a law should be passed prohibiting the trustees from accepting or acquiring any work by an artist who has not been, at least, dead five-and-twenty years. I see no other way to preserve the purity of the National Gallery, for time, somehow, destroys all false reputations.

It is an axiom that the number of persons who know anything at all about painting is exceedingly small. If, then, the trustees are to be intimidated by the influences of money and popular agitation, we may expect to see our magnificent National Gallery speedily become the laughing-stock, instead of remaining the admiration, of artistic Europe.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

EDWARD MARTIN.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, February 15th.

"G. M." AND ARTISTIC EDUCATION.

SIR,—The contributions of "G. M." to *THE SPEAKER* on art matters are usually interesting reading; they contain the views of a gentleman who, at all events, has some ideas, and if we cannot agree with them, their individuality gives them a pleasant flavour. It was, however, with surprise that I read his article

of February 6th on "Artistic Education," in which an attack is made on the art teaching at South Kensington. This attack may seem a formidable one to persons ignorant of the subject, but to those who have any knowledge of it the wonder is that "G. M." can think so little of his position as a writer on art subjects as to give himself so completely away by writing on a subject of which apparently he knows nothing.

I am not going to attempt a complete answer to this article—that would mean taking it paragraph by paragraph, and troubling you with a letter as long as the article itself—I can only take its two main points, and give the facts bearing on them.

The first deals with the way drawing is taught at South Kensington, the second with its results.

"G. M." begins by telling us that he has "a very intimate knowledge of the schools of drawing and painting"; but the next paragraph reveals to us that his intimate knowledge does not extend beyond what the teaching was *twenty-five years ago*. "G. M." calmly tells us he has no doubt the schools are "the same to-day as they were twenty-five years ago," and on this assumption begins his attack by describing in an amusing manner the way the students draw elaborate ornamentation from flat copies with the aid of lead pencils and compasses, and the patient labour by which, after months of scratching and stippling with the finest possible point and much picking out with bread, a "lifeless," "inconsistent" drawing in chalk is produced of an antique figure, "a flat, foolish thing, very soft and smooth," but "like nothing under the sun except a drawing made at Kensington."

The facts are as follows:—Matters are not, *even at South Kensington*, as they were twenty-five years ago.

In the autumn of 1875 Mr. Poynter, R.A., accepted the post of Director for Art, and in the spring of the following year he brought Mr. Sparkes from the scene of his successful application of the South Kensington system of instruction at the Lambeth School of Art, and obtained his appointment as Headmaster at Kensington. From that time there has been no use whatever made of flat copies as a means of instruction in drawing; they were banished entirely from the School. Stippled drawings followed in their wake, the chalk-point was driven out by the stump, and, except when drawings were made for the Royal Academy, stippled drawings disappeared from the School. So entire has been this disappearance that a want of some of the old accuracy has been felt, and distinct efforts have had to be made to check the tendency to slovenliness. "G. M." may have been describing accurately the work of twenty-five years ago; he knows nothing of what it is now.

But the second point is a much more important one.

The South Kensington system of teaching is, according to "G. M.," so utterly bad, that the place is only to be likened to a fountain of poisoned water, from which whosoever drinks dies. To have been a South Kensington student "is an almost fatal objection against anyone applying for work in any one of our industrial centres"; and, finally, "G. M." asks, with a triumphant air of conviction, "Has South Kensington ever produced an artist who can paint respectably? Are the designs done by its students available at Minton's or Doulton's?"

These, Sir, are the facts. Amongst the painters who have received their early training at South Kensington are Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. Henry Woods, A.R.A., Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and Mr. Shannon. If I were to extend my statement to other schools where the South Kensington system has been adopted, I should add Mr. Oulless, R.A., and Mr. Swan from Lambeth, Mr. Herkomer, R.A., and Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., from Southampton. I am giving you well-known names only, but could increase the list indefinitely. These men may not paint in the manner of Degas, the deity worshipped by "G. M.," but can anyone say they do not paint "respectably"? As to the designers—"Are their designs available," asks "G. M.," "at Minton's or Doulton's?" Why, Sir, "G. M." has leapt into the den of lions. I cannot speak as to Minton's, but Sir Henry Doulton, I know, will readily bear out my statement that the designers from South Kensington and Lambeth have made his art pottery. I may say, broadly, he has never had a design from anybody else; his designers have all been drafted from these two schools. And, Sir, were it not that it would make my already too long letter longer, I could give you lists of men who, in this country, in America, and on the Continent, are holding high and lucrative posts as designers to manufacturing firms.

Believe me, Sir, I hold no brief for South Kensington. I know too well its weak points. I am one who would hail with delight a properly organised and well-directed attack upon the Art Department based upon the real facts of the case. But such an attack must be made with shotguns accurately aimed at the weak spots. "G. M." is only firing blank cartridge, and that in the air.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

E. B.

LIBERALISM AND LONDON.

SIR,—I read with regret the sentence in your otherwise excellent leader on the Liberal party and London government which said that "taking London as it is the cause of the Progressive party in the County Council is not altogether a popular

one, and consequently the Liberal party may lose almost as much as it can hope to gain from allying itself with that cause." I cannot help expressing the opinion—which, I think, is shared by most students of London politics—that this view is a mistaken one. Apart from the undoubted fact that municipal politics are daily becoming fuller and more interesting, while Imperial questions are losing their hold on the imaginations of Englishmen, it cannot for one moment be doubted that the Progressive vote for the coming County Council is likely to show the high-water mark of Radical—I will not say Liberal—success in the metropolis. And for this reason—the issues in the County Council election awake the enthusiastic efforts of many classes who are only languidly interested in direct party issues. The Trade Unions are interested in the preservation of the County Council as a "fair house," working loyally with the workmen's organisations; the teetotal party and the religious world are interested in maintaining the temperance methods of the Council and in upholding its licensing policy; and the very poor of London—John Bright's "residuum"—for whom neither political party has ever worked with any seriousness, have received a series of small and useful benefits which they are not likely to forget. Indeed, if the London democracy does not return a Progressive majority to the County Council, it will have to be acknowledged once for all that it is a permanently lethargic body.

Home Rule is, no doubt, a measure of abstract political justice and of large democratic importance, but it cannot touch the mass of Londoners so deeply as the working of the Housing and the Parks Committees of the County Council. If, therefore, Liberalism desires a genuine renaissance of popular interest, it will have to throw its main weight, not into political reform, which will come of itself, but into large measures of social reconstruction. Otherwise, its attraction for the mass of the working people will die of sheer inanition. In certain centres in the North of England, where the social side of modern Radical politics is either tabooed or misunderstood, I am convinced it is so dying; and, in point of fact, it is London—the despised and rejected of the canvas politician—that is really showing the way to a possible future for a reconstructed Liberalism.—Yours faithfully,

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, February 19th, 1892.

AMONG the "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins" (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), which have just been reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, there is one in particular that not only confirms our love for the writer, but adds one more tradition of human kindness to the public stock. Indeed a man may feel the better merely for copying it out. In the autumn of 1862, Wilkie Collins' health broke down while he was in the midst of writing "No Name"; and this is the message which Dickens sent on hearing the news—

"MY DEAR WILKIE,—Frank Beard has been here this evening, of course since I posted my this day's letter to you, and has told me that you are not at all well and how he has given you something which he hopes and believes will bring you round. It is not to convey this insignificant piece of intelligence, or to tell you how anxious I am that you should come up with a wet sheet and a flowing sail (as we say at sea when we are not sick), that I write. It is simply to say what follows, which I hope may save you some mental uneasiness—for I was stricken ill when I was doing *Bleak House*, and I shall not easily forget what I suffered under the fear of not being able to come up to time. Dismiss that fear (if you have it) altogether from your mind. Write to me at Paris at any moment, and say you are unequal to your work, and want me, and I will come to London straight and do your work. I am quite confident that, with your notes and a few words of explanation, I could take it up at any time and do it. Absurdly unnecessary to say that it would be a makeshift! But I could do it, at a pinch, so like you as that no one should find out the difference. Don't make much of this offer in your mind; it is nothing except to ease it. If you should want help, it is safe as the Bank. The trouble will be nothing to me, and the triumph of overcoming a difficulty great. . . . You won't want me. You will be well (and thankless) in no time. But there I am; and I hope the knowledge may be a comfort to you. Call me, and I come."

Collins recovered, and was able to finish his book without his friend's collaboration. But in the autumn of 1889—twenty-seven years later—he was obliged to accept a like service from another friend. He was now in his last illness, and his last novel, "Blind Love," lay unfinished. He sent to Mr. Walter Besant, begging him to complete the work; and Mr. Besant tells us about it, with some good-humoured mystery, in the current number of the *New Review*:

"I was at that time in Yorkshire," he says, "and could not talk over the work with him; and, besides, he was himself too ill for the mental effort of discussion. He therefore sent me proofs of the part already completed, and a detailed scenario of the rest. Understand, therefore, that I was only in part collaborator, because the story was complete in notes, construction, character, and even fragments of dialogue, without any assistance of mine. All was done but the writing. My chief duty therefore was, if possible, to carry on the story to the end without any obvious break in the style. Now had I revealed, on the publication of the book, the exact place where one hand ended and another began, there would have been a chance—much too good to be lost—for the sagacious critic to point out the deplorable effect produced by the difference in style. . . . Therefore, knowing what would happen were I to fall into this trap, I was careful in the preface to avoid any indication of the spot where this deplorable break, or this *callida junctura*, occurred, and I only observed that doubtless the sagacious critic would readily find out the place for himself. No sagacious critic accepted the invitation, no one even attempted to lay his finger on the place. . . ."

On reading these two passages, the other day, I was amused to find that their chief interest for the moment lay neither in the generosity of Charles Dickens nor the dexterity of Walter Besant. Circumstances set me thinking, rather, of Wilkie Collins, and wondering how he felt in 1862 and again in 1889, when his two friends were so willing, and apparently so well able, to do his work for him. The fact is that a great many of us have been laid by the heels lately, brought up with a jerk in the hot pursuit of our schemes, big and little. "A breath of air, an overhanging cloud effects it." And even in those who escaped the sick-room some abatement of cocksureness was noticeable, a certain humility of carriage as they walked the pavements; as was natural at a time when the theatres reeked of eucalyptus and the newspapers insisted, day by day, on the insecurity of man's life and his projects.

There is, to be sure, the cheap reminder that our schemes, outside of our own vain imaginations, are probably worth less than two-pence:

"Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

and this securely-judging planet will trundle along very well without us. Somebody will take up our designs and carry them out quite effectively enough. "There is nothing at all in Wilkie Collins," says Mr. Besant, "that might not have been written in collaboration": and very likely he is right. Still, I would like to feel certain that Wilkie Collins shared this cheerful view.

But no man worth his salt will assent to anything of the kind. Each of us—if we will only say it without affectation—believes he can, if time be granted, do something that nobody else can do half as well; and no sooner is he tucked up in a sick-bed, with a body and brain that refuse to answer to his call, than he feels he has been betrayed. We cannot suppose that Gibbon ever prayed very heartily—at any rate after his recall from that youthful excursion of his into the Roman Catholic faith: but I fancy he must have come very near to it when he first compassed out in imagination the design of his great work. A man *must* try to make terms with Providence on such occasions. "Let me only live to finish this," he says, "and then I will go contentedly." It is no bad fortune to drop on the heights of Abraham; but to be tumbled into the second or third ditch is a poor business. It won't even decorate an epitaph.

Mr. Stevenson, in a note at the end of his essay "Ordered South," put the case of such an unfortunate very neatly:—"Even if mankind shall go on founding heroic cities, practising heroic virtues, rising steadily from strength to strength; even if his work shall be fulfilled, his friends consoled, his wife remarried to a better than he; how shall this alter, in one jot, his estimation of a career which was his only business in the world, which was so

fitfully pursued, and which is now so ineffectively to end?" This is what a man thinks at the time, and one of the first problems of the sick-room is to divert him from these reflections. He is the hopefulest patient—if any such exist—who can take the affair like the "lower animals." "They," says Walt Whitman—

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,"

But a man will be doing this unless we can find means to divert him. And of these means books are among the best.

This leads me to express a wish that those gentlemen who so busily compile lists of the "Hundred Best Books" would occasionally pause and ask themselves what they mean by "best." Best for whom? and in what circumstances? Best for the Bodleian or the Mutual Improvement Society? or the knapsack? or the sick-room? I can admire the "Critique of Pure Reason," but let me be sick, and "all the wheels of being slow," and I will get more good out of "Three Men in a Boat." And what is more, I believe Sir John Lubbock would, too.

At any rate I am on the side of Hazlitt in this, so need not be afraid. He was on his death-bed when he penned his essay on "The Sick-Chamber," and the last words he wrote—as became a true man of letters—spoke his gratitude to books. "They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heart-felt of all our enjoyments!" And what, if you please, was the book that compelled this warm-hearted tribute? Why Lytton's "Paul Clifford," of all sorry stuff. "I am fairly embarked in it," he writes; "and at the end of the first volume, where I am galloping across the heath with three highwaymen while the moon is shining full on them, feel my nerves so braced, and my spirits so exhilarated that, to say truth, I am scarce sorry for the occasion that has thrown me upon the work and the author—have quite forgot my *Sick-Room*. . . ."

Somebody should compile a list of authors to be read during illness. Smollett would be one, and George Borrow, and Dumas, of course; Le Sage and Anthony Hamilton; the "Journey to Lisbon" and the "Decameron" on Lamb's testimony; "Pickwick" on everybody's testimony; for no well-understood reason I must vote for every word of Jane Austen. How shall we continue the list? A *plébiscite* here would not be half so foolish as *plébiscites* are used to be.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A GREAT PRIME MINISTER.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G. By the Marquis of Lorne, K.G. ("The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria" Series.) London: Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

WE hesitate to pronounce a positive verdict on this little book. It is written in excellent taste, and with a warm appreciation of the higher qualities of Lord Palmerston's character. But Lord Lorne has hardly realised the conditions on which a biography of this character should be composed. In elaborate political memoirs it is, no doubt, necessary to introduce long extracts from the minutes, the correspondence and the speeches of a Minister; but in a short life such as this there is no room for the long documents of this character which Lord Lorne has inserted. The writer who includes them has necessarily to exclude other and more important matter. Lord Lorne, for instance, omits all reference to Lord Palmerston's great speech on Portuguese affairs in 1820, though it probably led to his appointment as Foreign Minister under Lord Grey. He devotes less than fifteen pages

to his conduct of foreign affairs from 1830 to 1841, and gives no account of the serious difference with his colleagues in 1840, which nearly broke up the Melbourne Administration. He is silent on the objections which Lord Grey raised to Lord Palmerston's reappointment to the Foreign Office in December, 1845, though they prevented Lord John Russell from forming a Ministry at the time. He dismisses the question of the Spanish Marriages with the remark that "it is not necessary to say much about them." He fails to give any account of the charges which the Queen preferred against Lord Palmerston for neglecting the ordinary rules of official conduct. He makes no allusion to the Persian War of 1856, or to the Constitutional questions involved in its inception. He has nothing to tell us about the repeal of the Paper Duties, and the differences which consequently arose between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. We feel, in short, on rising from his narrative, that Lord Lorne has inserted a mass of matter which he might have omitted, and that he has omitted many subjects which he ought to have inserted.

Lord Palmerston's career is unique in English history. No Minister, before or since, has held high office for so long a period, or has filled the first position in the State at so advanced an age. He was in Parliament—with an interval of a few weeks in 1835—from 1807 to 1865; and for fifty of these fifty-eight years he sat on the Treasury Bench. Yet, during the first quarter of a century of his Parliamentary life, he gave little promise of his future eminence. In his eighteenth year, indeed, Lord Minto said of him, in a passage which is strangely overlooked by all Lord Palmerston's biographers, that "diligence, capacity, total freedom from vice of every sort, gentle and mild disposition, cheerfulness, pleasantness, and perfect sweetness, are in the catalogue of properties by which we may advertise him should he be lost"; and in his twenty-sixth year Mr. Perceval offered him the choice of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and of the Secretaryship at War, with a seat in the Cabinet. Yet Lord Palmerston not only chose the lower office and refused the Cabinet, but was content to remain in this subordinate position till 1827. A similar instance of self-repression cannot probably be found in political history.

During this period Lord Palmerston had been steadily moving towards Liberalism. Beginning life under Mr. Perceval, he ended the first part of his official career by seceding, with Mr. Canning's friends, from the Duke of Wellington. It was natural in these circumstances that he should form part of Lord Grey's Ministry. As a member of the Whig Cabinet, he actively supported the Reform Act, and he voted for the other Liberal measures of the Ministry. But thenceforward, though he continued to act with the Liberal party, he slowly but steadily moved towards Conservatism. He entertained, and never lost, a strong dislike for fresh organic reform, and the domestic policy of his second Administration is probably the best example of pure Conservatism which is to be found in the history of England in the present century.

In foreign policy, Lord Palmerston displayed more Liberal tendencies. But it is a mistake to suppose that his policy was that of pure Liberalism. He aimed at introducing into Continental Governments the institutions he was defending at home; but he was throughout much more eager to support the interests of his own fellow-countrymen on the Continent than to introduce reforms into foreign countries. The "Civis Romanus" was sure of his protection in every difficulty, and even in every scrape; and one of our diplomatists plaintively told the Prime Minister that "he wished his interference was only ordered on large occasions, and not on every case of a debt of £20." But Lord Palmerston gave much more offence by his manner than by the extent of his interference. Foreign statesmen and foreign sovereigns were spoken of in terms which, to say the least, were uncivil; and Lord Palmerston's

own colleagues, as well as his Sovereign, found that the Foreign Minister was pledging them to proceedings of which they were ignorant, and of which occasionally they disapproved. The fact is, that just as in the first period of Lord Palmerston's career he had been remarkable for self-repression, so in the second period, from 1830 to 1850, he developed a unique capacity for self-assertion. In consequence his conduct provoked the constant and—we are bound to add—just complaints of the Queen, and eventually led to his own abrupt dismissal. Lord Lorne seems to us to mistake the reasons for that dismissal. He appears to think that Lord Palmerston was removed because he had expressed in private conversation with the representative of France an opinion which ought to have been embodied in an official despatch. But the complaint against him was far graver—viz., that he had expressed an opinion which was opposed to the directions of the Queen and the decision of the Cabinet. No one will differ from Lord Lorne in thinking that the Minister responsible for our foreign policy must be allowed to express opinions in private letters and private interviews; but everyone should desire that these opinions should be consistent with, and not contrary to, the decisions of the Cabinet of which the Minister is the mouthpiece.

There is, unhappily, no doubt that both in his first and, specially, in his second administration of the Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston was not sufficiently careful to observe this rule. He was too fond—to use his own phraseology—of scoring “off his own bat.” But this objection did not apply to the third and closing period of his career—when he succeeded to the Premiership. In the first place, a Prime Minister—from his position—is entitled to a freer hand than any other member of the Cabinet; and, in the next place, with advancing years Lord Palmerston displayed an increasing tact and a growing desire to conciliate both his colleagues and the public. Many men who have succeeded as lieutenants have failed in command. It was reserved for Lord Palmerston to display, as head of the Ministry, qualities which could hardly have been credited to him by those who had known him only in the second place in it. His Conservatism, moreover, was not wholly disadvantageous to him. His rule fell at a time when the country generally was indisposed to Radical changes; and he reflected accurately enough the feeling of the House of Commons. The majority liked to serve under leaders who called themselves Liberals, but who introduced Conservative measures; and a tacit agreement was established that there should be no reforms while Lord Palmerston lived. It must not, however, be forgotten that the policy of repose—however acceptable at the moment—prepared the way for the violent changes which immediately followed Lord Palmerston's death. Within the next five years all the reforms which he had strenuously resisted were carried by the force of public opinion. Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the first Irish Land Act, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, the introduction of Compulsory Education were the work of these years; and the sweeping character of these reforms was due to the reaction against Lord Palmerston's Conservatism. A mild Reform Bill conceded in 1859 might have averted the drastic measure of 1867 and all the consequences which ensued from its passage.

Thus, although we are prepared to include Lord Palmerston among the greatest of the Queen's Prime Ministers, we can approve neither his conduct of foreign affairs nor his policy as Prime Minister. The first paved the way for the “Jingo” movement; the second led to the capitulation and defeat of the Conservatives who had applauded it. So it has always been, and so it will always be. A concurrence of circumstances enabled Lord Palmerston, while he lived, to arrest the rising tide; and the waters, on his death, obliterated every trace of the feeble ramparts which he had opposed to them.

MONISM.

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS: the Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge. By Dr. Paul Carus. Second edition. Chicago: Open Court. 1891.

WHEN a philosophical quarterly appears with the title of *The Monist* and receives contributions from men of acknowledged distinction, it may be assumed that Monism is in the air. What is Monism? Some persons think that it means that the universe is one; others, perhaps, believe it has something to do with monotheism or else pantheism; while others, more scientifically instructed, think of it as a system which reconciles spiritualism and materialism. Perhaps it is a little of all these. Dr. Carus, the editor of the quarterly just mentioned and of a weekly philosophical paper, *The Open Court*, has tried to enlighten us on the subject by a series of leading articles from his paper, interspersed with answers to the criticisms which they have provoked. He has a lightness of touch which is calculated to attract, and he never troubles his reader with too much matter. But, owing to its origin, the volume makes the impression of table-talk rather than of continuous thinking. The author writes lucidly and pleasantly on individual topics; but he does not convey a clear idea of the whole, and he leaves his reader a great deal too much to do in order to obtain a definite conception of what his meaning is. Dr. Carus wants to supply a “unitary and harmonious conception of the world.” Sometimes, however, he seems merely to be insisting that there is only one principle in the universe. But this is what philosophers have always been saying; we want no Monism to tell us that; it is common to Hegel, whom Dr. Carus repudiates with Dr. Carus himself. He means really a great deal more than this; not only does he think that there is unity and continuity in nature, but also he has a theory of the animation of nature, and of the identity between the laws of nature and those of mind, which shall be presently explained.

Monism is an important philosophical doctrine. The greatest of all Monists is Spinoza. Heine said, “Spinoza was a maker of lenses, and all subsequent philosophers have seen through the glasses which he ground.” But not only is this to some degree true of the philosophers who succeeded him, but at the present day thinkers are beginning to look at certain problems more and more through Spinoza's glasses. He advanced a view of the relation between body and mind which is finding more and more acknowledgment in modern philosophy. We are all accustomed to think of our minds as intimately connected with the condition of our body, especially of our brain. The psychologist is satisfied if he can say that the mental phenomenon accompanies the body; but the philosopher cannot rest here. Spinoza had already advanced a stage beyond this point of view, though without any of that wealth of knowledge which physiology has accumulated to prove his thesis. He held that body was the object of the mind's ideas; by which he meant that the bodily state was one mode in which the same thing appeared which in another mode appeared as the mental state. The world of thought and that of extension, were to him two opposite aspects of the one Deity; and a particular corollary of this doctrine was that, in the human mind, consciousness and its bodily counterpart were identical, different aspects of one and the same thing. Here is Monism in its simplest form, in which mind and matter are identified because they have a common source. Monism in England is very much associated with the name of W. K. Clifford, whose study of Spinoza affected deeply both his ethics and his metaphysics. Without any reference to the God about whom Spinoza's philosophy centres, Clifford followed his master in identifying matter and spirit so far that he declared that feeling, consciousness, constituted the nature of things in themselves; and he postulated the existence of a mind-stuff which existed in various degrees of complexity in all nature, from the stone up to the man.

Another philosophical writer, Mr. Romanes, has

adopted much the same view, while inclining to the Spinozistic conception of a great principle of which matter and mind are but varying aspects. But all sorts of variations of the theory are permissible provided that we retain the main conception that mind and its bodily counterpart are not different, but identical. We may believe that mind and matter both centre in an inclusive Deity, or, with Clifford, we may omit the Deity and substitute mind-stuff, in which case the universe still retains its unity and continuity throughout. It is even possible, on these terms, to endow separate things of nature, material and animate, with a life of feeling. If you do this you get a theory which is not properly described as Monism at all, but Monadism. In all cases the gap is bridged between mind and matter by declaring the two things to be identical.

Such is Monism historically. Dr. Carus' Monism is a different kind, yet he often speaks as if he were repeating the argument which we have cited. He is quite clear as to the identity of a mental state with its bodily counterpart, which, after all, only means that a complex physical state, if regarded in connection with all other physical facts, is purely physical; but if regarded as a whole in relation to other similar wholes is mental, a fact of consciousness. And he fills all nature with life, while stopping short of filling it with consciousness. What reason there is in his theory for stopping short is not clearly visible. It is as easy to endow the atoms with mind as with life, and if you are going to represent things to be other than they really are, you had better give them the highest character possible. But the complaint to be made against Dr. Carus' theory is that he nowhere shows the connection between this part of his theory and that which forms the basis of his theory. For he attaches himself not to Spinoza or Clifford, but to Kant, whose philosophy he believes to have so modified as to make it true. Now the Monism which flows from a modification of Kant's theory is not based on psychology like Clifford's, but upon an analysis of knowledge. Kant declared that the mind dictated its laws to nature, because all phenomena were perceived under certain forms of the mind; and Kant held that the mind, therefore, was unable to lay hold of real things in themselves. Now Dr. Carus reasons thus. He divines that things in themselves are fictions of the philosophical imagination. Forms, he urges, exist in nature itself. He dwells upon the importance of arrangement; in a brief and very slight passage on causation he points out how causal processes are nothing but rearrangements of matter. Science investigates the laws of form—the laws according to which things are arranged—form being, of course, inseparable from matter though distinguished from it. Now the mind also works by forms, which are called laws of thought, and correspond to certain arrangements and connections of particles in the brain. The laws of form which constitute order in knowledge Dr. Carus seems to identify with mathematical and logical laws. And since the order of nature does not frustrate but agrees with our calculations, whether logical or mathematical, he concludes that the laws of formal thinking are therefore identical with the laws of form in nature.

All this is ingeniously and freshly put. But while the author is upon the right track, he does not establish his position. On any ordinary empirical doctrine there would be nothing remarkable in the agreement of laws of thought with nature, for the mind in learning to understand nature would adapt its ways of thinking to the facts which it finds. Indeed, the argument would prove that the laws of thinking are not *a priori* at all. Moreover, if as Kant said the only facts we know are phenomena, into which we have read the laws which we bring with us, the agreement or disagreement of nature with our calculations only shows, as Kant asserted, that there are material elements which are not under our control, but are supplied from some unknown source beyond. All that Dr. Carus proves, if we take his

argument as it stands, is that the laws by which we think nature are identical with the laws which prevail in nature as thought by us. If he had gone further he might have stated the case conclusively. As the amœba reacts upon its world, according to its humble means, so we, by means of knowledge, adapt ourselves to the world. If, therefore, our knowledge were not so adapted, we should conflict with nature and fail to live. But since knowledge has been evolved, since the effort to apprehend nature succeeds, we conclude—not the unimportant fact that laws of thinking repeat the laws of nature, but that the nature which we think is the nature which really exists and has produced us to think it. This argument denies Kant's postulate of things in themselves, and shows that nature is what we think it. Perhaps Dr. Carus means this, but as he states his argument he is open to fire both from the side of Kant and of ordinary theories of experience.

Dr. Carus' doctrine about the identity of the laws of thought and the laws of nature (which it must be observed is Monism in a new sense), even if it were valid, is entirely disconnected with his doctrine of the animation of nature, and stands in no connection with his perfectly correct assertion of the identity of mental acts and their physiological concomitants. Indeed, the belief that nature is animated and, still more, that it possesses consciousness in various degrees, is open to a graver objection than it removes. It adds to the difficulty of the problem of how to reconcile matter and spirit a further difficulty, how, if nature is really life or spirit, it behaves so differently from either.

We have only space to call attention to one feature of Dr. Carus' work, which is significant. He seeks to answer the question of metaphysicians upon a basis of positivism. This is indicative of a change which has come over philosophy through the influence of the natural sciences. But it has not come about at once. At first positive thinkers were so far hampered by the traditions of the older metaphysics that, not seeing a solution for these questions, they invented an unknowable background of the world of experience. Philosophy is now paying Mr. Spencer the compliment of trying to advance beyond him. We are beginning to recognise that the unknowable is a self-made puzzle, and that instead of wilfully assuming that there must be something behind phenomena, we must examine the ideas of metaphysicians to find out what corresponds to them in the world of experience itself. In this process, some of the old antitheses, such as those of realism and idealism, of spiritualism and materialism vanish as unrealities.

We conclude by regretting that the author had not, by setting himself to write a continuous treatise, removed the confusion between different sets of ideas, and the imperfections of reasoning which exist very plainly, even where criticism does not fail to recognise real suggestiveness of thinking.

TACITUS ELUCIDATED.

THE HISTORIES OF TACITUS. With Introduction, Notes, and Index. By the Rev. W. A. Spooner, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

THE general reluctance to edit the "Histories of Tacitus," whether due to the difficulties of the text or the unlovely period with which they deal, has been overcome by Mr. Spooner. Giving us a continuation of Mr. Furneaux' work on the Annals, and resembling it in form, this volume, which is intended for students at the Universities and the higher forms of schools, contains 100 pp. of Essays on questions of importance; 384 pp. of Analysis, Text, and Notes, and 29 pp. of Index. The index is almost entirely of proper names; but we sadly miss an *index latinitalis* such as appears at the end of Brotier's edition. The absence of an *apparatus criticus* is also evidence that the purpose of the editor is rather to satisfy literary and historical curiosity than to provide a reference book for the scholar. Mr. Spooner

deprecates the tendency to simplify commentaries so as to enable the schoolboy to "understand the text of his author and not a word more." But though he thinks it advisable to provide plenty of matter to stimulate curiosity and so educate, the present edition must be thought more suggestive on the side of history than of scholarship. Essay I. deals with MSS. and editions. The second Medicean is the only reliable authority. Orelli's text is distinguished for its sobriety, and is followed by Mr. Spooner, Ritter's for its undue licence in conjecture, while Heraeus is a *via media* between the two. Ruperti's edition seems to have been freely laid under contribution for illustrations on the historical side. Essay II. discusses the composition of the various works of Tacitus, round the Histories as a centre. As to the composition of the Germania, there can be little doubt it was due to the exceptional opportunities which Tacitus had for obtaining information, and could hardly have been written as a deliberate excursus to the Histories, to which, however, it actually is a useful introduction, *e.g.*, on the outbreak of Civilis. Mr. Spooner rightly traces the interest of the Histories to its moral treatment of history, which to-day we are so apt to underrate. In Essay III. are reviewed the materials of Tacitus' Histories. It is a task requiring very nice discrimination to distinguish personal observation from the accounts of eye-witnesses and literary authorities. The whole atmosphere is one of conjecture. If Tacitus can ask Pliny for a detailed account of the eruption of Vesuvius, draw on his imagination for a speech put into the mouth of Galba, give to words of Otho a colouring of his own, and carefully and minutely describe the revolt of Civilis, surely the mere graphic detail in a description of Galba's entry into Rome, or Otho's departure from it, or of Vetera and Augusta Trevirorum, is not sufficient to stamp it as taken from first-hand evidence. Consequently we accept with reservation such phrases as "all this Tacitus had seen and noted," and are cautious in believing that Tacitus as a boy wrote accounts of events while they were yet fresh in his memory. It is a good suggestion that the elder Pliny, and not Cluvius Rufus, as Mommsen thinks, was the common source from which Plutarch, Tacitus, and Suetonius drew. Essay III. is a very painstaking review of the provinces in 69 A.D., their roads, literature, military force, and economic and religious condition. But we cannot help thinking this long and elaborate essay as somewhat irrelevant. An anxiety to get all round his subject leads the editor into the fault with which he charges Brotier.

The appreciation of the characters of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius makes an interesting essay. Very just is the estimate of the "*medium ingenium*" of Galba, and well corroborated by the physiognomy of extant busts. The sternness of the disciplinarian is portrayed in his broad muscular cheeks and high and prominent cheek-bones, but the thick coarse underlip of his small mouth suggests the sensuousness and want of sympathy which unfitted him for the throne. With the summary on Otho we disagree, as much as we agreed with that on Galba. The editor is inclined to whitewash Otho as against Tacitus, and to this end gratuitously suggests that Otho's joy over Piso's death was an invention of his enemies, and, but that Cluvius Rufus seems to attest it, he would reject the tale of his willingness to take the title of Nero Otho to gratify the people as likewise a fabrication of his enemies. It is due to Tacitus' impartiality that he does not pass over the good actions of a bad emperor. We must suppose that Tacitus judges from more ample evidence than the few acts he records, which, however, as they read, fully endorse his judgment of Otho. Mr. Spooner's weak defence is that his acts "were almost necessary devices of one who finds himself still insecurely seated on his throne." Altogether, little of weight is brought against the historian's verdict, which is in harmony with the psychological significance of the busts.

In them are plainly discernible traces of Neronian viciousness, if a head too large and flat, with low forehead and long mouth surrounded by very fine lips are any clue to character. In the marbles of Vitellius self-indulgence is unmistakable; a forehead low and very contracted between the temples, and loose gluttonous cheeks, are supported on a neck of apoplectic dimensions. The man is well sketched on p. 74.

Essay VI., on the battles of Bedriacum, is in every way admirable; it is a real help to the understanding of the book. The movements of the divided armies of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian are carefully traced: where omissions of Tacitus leave us in doubt—*e.g.*, the number of Othonian forces arriving at first Bedriacum, the presence or absence of Otho at the council, what troops took part in the different engagements—probable conjectures are supplied. On p. 80 Tacitus is reasonably defended against Mommsen's imputation of having misconceived the whole series of manœuvres described. The revolt of Civilis and its lessons for the Empire are treated in Essay VII.

Passing on to the text and notes: we only noticed two misprints. On p. 114, note to line 3, *pacis artibus*, "*Tiberium vetere superbia Blaesus multa dicendi arte*: Ann. I. 19: Ann. I. 27," should read, "*Tib. vet. superb. Ann. I. 4. Blaesus. mult. dic. arte. Ann. I. 19.*" P. 421, note on line 7, "*Consilii*, found in the majority," etc., should read, "*Concilii*, found," etc. In dealing with the text, the editor's principle seems to be to mention only the greater difficulties. P. 107, *odio et terrore* are well taken with *verterent*, thus preserving the rhythm. P. 108, line 5, *Why necis* inserted? Brotier adequately explains without; self-inflicted doom is a proof of virtue, but especially so is the bearing up with fortitude against such an end. P. 137, line 3, Freinsheim's *quam* is rightly accepted; but the *timore* of MSS. Harl. Bod. Puteolanus, etc., is perhaps even better than *forte*, making a better antithesis with *insidiis*, especially after *turbidis rebus*; it easily arises from the *eventior* *te* of MS. Flor. P. 240, Heraeus' *exercitu* is accepted. Brotier reads *e Britannico delectu*, without any apology for the use of *delectus*. P. 201, line 1, *Cum in* of the MS. is possibly a survival of an original *expectari belli culmen*. In the textual notes, Ritter's extravagance in his hypothesis of lines dropped out wholesale is often exemplified. The grammatical notes are lucid.

The translations are as a rule scholarly; but on p. 152, line 18, the rendering of *in abruptum tractus* by "dragged on the downward road" suggests too much a gradual process: better, as others, "dragged to the brink of ruin," the *εἰς ἀπότομον ἀνάγκην* of Sophocles. P. 153, line 3.—*Sine reprehensione* is hardly rendered by "blamelessly," which is passive in sense: the idea here is active, "he was forbearing, never finding fault." P. 358, line 9.—*Mervit*=bought. Is not *merere* here used in the sense which Servius gives, "*humillimum et sordidissimum quaestum capit*"? cf. Lucilius, *Et mercede meret*. He did not possess, so much as use, for vicious purposes. P. 190, line 2.—"Descended on" is hardly close enough to the Latin: "reached the state" is nearer. *Tenere*=continue. Cf. Lucr. 6. 519, etc. The Historical Notes are exceedingly helpful and reliable. But in an edition intended for university use, more philological notes might reasonably be expected: *e.g.* notes on *dare*=to place, and *dare*=to give (p. 167, line 15, *Si Fortuna contra daret*, and p. 204, line 14, *rector additus*, cf. Virgil's *addita Juno*), on *serere*=join, and *serere*=dicere (p. 469, line 4), on *lustrare*, one connected with *lux*, and the other with *luere*, on such words as *incohare*, p. 409, line 3, *severitas* (*se*=unapproachable, *σέβας*, *severus iudex*, etc.), p. 210, line 8, *appetebat* (*pet*=go; cf. *impetus*, *compitum*, and *petere*=come together. *Cato, de re rust.*), not understood by the second hand in MS. Harl., which emended into *apparebat*.

But where we have so much that is valuable brought together, a few possible oversights may

well be forgiven. Mr. Spooner's book will be well appreciated by all who are anxious to understand aright the history of this period, and we venture to prophesy that Mr. Furneaux' small Annals will soon have a companion volume in a small Histories by Mr. Spooner.

THE DUFFERINS IN CANADA.

MY CANADIAN JOURNAL. By the Marchioness of Dufferin. London: John Murray. 1891.

IN 1876, British Columbia, a province gigantic in its extent and its discontent, came to the conclusion that it had greatly erred in consenting to merge its identity in that of the Canadian Dominion; and making a stalking-horse of the Pacific Scandal, it demanded prompt consideration of its case by flinging abroad a banner on which was displayed the legend: "Our Railroad or Separation."

The account of the tour of pacification undertaken in consequence of the said discontent by the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, affords an excuse, if need of such there be, for the publication of a series of letters written by the then Vice-reine, under the title of "My Canadian Journal."

Political details are here left alone. In their stead we have a pleasant description of the rush across the great continent given with the same graceful vivacity and colloquial charm which won for the writer the popularity of "Our Viceregal Life in India." We are further given to understand that the inhabitants of the ruffled district were agreeably impressed by the fact that the great representative of the Mother Country should have travelled so many thousands of miles to explain to them how very pleasant it was to live under the shadow of the British ægis, and should have brought with him so charming a Vice-reine to repeat the assurance.

"There may have been a time when some of us may have differed with and found fault with the Governor-General's policy, but now we have the means of understanding and knowing him better," remarks one of the late obstructionists when royally according his Viceroy absolution for his sins and himself a decent reason for changing his colours. And with him march the rest, till his Excellency personally is left in the agreeable position of a Government without an Opposition.

"Sometimes, of course," says Lord Dufferin, giving his own view of the subject in a speech of the day, "no matter how disconnected the Governor-General's personality may be from what is taking place, his name will get dragged into some controversy, and he may suddenly find himself the object of criticism in the press of whatever party may be for the moment out of humour; but under these circumstances he must console himself with the reflection that those spasmodic castigations are as transitory and innocuous as the discipline applied occasionally to their idol by the unsophisticated worshippers of Mumbo-Jumbo when their harvests are short or a murrain visits their flocks."

And with that Lord Dufferin goes to a ball and "dances everything till two o'clock."

What could be the use of "opposing" such a Governor-General as that?

The one privilege the Dominion denies her popular ruler is that of silence. He arrives at "London," sits down to lunch with a thousand persons and makes them a speech. He travels on to the next city, which he reaches within an hour, and finds another lunch; likewise another thousand odd fellow-guests who are in despair because His Excellency cannot eat of it. He consoles them with three speeches. He continues his loquacious career, and is inveigled into a concert-hall, where it is discovered that no voice has power to charm but that of the Governor, who forthwith delivers a speech—the ninth within twelve hours. He is ushered into an empty room and asked if he would mind passing this way, as someone wants to see him. With beautiful innocence he consents to pass, and finds himself upon a platform occupied by a table and a glass of water, beyond which are balanced some thousand pairs of eager ears, which have been brought there to hear

him speak. (This story, though excluded from the journal, is a favourite reminiscence of Lord Dufferin's own of these tours.) In fact the universal idea seems to have coincided with that of one of these transatlantic mayors, who, on drawing up a table of varieties to divert their Excellencies, remarks: "A little speech by the Governor-General would be well received, and would cost nothing."

Lord Dufferin is also available at all times and seasons for private conversation. Sometimes it is a Mormon from the Salt Lake City, lord of one house and many doors, who claims his ear; sometimes it is a reporter from New York, who, fearing dullness on the tour he is to make with the boss from Ottawa, asks permission to bring along a young lady who is very dear to him, and whose mother will have no objection to allowing Lady Dufferin to play *chaperone* to her. At one moment an Indian chief, who finds a scarlet blanket a convenient riding costume, gallops up to the banks to exchange ideas with the Governor on the river; at another the latter is found exhorting some Icelandic emigrants to keep green in their children's hearts the memory of the sagas of their home in the further West; and whenever a blank occurs, an Irishman from County Down springs up who was present at his Lordship's baptism or marriage, or some other function of his pre-viceregal existence. One old lady begs leave to kiss his hand, in memory of the shamrocks at home.

"A lady kiss my hand! Never!" says the chivalrous son of Sheridan.

"Then may I kiss your face, my Lord?" inquired the emboldened and ardent dame.

On which, with unfailing Irishism, she is assured that no tribute to greatness would be more gladly welcomed but for dread of the Countess's displeasure.

"My Canadian Journal" resembles in many points the volumes which, under the title of "Our Viceregal Life in India," Lady Dufferin brought out a couple of years ago. Latitudes are changed; Indian Maharajahs give place to Red Indian chiefs; phantom rickshaws flicker out of sight while birchwood canoes paddle into view; waving punkahs cease to fan the air, and crimson and golden maple-leaves flutter there instead; the new length of the old flag is streaming over the pine-woods of yielded Columbia instead of the ruby mines of conquered Burma; young squaws, with infants strapped to them before and behind, gallop gallantly across the plains on the one page, while soft-eyed Hindoo women, in clinging silken sarees, shrink away behind the purdahs on the other—but the same spirit runs through each, and nowhere does the chord struck in the one book re-echo, with a change of name, more clearly in the other than when the little maiden from the convent in Ottawa chants out—

"Ce sont des roses sans épines,
Que l'on vous offre au Canada."

FICTION.

1. EVEN MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND. By Emily Martin. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892.
2. MR. JOCKO. By J. Fogerty. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
3. MAMMON. By Mrs. Alexander. Three vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

CAPTAIN HOPE had a daughter, Una; the daughter had two lovers—a good doctor and a bad stockbroker. While Captain Hope was away on a voyage, he left his daughter in charge of Fräulein Grün, the amusing German character in England, depicted in this instance with a little more fidelity and humour than are usual. During the captain's absence the good doctor refrained from making love to Una, which was noble of him; but he was ill-advised enough to mention to his own familiar friend, the bad stockbroker, that Una was an heiress. He did it in ignorance, not knowing the badness of the stockbroker, who forthwith married Una—married her secretly, during her father's absence, in spite of

the watchful care of Fräulein Grün. Their married life soon ended unhappily. Her husband was connected with mining companies; he lost his own money and his wife's money, went bankrupt and absconded, leaving his wife behind him and taking with him a certain Tiny de Vere, an actress. Una ultimately obtained a divorce from the bad stock-broker and married the good doctor. The story does not stop here; those who read on will see how it is possible to believe that you have committed murder when you have not, and, in consequence, to have black-mail extorted from you, for the concealment of a crime of which you are not guilty, by the very man whose existence proves your innocence. There is a certain amount of ingenuity in this conclusion, but in the progress of the story we come across old conventionalities too frequently—wherever, in fact, the author does not quite understand what she is writing about. We can readily believe that the German governess is a sketch from the author's own observation. Fräulein Grün—sensitive, good-hearted, vain—has character, and not merely an inadequate knowledge of the English language. One little scene, illustrating the German's old-maidish love of formal arrangement, is worth quoting:—

"Whatever is the matter, Fräulein?" cried Una at length. . . .

"Those chairs," sighed the German, "not one is in his right place!"

"Una raised her eye brows, for the chairs were ranged in perfect order.

"Oh, I have right!" cried Fräulein Grün, starting up, and flicking the wall at intervals with her serviette. 'See, here is my mark, and here, and here! I would ask,' with a reproachful glance at the maid, who was coughing that she might not laugh, 'is only one of the chairs within his mark? Ach, Watts, conscience you have none! You work for wages, not for love.'"

When the author writes of financial operations, and Tiny-de-Vere's, and clever villainy, she writes with much less conviction, and takes refuge in vague conventional expressions. However, we have here some power of observation and some sense of humour; the story is interesting, and although it has not much value as a literary performance, it contains promise.

The author of "Mr. Jocko" is very wild and violent. He is fierce in his admiration of Darwin, and far more fierce in his denunciations of revealed religion. In his wilder moments the author's taste is somewhat faulty, and some readers will exclaim, "How wicked this is!" A reviewer is more likely to think how dull it all is. It has all been done before so many times, with so much more knowledge and authority, with such much better taste. It has all been proved, and disproved, and proved again. It is not probable that the crude schoolboy-talks about miracles which we find in these pages will do much harm from the orthodox point of view, or much good from the author's point of view. From the literary point of view they are irritating, because they are old, and because the author seems so very conscious of his own progressiveness.

This is a great pity, for Mr. Fogerty undoubtedly has some of the qualities which make a novelist. The opening scenes of Mr. Jocko are to a great extent fresh and unconventional. And even when the story grows melodramatic and somewhat absurd, we still see from time to time unmistakable signs of power. Jocko himself is an ape, intelligent and affectionate; he is devoted to the heroine, who becomes a lion-tamer, and saves her life. But the chief interest of the story is not the interest in Jocko, of course—that would not have carried us through the three volumes. It is not a good novel; no good novel is likely to be written by an author who has no conception of the value and effectiveness of self-restraint. But there are the materials for a good novel in it.

To the common masculine mind, Mrs. Alexander's "Mammon" will seem rather a tedious and insipid novel, for there are many allusions to things of which the masculine mind can have no proper appreciation, and the male characters in the book

are not very well invented. The atmosphere of the first volume is sordid and depressing; one hears the dreary list of the economies of a sickly old miser, the pitifully small ambitions of the hero, the eccentricities of an old servant, eccentric with the conventional eccentricity of fiction, and one grows somewhat tired. Things improve a little in the last two volumes, but one still feels that a novel which depends so little upon incident should have been much fresher and more impressive in its presentation of character. The author, too, seems to have no right sense of the comparative value of things; we linger too long over matters that are painfully insignificant. Mrs. Alexander writes in an easy, practised style, and her story is not wholly devoid of interest. But there is little more that can be said for it. It is not equal to Mrs. Alexander's previous work.

THE QUESTION OF NAVAL SUPREMACY.

NAVAL WARFARE OF THE FUTURE. A Consideration of the Declaration of Paris, 1856; its Obligation and its Operation upon Maritime Beligerents. By Thomas Waraker, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

THE learned author of these pages has drawn up a very elaborate indictment against the conduct of our representatives with regard to the Declaration of Paris. The key-note is struck by a passage in the introduction. "In 1856," we are told in a somewhat long and involved sentence, "two English Ministers, Lords Clarendon and Cowley, were found, for the first time in English history, ready gratuitously to surrender, so far as a stroke of the pen could do it, maritime rights consecrated by International law and custom, exercised by England from time immemorial, and which she hitherto, in spite of powerful conditions and when under the greatest stress, had resolutely and successfully maintained, and which, indeed, had been in her hands the most powerful weapons for striking down her enemy and bringing her wars, with hardly an exception, to a triumphant conclusion. These weapons were the captors of her enemy's goods, and its result the destruction of his commerce." It cannot be denied that Mr. Waraker has marshalled his facts and arguments with considerable skill. As we peruse his pages, indeed, we feel that he is pressing into the service every weapon at his command, and applying in the literary warfare which he here wages the severe principles which he advocates in the naval warfare of the future. He commences by complaining of the ignorance and apathy of Englishmen with regard to all matters connected with the navy. Nelson's name is regarded with an affection and an interest which that of Wellington does not command. The sea and the river are the playground of a great number of the population. Despite all this, the Naval Estimates are presented to almost empty benches—the debate is hardly a serious one. Mr. Waraker desires to put an end to this state of things, and if strength of language could effect such an object, the issue would certainly not be doubtful. He takes as the motto of his first chapter some words of Lord Dufferin, in which he draws a parallel between Great Britain and Athens. "The absolute existence, the revenues and commercial wealth of Athens," he says, "depended on her command of the sea. She loses a single naval battle and her imperium is for ever shattered, the violet crown falls from her brows, her foremost citizens are either executed or sold into slavery, and her name as a political entity fades from the page of history." Applying this gloomy sentence to the condition of England, Dr. Waraker tells us "the day will come when this ancient history will become a present and a vital emergency which will have to be faced." "The jests of buffoons in the House of Commons," he tells us, will then "be silent, and the citizens of this still great Empire, with blanched cheeks and wringing of hands," will "excrete in vain" those who have betrayed them. The work is divided into three parts. First, there is a dissertation on the nature of International Law, ending with a series of general propositions, the last and most remarkable of which is that all means necessary to the successful issue of a war are justifiable. The development and application of these principles occupy nearly all the rest of the work.

In his final chapter, Mr. Waraker, as if dissatisfied with his statement of the injustice done to England by the Declaration of Paris, when viewed in relation to the European Powers who are signatories to it, launches forth into new and hypothetical difficulties. Suppose, he says, the disaster of a war between England and America. Exigencies of electoral tactics might lead to such a twist being given to the tail of the British lion that even his long-suffering could not endure it. "In such a case," exclaims our author, "America would be free to act as she pleased, while England would be practically hampered by the Declaration of Paris." Our own opinion, after carefully perusing Dr. Waraker's treatise, is that his attack on the Declaration of Paris has practically left the question very much where it was before, and that any change which may require to be made ought certainly not to be in the direction which he indicates.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE last book in which Mr. Spurgeon had a hand came out so quietly in the autumn that comparatively few people, beyond his own immediate following, were aware, even at the beginning of this year, of its existence. Towards the end of last May Mr. Spurgeon passed a few days of quiet in the little Essex village where he spent his childhood, under the roof of his grandfather, who, from 1810 to 1864, was Independent minister there. Naturally such a visit—the first which he had been able to make for many years—recalled to the great preacher's mind many visions of former days, and so, in conjunction with a friend who also had close associations with the place, Mr. Spurgeon put on paper his "Memories of Stambourne." The book possesses a pathetic interest now, for it was written just as the shadows of his last illness were gathering around him, though we hasten to add that, from the first page to the last, there is no hint of gloom in the book, but everywhere gladness and thanksgiving. There is no lack of merriment also, and some of the stories which are recounted are quaint and droll. Mr. Spurgeon, in introducing Stambourne to the reader, declares that he has no intention of drawing a picture of Jerusalem, but seeks only to give a rough sketch of one of the villages of Judah. In reading his description of the village community in his grandfather's time, the chapel, the manse, and the worthy men and women who in that secluded spot led lives of godly simplicity and strength, we have been reminded more than once of Carlyle's account of his own early surroundings. As for the pulpit in Stambourne Meeting, Mr. Spurgeon declares that it was "glorious as the 'tower of the flock.'" Over it hung a huge sounding-board. I used to speculate as to what would become of grandfather if it ever dropped down upon him. I thought of my Jack-in-the-box, and hoped that my dear grandpapa would never be shut down and shut up in such a fashion." After describing in his own inimitable manner how, on a certain occasion in his early manhood, he once preached a joint sermon with his grandfather, Mr. Spurgeon adds, "If my grandfather could return to earth, he would find me where he left me—steadfast in the faith, and true to that form of doctrine which was once for all delivered to the saints." This little book has now been brought out opportunely in a cheap edition, and as it contains not merely racy anecdotes and characteristic remarks, but also illustrations of the scenes of Mr. Spurgeon's childhood as well as a new portrait of him—taken in the old garden where once he played as a child—it is sure to prove welcome to thousands of readers.

"The Fairy Tales of Madame D'Aulnoy" have been for so long a time almost forgotten, that the majority of them will appeal with all the charm of absolute novelty to readers of the present generation. Madame D'Aulnoy was born in the middle of the seventeenth century, and died as far back as January, 1705. Charles Perrault was one of the first to give literary shape to the popular nursery tales and legends which still lingered in France in the seventeenth century, and Madame D'Aulnoy was quick to follow his example. These quaint and marvellous stories, declares Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, in the introduction which she has written for this new and excellent translation, have fallen out of circulation since the days when the French ladies and gentlemen of the Court all read fairy tales together and the "Order of the Terrace" was instituted for little Louis XV. It is true that Madame D'Aulnoy borrowed with both hands, but it is equally true that she possessed the genius of the story-teller, though she was modest enough herself to declare, "Pour raconter simplement quelque chose il ne faut pas un grand talent." The glamour of mediæval romance is in the book, and many of the stories evidently took their origin in even a more shadowy age. The illustrations are not merely artistic in themselves, but are in harmony with the literary characteristics of a charming book.

Twelve years ago a committee—consisting of Lord Aberdare, Viscount Emlyn, Prebendary Robinson, Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., Professor Rhys, and Mr. Lewis Morris—was appointed by the Government to inquire into the condition of intermediate and higher education in Wales, and to devise measures for

increasing and rendering more efficient the provision then available for such training in the Principality. In due course the report of that committee was published, and as the direct outcome of its suggestions the University College of North Wales sprang into existence. All classes of the community contributed to this remarkable result; in fact, never before in so short a time, either in England or in Wales, did so many persons subscribe towards a movement for the promotion of higher education. The subscription list was opened at Chester in January, 1883, and in less than two years "poor little Wales" contributed upwards of £37,000. Great progress in every direction has been made since the actual establishment of the University College at Bangor in 1884, and many facts of interest, did space permit, could easily be cited from the "Calendar for 1892"—a volume of three hundred pages—which lies before us as we write. The volume is filled with interesting facts and statistics, and it is possible to gain from its pages a clear idea of the steady progress from year to year of the movement for higher education in Wales.

We have received three more instalments of the "Bijou Byron"—a choice and convenient edition which is to be completed in twelve daintily printed volumes. "Childe Harold," the "Vision of Judgment," "Hints from Horace," "Hebrew Melodies," and many occasional verses are contained in the three little books before us, and wherever explanatory notes are needed they are given with clearness and brevity.

It seems that Mr. Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors" have been for some time out of print, and this circumstance, coupled, of course, with a demand on the part of the public for the volume, has led Messrs. Longmans to bring the book out in an attractive form and at a popular price. Mr. Lang confesses to some slight qualms about the book, and is frank enough to admit that "comment on authors' work addressed to themselves has never been greatly to his mind." Nevertheless, here is the book once more, with its skilfully interwoven compliments and criticisms addressed to the shades of men who differ as widely as Herodotus and Lord Byron, Pope and Walter Scott, Molière and Isaac Walton, Horace and Thackeray, Rabelais and Shelley, to cite a few typical names. These literary epistles are generally lively, and often clever, though it is plain enough that with some of the dead authors Mr. Lang is not altogether at his ease.

"The Practical Telephone Handbook" is a concise, reliable manual containing details of the most approved methods and appliances of telephonic working. Mr. Poole not only thoroughly understands his subject, but has the knack of so imparting knowledge that it is not difficult to grasp the technical information which he seeks to convey. Scattered through these pages are a number of illustrations and diagrams—drawn for the most part to scale by the author—which help to render still more clear the explanations of the text.

Amongst conjurers Professor Hoffmann holds a foremost place on account of his sleight of hand and "Card Tricks." There is truth in the assertion that nothing is more inexplicable to the uninitiated than a good card trick, for the effect of the illusion is enhanced by the simplicity of the conditions under which it is presented. Professor Hoffmann explains the principles of sleight of hand and shows by a number of clever tricks how they are applicable to conjuring with cards. The principles of what in these volumes is called "card magic" are, to a great extent, identical with those of other forms of conjuring, but the mastery of one branch of the art by no means implies success in another. The amateur conjurer is recommended in these pages never to announce beforehand the precise nature of the trick which he is about to perform, and he is also warned that it is a risky thing to repeat the same trick in the same way before the same group of people. Nothing worth having in this world is to be obtained without labour, and manual dexterity is no exception. With ordinary aptitude, Professor Hoffmann thinks that a couple of hours of steady practice daily for the space of three months is enough to turn anyone into an adroit conjurer with cards.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN did not speak in the debate on Welsh Disestablishment—for the simple reason that it would have been too ludicrous for the new Liberal Unionist leader in the House to pose as the mouth-piece of five followers. Such was the beggarly contingent which trooped after MR. CHAMBERLAIN into the division lobby. On an important question of policy the Liberal Unionist chief was deserted by his party, and did not venture in these depressing circumstances to explain how his views could ever be realised by a Unionist Government. MR. CHAMBERLAIN had to munch the leak of silence while SIR EDWARD CLARKE invoked St. Paul as a friend of the Establishment, and MR. BALFOUR asserted that envy and not piety was the motive spirit of the Welsh demand. This was vexatious enough to MR. CHAMBERLAIN, but even worse was the recollection of LORD HARTINGTON'S declaration in Scotland that the wishes of the Scotch people ought to determine the fate of the Established Church. Had the Liberal Unionists voted on that principle, the Government would have had a disastrous majority of three.

It is the cue of the Ministerial journals to pretend that the contumely which has been heaped on the Irish Local Government Bill is a theatrical device of the Opposition. How do they explain the hostility of MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S organ, the *Birmingham Post*? MR. MORLEY, speaking at Reading on Wednesday, could only somewhat intensify its comprehensive objections. Is MR. MACLEAN, the Tory member for Oldham, a confederate of MR. MORLEY and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT? MR. MACLEAN has expressed his contempt for the Bill with delightful candour, supplemented by some personal reflections on MR. BALFOUR and LORD SALISBURY which must be very agreeable to those eminent statesmen. Is MR. MACLEAN one of the fifty-nine Tories who do not mean to stand again at the General Election? However that may be, his disgust with his leaders cannot be called a theatrical device, and it is undoubtedly symptomatic of a good deal of feeling on the Tory benches.

LORD ROSEBERY'S wise and generous resolve to join in the battle for municipal progress which he brilliantly led three years ago is a fit recognition of the vital issues involved, and an apt reply to SIR HENRY JAMES'S taunt that all the best men are leaving the London County Council. As for SIR HENRY JAMES'S speech, it is simply a proof that his Unionism, like that of others, was merely a first irruptive symptom of a reaction. His plea for holding the County Council in chains was throughout an argument for maintaining the state of things which the Municipal Corporations Act abolished for every considerable town and city in the United Kingdom, save the greatest in it and in the world. No man of sense, said SIR HENRY JAMES, would desire to revive the ante-Reform period. But he does not merely desire to revive it—he would perpetuate it in the great city-nation, which for over fifty years has had to content itself with the measure of independence enjoyed by a rural county or a petty borough of less than 20,000 inhabitants. As for the extension of the Council's powers costing London £100,000,000, it would at a sweep relieve it—for the three great

services—gas, water, and tramways—of an annual tribute of £2,250,000, every farthing of which represents a needless addition to the London citizen's cost of living.

NOTHING is more striking in politics just now than the fighting spirit which pervades all ranks of the Liberal party. The enthusiastic meeting at Reading on Wednesday, which greeted MR. MORLEY'S crushing exposure of the Irish legislation of the Government, is only a sample of the meetings daily held, in London and the Provinces alike. The war has been carried into that Tory preserve, the agricultural districts just beyond the suburbs proper, than which no part of the United Kingdom is more urgently in need of political missionaries. The most significant instance of the response which awaits those missionaries is to be found in the contest at Chertsey. In spite of an impending General Election and an overwhelming Tory majority in 1885, the local Liberals are determined that the wealthy brewer whom the Tory wirepullers wish to force on the constituency shall not remain unopposed. Their candidate, MR. LAWRENCE BAKER, has a hard fight before him. Yet, whatever the result, the soil will be well stirred for the future growth of Liberalism. So it is all over London, the siege of which continues with unabated spirit. It remains to be seen this day week how far the bulwarks of apathy are undermined. As to the other impending bye-election in England—that of South Derbyshire—there can be no doubt of a Liberal success.

THE answer of MR. BALFOUR to the question of COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT as to the advisability of appointing a Select Parliamentary Committee to take evidence and report upon the burning social problem of the hour—Old-Age Pensions—was more cautious than satisfactory. Until some other fully elaborated plan than CANON BLACKLEY'S was before the public, he is reported to have said it would not be expedient to appoint another Committee. The whole point for granting an inquiry lies, as MR. MORLEY very wisely told his Friendly Society audience at Newcastle only the other day, in obtaining trustworthy evidence upon certain allegations put forward by the advocates of conflicting and competing proposals. To wait till one elaborately worked out proposal steps out before the others and demands the attention of Parliament, to the exclusion of these others, is just what is not wanted, and such a reply as that given by MR. BALFOUR looks very much like playing into the hands of the astute Member for West Birmingham. There are several schemes before the public, and it would be obviously unfair to deal with any one to the exclusion of others.

BUT accurate information with regard to what Friendly and Trade Societies have done, and are prepared to do, in the matter of providing their aged members with pensions or superannuation benefits; at what year of life old age may be said to overtake the different classes of working men and women (the "Friendly Societies' Year-Book" defines old age as any age *after* fifty); whether the average British workman will live to sixty-five to take his pension—these and other questions offer legitimate ground for full and free inquiry. And the best way of conducting

the inquiry will not be to bring a host of witnesses, already committed to this or that opinion, up to London, but (and here again MR. MORLEY showed true wisdom) to send unbiassed inspectors into typical districts, urban and rural, to conduct an inquiry on the spot, within reach of those who know, but who would, many of them, be the last to come forward as witnesses before a Select Committee.

MR. MOORE EDE, in the paper read on Wednesday evening to a numerous company at the quarterly dinner of the Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club, propounded a scheme based on weekly payments—since a very poor man cannot save the £5 which is to be the indispensable nucleus of his pension under MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S plan—and proposed to provide against a lapse of the benefit by permitting the payment of arrears at any time. To stimulate payment, part of the premiums might be returnable in the event of death before sixty-five. Collection might take place through employers, and State aid might be given by a special uniform local rate, which would of course partly replace the present Poor Rates. MR. EDE strongly objected to MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposal for collection through the Friendly Societies—which would involve a Government guarantee of the soundness of their finance—and suggested that it might be effected through employers. On the basis of actuarial calculations furnished by MR. REUBEN WATSON (a high authority), he concludes that if half the cost were borne by the State, men under thirty, at a cost of 2d. or 3d. per week, could secure £10 on death before sixty-five, or, if they survived that age, a pension of 5s. per week. Considering that, as MR. EDE pointed out, probably half the wage-earners who live till sixty-five now go upon the rates, there is certainly a strong case for further inquiry.

THE new Army Report is like its predecessors. It is the cry of the horse-leech's daughter. The country already pays nearly eighteen millions a year for its military forces, and now it is told that a further expenditure of nearly two millions annually is needed to supply us with at least a single effective battalion of infantry at home. When the Indian Army receives its complement, the Home Army, says LORD WOLSELEY, will be like a squeezed lemon. There has long been an urgent demand for reform at the War Office, and this Report exposes once more the incompetence of the present administration. It is absurd to suppose that for eighteen millions the War Office cannot make a better show of efficiency. For useless expenditure and incorrigible blundering this department has no peer.

THE advocates of women's suffrage in the House of Commons are not very adroit. They tried to defeat MR. PROVAND'S Shop Hours Bill on the ground that any legislation affecting women ought to be postponed till women had the franchise. The logic of this argument will scarcely be appreciated by the thousands of women in shops who are anxious to have some curtailment of their toil. What reception do MR. WALTER McLAREN and his friends think they would get if they were to tell these shop-assistants that any shortening of hours must wait till women are empowered to send representatives to Parliament? It is wrong for men, elected by a franchise which excludes women, to legislate even for women's pressing needs. This is a sufficient illustration of the practical side of the women's suffrage movement.

EX-GOVERNOR HILL has received the Presidential nomination from the New York State Democratic Convention, in opposition to MR. CLEVELAND. We feared that this would be the result of MR. HILL'S scheming. The political machine and its

corrupt elements have for the present triumphed over honest reformers. MR. CLEVELAND'S followers in the State held aloof from HILL'S "snap" Convention, and have called another Convention for the end of May. All now depends on MR. CLEVELAND'S strength with the people. His popularity is great throughout the country; but unless he is the nominee of his own State, he cannot very well secure the Presidential nomination at the National Democratic Convention. New York must be united on a candidate, as it has the deciding voice in the election. MR. HILL is an impossible candidate, but it is probable that MR. CLEVELAND will have to stand aside in consequence of MR. HILL'S rivalry. MR. HENRY MATTERSON, of Louisville, the leading Democrat in the South, favours the selection of a Western man for the Presidential candidate; and unless the nation insists on MR. CLEVELAND, and disregards disunion in New York, a less well-known and less popular man will have to be chosen. At present MR. CLEVELAND'S chances are not very hopeful; but it is yet four months before the National Convention is held, and the issues may be cleared up during that time.

OWING to the collection of the revenue, which is always on an exceptionally large scale in February and the first half of March, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market has become scarce, even though the return of coin and notes from the circulation is very considerable. Consequently the bill-brokers have had to borrow very largely from the Bank of England during the week ended Wednesday night—as much, in fact, as, in round figures, a million and a quarter—and as a natural consequence the rate of discount in the open market has risen to 2½ per cent. The Bank return issued on Thursday, however, showed so large an increase in the reserve that the market was somewhat weakened. Still, the supply of loanable capital will remain small for two or three weeks yet. Owing to this, and owing partly also to the near approach of the end of the month, when the Joint Stock banks make up their accounts, many of the banks called in money which had been lent to the Stock Exchange at the beginning of the fortnightly settlement on Wednesday morning, and in consequence there was a larger demand for the Stock Exchange than has been seen for months past. The rate charged averaged about 3½ per cent., and in many cases was considerably higher. The silver market during the week has been very quiet. After a fall the price has recovered to 41½d. per oz.; but the market is weak and the tendency uncertain. The demand for remittances to India is very strong indeed, and again on Wednesday the application for India Council Bills and telegraph transfers was on a great scale. It is this demand for India which keeps up the price of silver.

THE feeling on the Stock Exchange has again been very anxious this week, and at times inclined towards panic. Alarmist rumours were again revived, and several names were made free with. West End banks, country banks, and financial houses were all spoken of; but the chief apprehension is respecting Trusts. There is no doubt, of course, that many of the Trusts have involved themselves in exceedingly bad business, that their losses have been large, and that where the losses may ultimately be recovered there is for the time being a very serious lock-up of capital. But all the same the scare just now is overdone. Owing to the uneasy feeling, prices generally have given way, business has been exceedingly inactive, and even investors are holding aloof, while speculation, except for the fall, is completely stopped. Upon the Continent the difficulties of Greece are adding to the apprehensions that exist, and even in the United States there is depression, partly due to doubts respecting Europe, and partly to the fall in silver, cotton, and wheat, and to the exports of gold.

THE HARTINGTON CONTROVERSY.

IT is not necessary that we should say much respecting the controversy which has raged during the past week over the statement first published in this journal a fortnight ago regarding the action of the present Duke of Devonshire in 1880. The Tory press has displayed about the usual amount of wisdom and calmness it has at its command when it is called upon to deal with a problem which is new and surprising, and we have had to encounter the usual amount of fair-play from those who seem to think that every publicist must necessarily be animated by motives as mean as those which prevail with themselves. For the personal slanders, the abuse, and the misrepresentation which have been heaped upon us in connection with this matter, we have only one feeling—the indifference springing from an utter contempt for our assailants. If it pleases sundry journalists of the baser sort to believe that we have “invented” a serious statement regarding a political crisis in the history of our country, or have purloined it from the private papers of some dead statesman, or picked it up from the loose gossip of Pall Mall, by all means let them do so. Accusations of this sort do not touch us. There is only one point, indeed, upon which we think it necessary to offer a word in vindication of our own action. That is as to the origin and motive of the statement we have made. It is represented by sundry clumsy disputants as a display of “Gladstonian malignity,” and by others as an accusation of dishonourable conduct against the Duke of Devonshire. These charges reflect little credit upon the intelligence of our modern journalists. We have never attacked the Duke; we have not uttered a discourteous word regarding him; we have never blamed him for his action in 1880. We had no right to do so, nor did it ever occur to us to do so. What we have done has been to meet a truly “malignant” charge made against Mr. Gladstone by a simple and colourless statement of facts, proving that this charge was as wanton as it was malignant. It is chiefly, we observe, on the part of those who were most prominent in spreading the slander against Mr. Gladstone that there is this simulated indignation against us for our imagined “attack” on the Duke of Devonshire.

To come to the point, however, we have to observe, in the first place, that our statement remains without refutation or attempt at refutation. By that statement, in spite of the impudent assertion of the *Daily Chronicle* that we have “withdrawn” it, we abide. We have had “authorised” and unauthorised declarations touching the question in abundance. They have differed in every imaginable respect but one, and that is in the care which they have taken not to grapple with the real question at issue. Take the letters paraded in the *Times* on Monday and Wednesday. They told us a great deal about Lord Hartington’s views concerning the Premiership before and during the crisis of 1880, and we do not doubt that they have told us a great deal that is perfectly true. Lord Hartington, who was then in close touch with the Liberal party, is a man of shrewdness and ability. He must have known from the first that to attempt to put anyone but Mr. Gladstone at the head of the Government after the General Election, which had been won by Mr. Gladstone’s efforts, would have been to court immediate and irretrievable disaster. We can quite believe his henchmen when they say that he laid this view before his colleagues and the Queen. But what they do not say is whether he did or did not allow his own judgment in this matter to be overborne at the critical moment when the Premiership

was actually offered to him, and he thus had the blue riband of English politics within his grasp. The question which Lord Hartington must answer, if this matter is to be cleared up by his action, has been stated briefly and clearly: “Did he consult anybody with a view to forming a Government after his interview with the Queen, and did he ask anybody whether he would be willing to join such a Government if it were formed?” That question was put directly to the Duke of Devonshire in the *Times* of last Tuesday, and our original statement was printed two weeks ago; but neither to the original statement nor to the direct appeal has the Duke vouchsafed a word of reply. His late private secretary, Mr. Brett, has had the assurance to tell us that a plain Aye or No cannot be given to a question which is of the simplest and plainest kind; whilst another champion of the Duke declares that to answer the question would be a breach of the Constitutional practice which forbids the revelation of any communication which may pass between the Queen and her advisers, as though we had asked the Duke of Devonshire to reveal a single word of his communications with Her Majesty, and as though “Gladstonian,” on behalf of the Duke, had not actually stated on Monday what was the advice he gave to the Sovereign!

In these circumstances it hardly seems necessary to continue the discussion. The silence of the Duke of Devonshire is only susceptible of one interpretation. Our challenge not having been met, we hold the field. But does that imply that we have brought any “charge” against the Duke in the sense in which that word is commonly understood, or that we are casting any imputation upon his honour as a man or a statesman? It implies nothing of the sort. What it does prove is that we were correct when we denied the truly malignant invention of those who declared that Mr. Gladstone only became Prime Minister in 1880 through the “magnanimity” of Lord Hartington; that he was consequently under “the deepest personal obligations” to Lord Hartington, and that his conduct in venturing to recommend a follower of his own to the electors of Rossendale at the late election was evidence of the fact that his was one of those depraved natures which find “gratitude” a burden too heavy to be borne, and which accordingly seek relief in turning upon the hand that has benefited them. This was the scandalous calumny which seemed to us to call for refutation; and we can only repeat that we regret exceedingly that the refutation did not proceed in the first instance from the Duke himself.

THE DUKE’S SQUIRES.

IT is not often that a spectacle quite so pleasing to the malicious as that which was offered by the *Times* of Monday last is presented to a cynical world. The reader who opened the broad sheet of the “leading journal” that morning found himself instantly confronted by a series of communications printed in the very biggest type which the editor of the paper has at his command. Two of these communications were in the form of Letters to the Editor, signed respectively “Gladstonian” and “Reginald B. Brett,” and both purported to be a vindication of the Duke of Devonshire from the statement made in this journal that he had tried to form an Administration in 1880. Now as to the substance of that charge, the evidence on which it rests, and the extent to which it has been proved, we are not at all disposed to make light. We deal elsewhere with a question which affects the reputations of others besides the Duke of Devonshire. But here we may

be permitted to dwell upon the spectacle presented by "Gladstonian," Mr. Brett, and the editor of the *Times*—for the editor must needs join these superior persons in their attempt to vindicate the character of their illustrious patron, which, as it happened, had never been impeached. And first it is to be remarked that, however delightful may be youthful enthusiasm, especially when it is displayed in the service of a duke, it were well that it should be tempered with ordinary discretion. Otherwise the ardent squire will probably come to grief at the outset of his errand, as was the case with "Gladstonian" and Mr. Brett on Monday. Each gentleman was in so great a hurry to vindicate his exclusive claim to be the Duke's champion that in his rush into print he came into violent collision with the other, whereby both were seriously damaged. It happened in this wise. Knowing full well that the controversy in which they interposed their august personalities practically turned on the manner in which the Duke of Devonshire spent his time on April 22nd and 23rd, 1880, each had prepared his own authorised statement on the subject. The Duke, we were told, had "sanctioned" "Gladstonian's" communication (for all the world as though his Grace were a reigning monarch or a Mahatma), and it was to the effect that on the days in question he "neither saw nor communicated with any of his friends or former colleagues except Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone." Mr. Brett did not plead anything so vague and unsubstantial as the undefined sanction of the Duke in support of his story. He gave it with the authority befitting one who had actually held a confidential post in the Duke's service—none other than the post of private secretary. His statement was that the Duke, instead of communicating only with Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, had informed certain colleagues and friends of the proposal which had been made by the Queen, and had been "fervently urged" by some of them to "attempt the formation of a Government."

These two statements, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* pointed out, cannot possibly be reconciled, and yet they are the key-notes to the theories advanced by their authors. What are we to say of an enthusiasm which led "Gladstonian" and Mr. Brett at the very outset of their noble task into this hopeless *impasse*? How grateful the Duke must have been to the brace of squires who could not even agree beforehand as to the weapons they were to use and the line of country they were to take in defence of their friend! For our part, we may very well leave them to fight it out together in the pit into which they have fallen.

So far as "Gladstonian" is concerned, we have no particular quarrel of our own with him. He is well-intentioned and usually well-informed, and his chief weakness, as we hinted last week, is a not wholly unfounded belief in his own omniscience. When he was attacked on that tender point, he was bound to defend himself; and though we may laugh at the pomp with which his "sanctioned" communication was given to the world, and at the credulity of the editor who gave it the honours of big type and the leading page, we give him full credit for being animated by nothing worse than a sincere desire to vindicate his own infallibility, which had been, as he plaintively announced, assailed "with scorn" in these pages a week ago.

Our case against Mr. Reginald B. Brett is of a different kind. This gentleman also belongs to the order of "superior persons," and in nothing else does he more clearly reveal his superiority to ordinary mortals than in his indifference to truth in the tittle-tattle it is his principal mission in life to vend. In the letter which appeared in the *Times* on Monday

he made certain assertions which deserve serious attention, not because they have any value in connection with the controversy with which they professedly deal, but because they throw a good deal of light upon the character of Mr. Brett himself. It has pleased this gentleman to use quotation marks in imputing to us certain words which are not to be discovered in any one of the articles he professes to criticise. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this act with honesty of intention on the part of the critic. Nor has he even the excuse for his trick which he might plead if he had reproduced our meaning in slightly altered language. He misrepresents not only the words he professes to quote textually, but the nature of our statements. He says that we charged Lord Hartington with having "sought" the leadership of the Liberal party in 1875. What we did say was that there was no reluctance on his part to accept that post when it was offered to him. Nor did we impute it to him as a matter for blame that this was the case. Here are our actual words: "Both he (Mr. Forster) and Lord Hartington were naturally moved by ambition, and when so splendid a post as the leadership of the Liberal party appeared to be within their reach, were both anxious to accept it." We said this in order to rectify the misrepresentations of certain Tory newspapers as to Lord Hartington's "unwillingness" to accept that particular post. There was no "suggestion" or "insinuation" of unworthy conduct on the part of Lord Hartington in anything we wrote.

But the gentleman who has the effrontery to charge us with having "insinuated" something—as though our language had not from the first been as clear and explicit as it could be—has himself, with the courage characteristic of such a person, not stated outright, but darkly insinuated, certain charges against other people. He begins by an insinuation against the editor of this journal. "A writer," he says, "either foraging for gossip among a dead man's papers, or listening to idle rumours, has thought fit," etc. Now, will Mr. Reginald Brett follow our example and say plainly what he means by this obscure insinuation? It is an untruth—of that we can assure him; and we could bring home its untruthfulness in two minutes, even to Mr. Reginald Brett's intelligence, if we cared to enter into any private communication with that gentleman. But what did he mean by insinuating a charge which he dare not make openly, and for which the only foundation is in his own malicious and distorted imagination? And what, again, does he mean by the insinuation which he levels against two dead men whose boots he was not worthy to black—Lord Granville and Mr. Forster? Here is the pretty accusation which this heroic and chivalrous gentleman, who is filled with indignation at our treatment of the Duke of Devonshire, dares to hint against the statesmen we have named:—"One is still living who could describe the device by which Lord Granville definitely secured Mr. Forster's resignation of his candidature so as just to forestall Lord Hartington's, which characteristically arrived somewhat late." We leave him to settle with the Duke of Devonshire the insinuation conveyed, though probably not meant, by the statement that Lord Hartington did not send in his resignation until it was too late to be of any avail. But "describe the device"! What dirty trick is hinted at under these words? Lord Granville was for many years the trusted friend and confidant of Mr. Forster. They believed in each other; they respected each other; they loved each other. Both are dead, and lo! Mr. Reginald Brett, in his chivalrous eagerness to pose as the champion of a living duke, rushes into print

with an insinuation which, if it means anything at all, means that Lord Granville was a knave who tricked Mr. Forster at a critical moment in the latter's career, and that Mr. Forster was a fool who fell an easy victim to the miserable "device." For our part, we believe this insinuation on the part of Mr. Brett to have no more foundation than that which he has made against ourselves.

But we may leave this unhappy person, who has incurred so many castigations by his excursions into the field of political controversy that we fear he is now too hardened an offender to feel even the reproof it is our duty to administer to him. There only remains the editor of the *Times*. Nothing more delightfully characteristic of the ways of that journal could be desired than is afforded by its action on Monday and Tuesday last. On Monday it parades, in its biggest type and in the most prominent part of the paper, the pompous inaccuracies and mutual contradictions of "Gladstonian" and Mr. Brett. It backs them up in a leading article in which it accuses THE SPEAKER of having charged Lord Hartington with trying to "form an Administration of his own, to the exclusion of Mr. Gladstone," although for this statement there was not a shadow of foundation. In short, THE SPEAKER and its editor are arraigned with all the pomp and circumstance which the *Times* invariably brings to bear upon the imaginations of its readers when it seeks to prejudice them against an innocent person. On Tuesday the editor of THE SPEAKER replies, and his letter is printed in small type and thrust into the obscurity of an inside page. We must really tender our grateful acknowledgments to the *Times* for this brilliant indication of its notions of fair-play and decency in debate. It explains fully how that journal is so universally loved and respected.

HOW THE *TIMES* FIGHTS.

IT is no satisfaction to us to find ourselves involved in a quarrel with the most powerful of English newspapers; nor do we anticipate any advantage or recompense from the duty which is imposed upon us of speaking some very plain words as to the methods of that journal in political controversy. We shall not follow the example of the *Times* and introduce into our observations the names of particular individuals. We are not dealing with a single journalist, but with a great newspaper. To the best of our belief, the gentlemen who hold leading positions on that paper are men of honour and integrity. It is, perhaps, rather their misfortune than their fault that they are the instruments of a system which habitually sets at defiance the ordinary rules of fair-play—we might say of common honesty—in political debate.

These are strong words, but we propose to justify them. On Thursday morning last the *Times* devoted a couple of letters and a very long leading article to the purpose of refuting—or, rather, of obscuring—the issue recently raised in these pages. Its purpose was to lead its readers to imagine that our plain statement of fact was not only a fabrication in itself, but was part of a malignant plot to damage the character of the Duke of Devonshire, with which it was pleased to associate the name of Mr. Gladstone. It saw, in short, in an innocent political controversy another opportunity of railing against the man whom it has pursued with rabid hatred and a reckless lack of self-restraint for more than a dozen years past. That Mr. Gladstone is unaffected by the calumnies of his band of nameless traducers, that he stands to-day as high as he ever did in the affection and the confidence of the majority of his

fellow-countrymen, does not minimise the discreditable character of the tactics habitually used against him by the journal of Printing House Square.

Now, how did the controversy which has attracted so much attention originate? It began as far back as January 21st in a leading article in the *Times*, which professed to criticise the letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Maden, the Gladstonian candidate for Rossendale. We do not think that even in the gallery of *Times* invective anything quite so disgraceful as this outpouring of mendacious calumny is to be found. Here are the first sentences, quoted verbatim from that article:—

"Somebody ought to make a collection of Mr. Gladstone's letters to Gladstonian candidates during the last six years, adding only a few brief notes to place the general reader in possession of the circumstances in which they were written, and a concise chronicle of events for convenience of reference. Such a compilation might safely be backed to contain more ungenerous detraction, disingenuous criticism, and malicious misrepresentation than any other equal quantity of letterpress in the world. Mr. Gladstone was never remarkable for chivalry or candour towards political opponents, but, since his great overthrow in 1886, he has placed still less restraint upon himself, and has treated his former supporters as persons against whom all weapons are lawful. His latest effort is the letter he has addressed to the Gladstonian candidate for Rossendale, in which he makes a gratuitous and unjust attack upon the Duke of Devonshire. It is worth noting in this connection that Mr. Gladstone is under the very greatest personal obligations to the Duke of Devonshire, who, with rare loyalty, undertook the reconstruction of the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone reduced it to powder in 1874, and, having reconstructed it without help from his chief, retired in his favour and gave him a fresh lease of power. The burden of gratitude presses heavily upon certain natures, and this may be the reason why Mr. Gladstone is so much given to girding at his old lieutenant. At all events, he has gone a little too far this time, and has provoked a short and dignified but crushing rejoinder from the Duke of Devonshire."

We have quoted enough to show the character of the article, and we need not therefore refer to the insults which it heaped not only upon Mr. Gladstone himself but upon his followers of every degree. Something like them may be read almost every morning in the week in that particular leader in the *Times* which is devoted to Irish affairs. The noticeable fact, however, in the passage we have quoted is that it not merely heaps insults of the most outrageous kind upon a man whose stainless personal character is at least above suspicion, but that it falsifies in a manner which is almost ludicrous the facts of history. Mr. Gladstone is said to have reduced the Liberal party to powder in 1874. That charge at all events will not be supported by a reference to the columns of the *Times* in the year mentioned. No one acquainted with the facts would dream of making it. But then comes the declaration that the Duke of Devonshire, with "rare loyalty," reconstructed the party without help from his chief, and having done so retired in Mr. Gladstone's favour and "gave" him a fresh lease of power. Apparently the person who is responsible for these statements knows nothing of the part which Mr. Gladstone played in public affairs from the autumn of 1876 onwards; has never heard of the national uprising over the Bulgarian atrocities; and is in blissful ignorance of the fact that the man he maligns, in spite of the open hostility of some of his colleagues and the apathy of others, succeeded not only in reuniting—we might almost say in recreating—the Liberal party, but in absolutely reversing the policy of a Minister who was in office at the time with a majority of nearly a hundred at his back.

It was the extraordinary character of these statements of the *Times*, which were amplified in due course by those minor organs that follow steadily in its track, which led us to enter upon the present controversy. We do not see how any Liberal acquainted with the facts could remain silent when

these wanton and baseless charges, closely affecting his personal honour, were made against the Liberal leader; when on the foundation of a fictitious history fabricated by the *Times* for its own purposes, he was held up to scorn and contempt as one of those to whom gratitude is an intolerable burden, and whose delight it is to turn upon their benefactors and to rend them. In making our reply to the *Times* we were careful not to imitate its own controversial style. We uttered no single word of which the Duke of Devonshire can reasonably complain. We simply stated the facts as they were known to us. Among these facts was one which has hitherto been guarded with rare care. It is that fact the revelation of which has moved the *Times* and the whole body of Unionists to an outburst of rage which seems strangely disproportioned to the original cause. It is not with the evidence for or against our plain statement that we are dealing here, but with the way in which the *Times* is seeking to misrepresent the issue and to prejudice its readers against those who have raised that issue. The journal which opened the campaign by the indecent libel on Mr. Gladstone that we have quoted, has now the effrontery to turn round and charge not only ourselves but Mr. Gladstone with a discreditable attempt to stab the Duke of Devonshire in the back. It is difficult to see how a plain and dispassionate statement of fact made in the light of day, and which the Duke of Devonshire, if he were so inclined, could dispose of in a single sentence provided it were inaccurate, can be regarded as an attempt to stab that nobleman in the back. But, then, this is the playful way in which the *Times* has always sought to discredit those whom it dislikes.

Of the manner in which it has treated the editor of this journal in his defence of the statement he has made it is hardly necessary to speak. It began by asserting that we had charged Lord Hartington with trying to exclude Mr. Gladstone from office. The assertion was absolutely false. It has finished—though, indeed, we do not know whether it has yet finished—by accusing us of having disinterred an old story for political purposes and “dressed it up with many a *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* to convey a calumnious charge.” The old story which is said to have been dressed up in this manner consisted of exactly nine words, neither more nor less. The dressing-up which it has received has been from the *Times* and its correspondents. Thoroughly characteristic, as we remark elsewhere, is the fashion in which the editor of the *Times* has printed the correspondence of the last week. It is an old trick of his, more worthy, however, of the *Eatonswill Gazette* than of the leading journal of the Empire. Every communication which is in harmony with the view of the editor is printed in the most prominent manner; any attempt on the part of the person who has been attacked to defend himself is thrust into small type, and, as a rule, into the most obscure corner of the paper. A ludicrous instance of this has been seen during the present week, when Mr. Bryce has been treated in this fashion as a naughty boy; whilst Mr. Chamberlain, whom he has had the audacity to correct, has been given the glories attaching to the biggest type and the most prominent place in the paper. The editor of *THE SPEAKER* can hardly complain of treatment which he only receives in common with persons of much greater eminence. It is, however, a pretty illustration of the way in which the *Times* fights.

We have tried to throw some light upon the methods of that journal. We have shown that the newspaper which now has the effrontery to inveigh against the imaginary malignity of others, and to

charge such a man as Mr. Gladstone with having taken part in a dirty plot against the reputation of the Duke of Devonshire, is itself the journal which began this controversy by flinging a handful of vulgar insults in Mr. Gladstone's face, and by distorting and misrepresenting historical events in order that it might bring against that statesman a charge from which even the meanest of men would naturally recoil. The *Times* is a great and powerful organ, with a vast organisation and an influence which makes it the most formidable of foes. Not lightly or willingly do we enter the lists against it; but in defence of the honour of English journalism, and of that justice which is demanded alike from the strong and the weak, we have ventured to set in its true light the conduct of the great newspaper in the present controversy.

YEOMEN BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Small Agricultural Holdings Bill is an inadequate measure. None the less is it a remarkable sign of the times, the knell of an old system, the condemnation of what we used to be told on high authority was the model for all other countries, and that to which as they grew in wisdom they must approximate. And, by a curious piece of irony, this condemnation is pronounced by Mr. Chaplin, the incarnation of squirearchy. Even his eyes are at last, on the eve of a General Election, opened to the fact that the system is breaking up. The country is becoming thoroughly distasteful to the younger generation of labourers; the old stock, true descendants of the English villains, modern *ascripti glebor*, are dying out; the men under thirty are betaking themselves to the towns and to occupations with an outlook less monotonous than that which must be theirs if they stick to their villages. All over the country what Mr. Chaplin calls “the growing distaste for labour on soil” is manifest. “Farming is becoming barely possible with us,” says one well acquainted practically and in many capacities with the agriculture of the North of Scotland, “and the prospects are worse. The young generation which has been to Board Schools, and knows what is going on in the world, dislikes the work of a farm hand. The cotters, whose sons used to serve for a time as labourers before they succeeded to their fathers' holdings, were rooted out on many estates, and now many a landowner, with farms unlet by reason of the farmers' difficulty in getting labour, regrets the short-sighted policy of his father and grandfather.” The movement is a singular repetition of history. We know that the break-up of villanage came about from the determination of the labourers, which no severity could defeat, no persuasion could overcome, to quit their homes and seek in the cities an escape from bondage. In the nineteenth century we witness a movement likely to have effects scarcely less than those of the movement in the fifteenth century. Will Mr. Chaplin be more successful than his predecessors in arresting a tendency which every year grows stronger? We doubt it. One of the chapters in Mr. Charles Booth's well-known work on London Pauperism makes it clear that the majority of countrymen do not come here from a vague, unintelligent desire for work; they come to do what they alone can do in towns, and what they are well paid for doing. And nothing will arrest the movement while the clear interests of the labourer and the gratification of his reasonable ambition are to be found here.

The substance of Mr. Chaplin's scheme is that County Councils may borrow a sum not exceeding such as would involve a charge on the rates of 1d.

in the pound, in order to purchase land to be re-sold in allotments of one to fifty acres. Roughly speaking, a sum of ten millions will be available for this purpose. One-fourth of the purchase-money is to be paid down at once; a fourth will be secured by a rent-charge, redeemable at will; and the residue will be paid off by yearly instalments, extending over fifty years. There will be restrictions upon sale, subletting, or subdividing, and only one dwelling-house may be erected on a holding. All this is open to a host of objections, some of which Mr. Chaplin admits. A County Council can have only an indifferent knowledge of the local circumstances of every parish; in administering such a measure it is certain sometimes to act blindly or wildly. Mr. Chaplin does not deny that a parochial authority would be more competent; indeed, any other is out of the question. A no less serious blot is the strong probability—we might say the certainty—that the measure, being voluntary, will not operate where it is most needed. Many landowners would gladly sell on easy terms to deserving labourers, and on their estates, where allotments are readily procurable, legislation is not very urgent. We want pressure chiefly in the case of landowners who believe, perhaps with Mr. Chaplin in his unregenerate days, that labourers should not be encouraged to look beyond the station in which they were born. Mr. Chaplin ensconces himself behind the resolution of a Select Committee. Is not the experience of the Allotment Acts, as to which it was soon found necessary to substitute compulsion for voluntary agreements, worth on this subject any amount of abstract resolutions? If Mr. Chaplin's argument is well founded—if the exodus from the country districts is going on to the extent which he describes, and with all the evil consequences which he deplures—there is as good a case for compulsory expropriation as was ever presented by any railway company coming to Parliament for compulsory powers. The Select Committee recommended a "fair trial" of the voluntary principle. Unfortunately, in a few years, while the trial is going on, this movement may be too strong to be arrested.

Mr. Chaplin is, in truth, only a half-hearted convert to his latest opinions. He still looks at the matter too much from the point of the squire and the farmer embarrassed by the novel spirit of the labourers. To him the constant migration of the rural population seems nothing but a mistake—"an evil to all parties whom it concerns." He cannot but believe that the country is the best place for the labourer, even if his wages be low and his life dull. This is a distorted view of the matter. The key to the situation is the fact that the labourers are, in present circumstances, acting as sensible men. The Bill ought not to be regarded as a bribe; it ought to be viewed as a measure of justice and expediency, a step towards the formation of a national land system, an attempt to give a chance to the one class which has hitherto had none. We hear much of the mutinous spirit of the labourers, of their new-born antipathy to squires and parsons, and we are told that in Norfolk, for example, many large houses are deserted by their owners, who no longer find country life to their taste. Good landlords as well as bad, we fear, suffer from this revolt. But Mr. Chaplin and his friends may assure themselves that the old order of things cannot return, and that even the chance of getting allotments or small holdings will not satisfy the labourers if they are not to be masters of their own affairs.

In the debate, Mr. Haldane raised one point which is well worth considering. The rates are to be pledged, the county is to run some risk, and yet it is not only to derive no benefit from the land, but is

to lose control over it. It might be well to retain certain public rights over the holdings, if only to give the local authority a voice in regard to the disposal of the land and effectually prevent subletting or subdivision. But we deprecate strongly the imposing of a multiplicity of conditions—for example, as to building houses on the holdings. "Congested districts," whether in the country or towns, are evils. The risk of creating them in the former is small, and it is not worth while to load such a measure with complex conditions which may render it nugatory and make the Act of Parliament yeoman only a phantom.

THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING.

IF the Liberal Unionist party, whose views it is supposed especially to represent, could succeed in gagging the *Times*, or in effecting a revolutionary change in the management of that remarkable journal, they would have done the best piece of work in their own interests since the General Election of 1886. Because Mr. Morley introduced a deputation to the Home Secretary last Tuesday, and addressed Mr. Matthews in a few conciliatory words on the unfortunate disputes between the police and the public about the right of meeting in London, the *Times* scolds and raves at him like a nervous old woman afraid of burglars, and plainly hints that a Privy Councillor guilty of such atrocities is unfit to be a member of any Cabinet. It is difficult to understand what it hopes to gain by this peculiar conduct. We need hardly say that Mr. Matthews treated Mr. Morley and the influential deputation which accompanied him in a very different spirit. He frankly acknowledged that Mr. Morley had done a public service in approaching him, and although his assurances were not altogether satisfactory, his manner was courtesy itself. That Mr. Morley was the proper person to undertake the task only the blind fury of indiscriminate partisanship will deny. He is President of the London Liberal and Radical Union. He is almost the only leading personage among the Opposition who resides permanently in London. Even the wiseacres of Printing House Square can hardly suspect him of wishing to promote riots in the streets. He came to make peace, and though Mr. Matthews did not quite meet him half-way, we trust he will be found to have actually made it. Sir Charles Russell—who is also, we presume, disqualified for holding office under the Crown since he exposed the forgeries of Pigott, and the designs of Pigott's employers—took occasion to remark, with perfect truth, that if London had the same measure of Home Rule as other great towns, no difficulty would have arisen, and the people could have settled the matter through their representatives. Mr. Matthews made a rather smart retort. "Sir Charles Russell," he said, "prefers such a local government of the police as prevails at, let me say, Eastbourne to the government of the police which prevails in the metropolis." The militant authorities of that fashionable watering-place, whom Mr. Matthews, as appears from his answer to Mr. John Ellis in the House of Commons, has officially snubbed, will not be altogether pleased by this passing compliment. But if Mr. Matthews meant his gibe to have an argumentative value, it proves a great deal too much. It commits him to the theory that the control of the police shall not only be withheld from London, but shall be withdrawn from every other municipality in Great Britain. If any Minister were to propose such a measure, he would probably not remain in office a week. If Parliament were to sanction it, there would